MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

DECEMBER 2003
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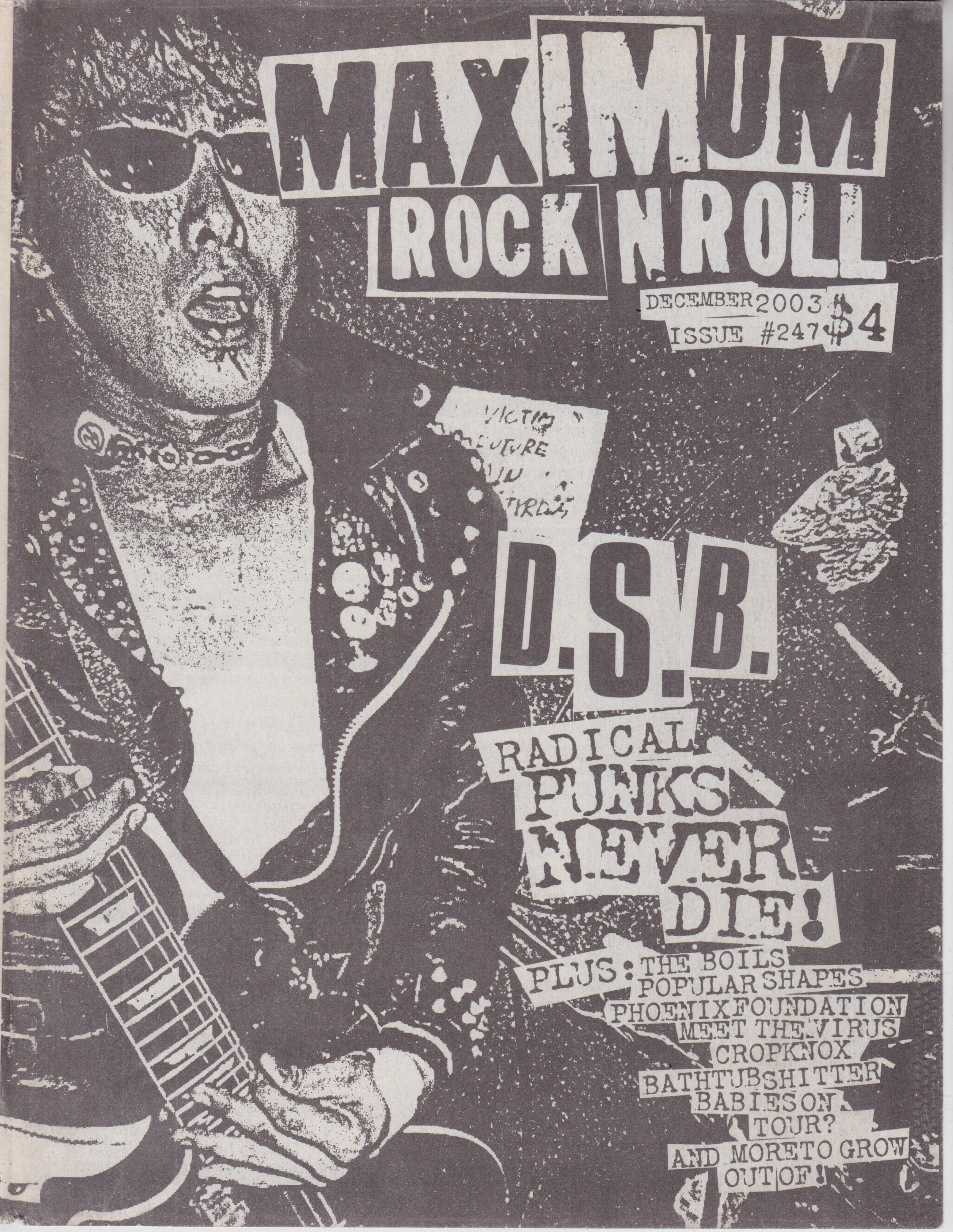

D.S.B.

RADICAL PUNKS NEVER DIE!

PLUS: THE BOILS
POPULAR SHAPES
PHOENIX FOUNDATION
MEET THE VIRUS
CROPKNOX
BATHTUB SHITTER
BABIES ON TOUR?
AND MORE TO GROW OUT OF!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

BOXED IN-Progression-EP
CAUSTIC CHRIST-Can't Relate-LP & live
ABDUCTEES S.D.-Shit Disturbers-EP
LIMPWRIST/KNIFED-split EP
STREET TRASH-12"
HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE-I Was A Teenage-EP
BELLRAYS-Raw Collection-LP
FM KNIVES-Keith Levine/Valentine-45
TOKYO KNIVES-Smell My Ass-EP
DEFIANCE-A Decade Of Defiance-LP

ROB COONS

V/A-Histeria Vol. 2-LP
CAUSTIC CHRIST-Can't Relate-LP
STREET TRASH-12"
RAW POWER-You Are The Victim-LP
ZODIAC KILLERS-Society's Offenders-LP
V/A-A Reason For Living 2003-3xLP
BOXED IN-Progression-EP
FEROCIOUS X-Vaga Tänka Själv-EP
CAUSTIC CHRIST-live
PHANTOM LIMBS-live

ARWEN CURRY

CARRIE NATIONS / TBIAPB-split EP
VIVISICK / STRUCK-split EP / FM KNIVES-45
LIPSTICK PICKUPS-Better Than You-45
NEON MANIACS-EP / C.AARMÉ-The Gag-EP
DEADLY WEAPONS-You're So Selfish-EP
LA FRACTION-live / V/A-Histeria Vol. 2-LP
STUN GUNS-LP / ABANDON-live
PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK-LP
DISTRACTION / HATEPINKS-split EP
TYRADES-LP / HEIMATGLÜCK-LP

PAUL CURRAN

QUEERWÜLF / SHARP KNIFE-split LP
PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK-LP
V/A-København I Ruiner-2xEP
LIPSTICK PICKUPS-Better Than You-45
STUN GUNS-LP / DIVORCE-EP
URSULA & THE ANDROIDS / JACKIE & THECONTROLTOPS-split EP
DEADLY WEAPONS-You're So Selfish-EP
DEAD MOON-45 / CARRIE NATIONS / TBIAPB-split EP
IMPERIAL LEATHER-EP / ADDICTION-EP
LEBENDEN TOTEN-Nuclear Flowers-EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

BRICKS/TWO DAYS OF FREEDOM-split EP
FEDERATION X-Nude Disinitegrating-EP
DEADLY WEAPONS-You're So Selfish-EP
LIPSTICK PICKUPS-Better Than You-45
MODEY LEMON-Thunder & Lightning-LP
RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS-live
TYRADES-LP
V/A-Frank Forever-LP
V/A-Let's Get Rid Of L.A-LP
Montreal Punx Rioting

JEFF HEERMANN

LITTLE KILLERS-LP & live
DISTRACTION / HATEPINKS-split EP
SECONDS-Y-LP
NEON MANIACS-Rehabilitation Nation-EP
CLOROX GIRLS-live
TYRADES-LP
STUCK UPS-Last Chance/Out Of Control-45
MAGGOTS-Do The Maggot-EP
LEFTOVERS-The Fucking Leftovers Hate You-EP
HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE-I Was A Teenage-EP

KENNY KAOS

IMPERIAL LEATHER-Commodity-EP
JET BOYS-Shit My Pants-EP
THE WILD WEEKEND-Hipertiroid-EP
DISTRACTION / HATEPINKS-split EP
FM KNIVES-Keith Levine/Valentine-45
NEON MANIACS-Rehabilitation Nation-EP
LIPSTICK PICKUPS-Better Than You-45
TOKYO KNIVES-Smell My Ass-EP
STUCK UPS-Last Chance/Out Of Control-45
THE BRISTOLS-I Got A Thing About You-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

V/A-Let's Get Rid Of L.A-LP
DIRTBOMBS-Motor City Baby-EP
GRABBIES-Shut Up & Learn-EP
FM KNIVES-Keith Levine/Valentine-45
LITTLE KILLERS-LP / TYRADES-LP
RIPPERS-Pleased To Rip You-EP
LIPSTICK PICKUPS-Better Than You-45
SGT 6 ASSAULT-Goin' Down On You-EP
SKIP JENSEN & HIS SHAKIN 'FEET / JOHHNY CANCER -split EP
DEADLY WEAPONS-You're So Selfish-EP

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•Everywhere else: $10 each (air) or $6 (surface). 12 issue sub for $110 (air) or $57 (surface).
Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: #148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pt. 1, 156 pt. 2, 158-163, 166, 168-172, 174-175, 178-181, 184-211, 213-246 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month.
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $85
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $100
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $150
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CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible.

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See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
www.maximumrocknroll.com
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(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

- CRANKED UP!-A Call For Solidarity-CD
- ACEFACE-Oxbridge Boys/A Day In The Life-45
- GOLDBLADE-Stricly Hardcore-CD
- FOR THE DAY-CD / FLIPSIDES-live
- LITTLE KILLERS-LP / FM KNIVES-45
- ANTIFREEZE-CD / BRIEFS / EPOXIES-live
- STICKS & STONES-Strife & Times-CD
- KID DYNAMITE-Cheap Shots-CD/DVD
- VAGEENAS-When Music Hurts-LP
- THE BRISTOLS-45 / PEELANDER Z-P-Bone-CD

BOBBY MANIC

WILL RISK

- THE MINDS-Rip Out Your Eyes-EP
- NEUROTIC SWINGERS-Art Rats-LP
- FM KNIVES-Keith Levine/Valentine-45
- ZODIAC KILLERS-Society's Offenders-LP
- RAMONES-Rock'n'Roll Paradise-LP
- HOLY GHOST REVIVAL-live
- CARRIE NATIONS / TBIAPB-split EP
- PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK-LP
- OUT OF VOGUE-EP / IMPERIAL LEATHER-EP
- STUN GUNS-And There Was Nothing-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK-LP
- V/A-Let's Get Rid Of L.A-LP
- FM KNIVES-45 / SECONDS-Y-LP
- QUEERWÜLF / SHARP KNIFE-split LP
- BOXED IN-Progression-EP
- C.AARMÉ-EP/CRIMSON GHOSTS-EP
- STUN GUNS-LP / OLIVER TWIST BAND-LP
- LIMPWRIST / KNIFED-split EP
- VIRGINIA BLACK LUNG / AWAKENING-split EP
- V/A-Histeria Vol. 2-LP / IMPERIAL LEATHER-EP

HAL MACLEAN

- HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE-I Was A Teenage-EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-You're So Selfish-EP
- TOKYO KNIVES-Smell My Ass-EP
- THE MINDS-Rip Out Your Eyes-EP
- THE FLAMES-Bad Personality-45
- JET BOYS-Shit My Pants-EP
- ANGRY FOR LIFE-Shakin' In My Boots-EP
- TEENAGE HARLETS-Some Kinda Girl-EP
- THE WHITE HEAT-Blacklisted-EP
- SGT 6 ASSAULT-Goin' Down On You-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- BRODYS MILITIA-Hates You-10"
- V/A-A Reason For Living 2003-3xLP
- RINGWORM-The Promise-CD
- V/A-København I Ruiner-2xEP
- PERSEVERE-Panic Land-12"
- V/A-Town Of Hardcore-EP
- RUPTURE-EP / THE STEAM PIG-Potshots-CD
- TERROR / THE PROMISE / PLAN OF ATTACK-split EP
- LOWER CLASS BRATS-A Class Of-LP
- CHAOTIX-Broaden Your Horizons-EP

MIKE THORN

- ADDICTION-EP / V/A-København I Ruiner-2xEP
- FEROCIOUS X-EP/DESOLATION-demo
- CAUSTIC CHRIST-LP/SIGNAL LOST-demo
- ABDUCTEES S.D.-EP / LOOK BACK & LAUGH-live
- PERSEVERE-12" / V/A-Histeria Vol. 2-LP
- DER RAKETENHUND-LP / URO-Requiem-LP
- STUN GUNS-LP / CHAOTIX-EP
- STREET TRASH-12" / TYRADES-LP
- V/A-Let's Get Rid Of L.A-LP / FM KNIVES-45
- LA FRACTION / BORN DEAD ICONS-live

RYAN WELLS

- SKIP JENSEN & HIS SHAKIN 'FEET / JOHHNY CANCER -split EP
- TEENAGE HARLETS-Some Kinda Girl-EP
- LEFTOVERS-The Fucking Leftovers Hate You-EP
- FM KNIVES-Keith Levine / Valentine-45
- ADDICTION-Shinryakusya-EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-You're So Selfish-EP
- TYRADES-LP
- V/A-København I Ruiner-2xEP
- SIMPLY SAUCER-Cyborgs Revisted-LP
- CLOROX GIRLS-live

ZINE TOP TEN

- AMERICA #1
- APROVECHO / NOSEDIVE #13
- BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD #1
- GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #7
- HEADWOUND #15
- MEDIA READER #7
- SLOUCH #5
- THE TRAVELER #1
- TRASH FACTION #5
- TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #165

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots of Punk: the Buzzcocks."

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Fun People, Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Distemper, Enewetak, UK Subs, Luxo Champ, Jake Sayless, "Pioneers of Punk."

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore Fanzine, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

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24	Th	drive
25	Fr	Phoenix, AZ - Modified
26	Sa	San Diego, CA - Che Cafe
27	Su	LA, CA - Chain Reaction
28	M	SF - off
29	Tu	SF - Bottom of the Hill
30	W	Portland, OR - TBA
31	Th	Seattle, WA - 2nd Ave. Pizza

AUGUST

1-5		Canada - TBA
6	W	Minneapolis, MN - Triple Rock
7	Th	Chicago, IL - Fireside Bowl
8	F	Cleveland, OH - Grog Shop
9	Sa	Pittsburgh, PA - Roboto
10	Su	Philly - Calvary Church
11	M	Boston, MA - TBA
12	Tu	NJ – Maxwell's w/ The Plungers
13	W	NYC – North Six w/ The Plungers
14	Th	DC - St. Aloysius Church
15	F	Baltimore, MC - Talking Head Club
16	Sa	Chapel Hill, NC - Go Rehearsals
17	Su	Atlanta, GA - Echo Lounge
18	M	Columbia, SC - New Brookland Tavern
19	Tu	Gainesville, FL - CG Coffeehouse
20	W	somewhere in Florida
21	Th	somewhere in Florida
22	F	Houston, TX - Fat Cat's
23	Sa	Austin, TX - Emo's

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 19: Municipal Waste, Capitalist Casualties, Caustic Christ, Voetsek, Agents of Satan, Strung Up.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20: The Influents, the Eskaped (OR), Rabid Rat Fondue. Membership meeting @ 5 PM.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 26: Phantom Limbs, 400 Blows (LA), Johny X and the Groadies (OR), Nakatomi Plaza (NY), Marathon (NY).

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Over My Dead Body (LA), In Control (LA), the Control (NY), Stand and Fight (LA), Our Turn.

FRIDAY, OCT. 3: Fleshies, Toys That Kill, Killer Dream, more TBA.

SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Champion (WA), For the Crown (last show), the Damage Done (last show), Allegiance, Lights Out. Membership meeting @ 5 PM.

FRIDAY, OCT. 10: THE DWARVES, the Frisk (record release), This is My Fist, Scattered Fall.

SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Hammers of Misfortune, Bread and Water (TX), Garuda, Abandon, a Sleeping Irony.

FRIDAY, OCT. 17: All Bets Off, Powerhouse, Life Long Tragedy, Love Hope and Fear.

SATURDAY, OCT. 18: Cripple Bastards (Italy), Phobia (LA), Born Dead Icons (Canada), La Fraction (France), Depressor. Membership meeting @ 5 PM.

FRIDAY, OCT. 24: The Lovemakers, Boyskout, more TBA.

SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Yaphet Kotto, Hot Cross (NY), Lick Golden Sky (PA), Anodyne (NY), 30 Years War.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31: Babyland (LA), Plan 9 (record release), John the Baker & the Malnourished, Ashtray. Halloween show, $1 off if in non-punk Halloween costume.

****

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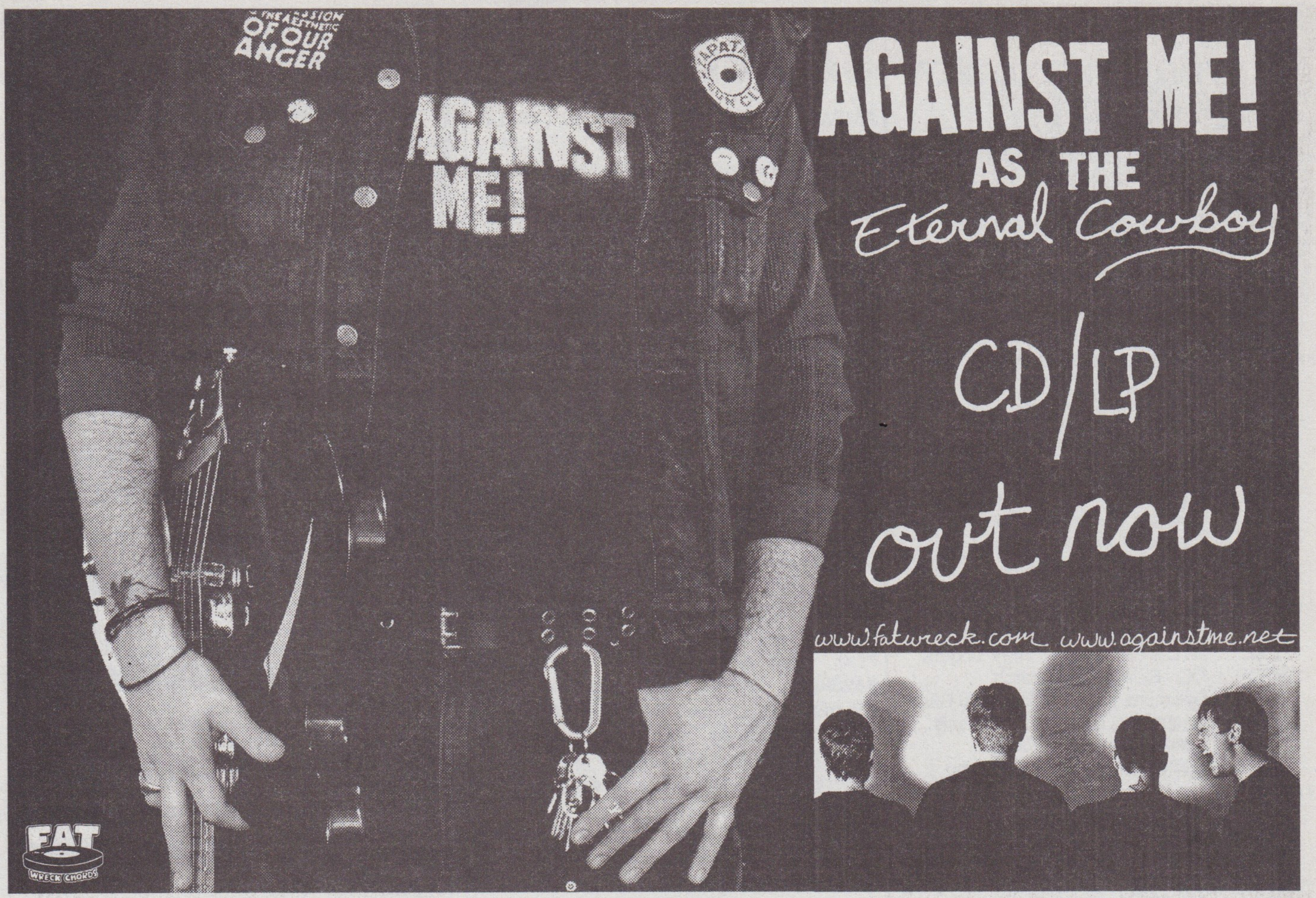

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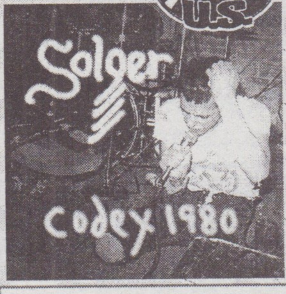

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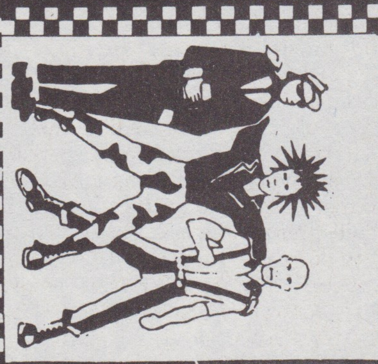

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Dear *MRR*—

I'm not one to write in about the review section in *MRR* or one, usually, to join into much of the scene debate in the letters section, but, damn, Kenny Kaos's review of The Kavolvhy *One In Five* EP was just so incredibly fucked up that I had to comment. In the review, Kaos declares, "Like most heterosexual men, I am a sucker for a hot chick and this band has gone and loaded up on three," and goes on to salivate, "This is a record worth looking for and at." I couldn't believe it.

It was such a gratuitously, over-the-top, sexist review that I, at first, thought it might be one of those *MRR* in-jokes that no one but a handful of shitworkers get. But, no, Mr. Kaos is apparently serious. As far as I can remember, the name Kenny Kaos has been on the masthead since way back in the 80s, so you'd think Kenny would know a little better. I suppose there is something a little sad and poignant about an apparently middle-aged punk completely unraveling and unable to contain himself, gushing "hot chicks have a way of making good music. There's something about being hot that makes them angry." Right. Or maybe it's the unwanted attention of leering, old creeps like Kenny Kaos.

I was having coffee today with an *MRR* shitworker and was surprised to find that no one had written in to say how pathetic this review was. I guess I shouldn't be surprised; the hot, new DIY mag everyone's falling over themselves to praise, *Razorcake,* just ran, to the disappointment of many, a "Ranking by Appearance" of the top 100 hottest women in punk history, but no one seems to have called them on that, either. But I know I speak for many who are sick of the "dudes" trying to "take back the scene."

Thanks,
Iggy Scam
San Francisco, Ca.

Dear Anonymous Boy (if that is your real name):

Although I'm perversely flattered that you would waste half your precious column on li'l ol' me and my "homophobic" schtick at the *Horizontal Action* Blackout, I have a question sticking in my unfunny craw: If what I was doing bothered you so damn much, why didn't you just approach me and tell me when you had the chance?!

In your very brave stand against "homophobes," ("Homophobia, my dear *MRR* readers, is just plain wrong!" Boy! What a bold stance! You might lose some readers with that one...) you loudly proclaim (from the safety of your laptop): "Gay people like you will no longer allow people like me to make gays feel alienated and excluded from the punk scene or the music we love. When our ears are blasted with homophobia blaring loudly into a microphone, we're not gonna be scared little kids anymore and we don't have to take it anymore."

Well, Big Brave Nuts, it seems like you put up with quite a bit from me at the Blackout, and you took it not unlike a "scared little kid." Funny, I don't recall meeting you any more than I remember "cowering" behind stuff thrown at me by friends (and not humorless anti-tyrannists, ya big dummy). Your silence when faced with what you perceived as Evil Incarnate leads me to believe that you're either a hypocrite, a wuss, or both. I don't know and I don't care, but I am convinced from reading your halfcocked slander that you're nothing but a big dumb gay (in the pejorative sense) douche bag. Had you approached me and said something like, "Hey Costello, I know you're trying to be a jerk as the Master of Ceremonies on the stage, but what you're saying isn't nice (or cool, or funny, or whatever) and I'd appreciate it if you stopped saying 'faggot,' etc." I would have stopped, because contrary to what your dumb ass was led to believe, I wasn't some unapproachable ogre asshole.

My job, obvious to the other 99% of the audience with an understanding of showbiz and the kind of satire that makes *Horizontal Action* such a fun read, was to rile people up so their blood was good and boiled when all those great bands played.

OK, I sang an a capella version of the perennial favorite of all Care Bear PC Punks, "The Ballad of Jerry Curlan" by the Angry Samoans, and that's as homophobic as it gets, assuming you take a song like that (and the retard singing it at the Blackout) so goddamn seriously, which, I would assume you don't since you can laugh off Lee Ving's "youse a buncha Frisco faggots, ya know dat?" humor. I also sang like Mick Jagger in "Emotional Rescue" and I imitated Sean Spits in "Let Us Play Your Party," and I imitated Jello Biafra in "Night of the Living Rednecks." So what? Most people there accepted it as all part of the drunken debauchery that was the *HA* Blackout, and some, judging by various message boards, enjoyed it just fine, some of whom, I imagine, are unclosested homosexuals (which is more than I can say for you, Anonymous Boyeee).

But no, Mr. Boy, hiding behind your tacky nom`de plume. Instead of just talking to me like an adult when the opportunity presented itself, you opted to impress "the gay punk community" with how self-righteous you are by demonizing me in print as a "fagbasher." That kind of cheap polemicizing is why lots of people stopped taking *MRR* seriously. In fact, if it were any other national publication, it would probably be grounds for a libel lawsuit.

If you had possessed the courage to actually talk to me face-to-face instead of saving it for your bullshit column, you would have A) seen that I was only trying to have fun like everybody else there, except you, and B) nipped your knee-jerk "homophobia" accusations in the bud, and C) used your column to champion all those good bands you actually wanted to write about instead of looking like a fool by wasting precious *MRR* column space on nothing.

To accuse me of homophobia implies I actually have the slightest interest where people like sticking their weenuses or whom they choose to love. I find that stuff irrelevant in the personal sphere, and thoroughly tedious in the political realm.

The only people I hate are flakes, hypocrites, liars and weasels. Mr. Anonymous Boy, you are all four of these things, and if you had the slightest shred of integrity (to say nothing of the courage of your convictions), you would apologize to me and retract everything you

wrote about me, because your credibility as a columnist no longer means one runny malt liquor shit, assuming it ever did in the first place. Get your facts straight before you blindly accuse people, ya dumb dick!
Sincerely,
Brian Costello
Another Nonhomophobe in Chicago, IL
2432 W. Cortez
Chicago, IL 60622

Dear Brian Costello,

I won't apologize. You ask why I didn't speak to you? You repeatedly screamed, "faggot," you made a disgusting statement about a gay porno movie, and you constantly used the word "gay" as if it were the worst possible insult. Now you curse me out and declare I'm wrong to think you're homophobic. Whoa, you think I've got a credibility problem? Boy, do you need an image consultant! I'm not interested in the job. Go apply to Queer Eye For The Straight Guy and let them make you over.

Your on-stage behavior made me avoid you. You presented yourself as unapproachable, so I had nothing to say to you. I only had something to say about you. So I did. Why would you expect me to talk to you? You don't need me to tell you how to present yourself.

Fear called homophobes "faggots." They also called themselves "gay" in front of a homophobic crowd. I don't "laugh off" what they did. I respect it. That's the difference. They challenged homophobia, whereas you expressed it.

You claim you're not a homophobe. Don't blame me if you aren't talented enough to express yourself in a way that can't be misinterpreted. If you don't want to give gays the impression you're a homophobe, you know how to stop doing it.

You misquote me as calling you a "fag basher." A fag-basher is someone who physically attacks gays. I never saw you beat up a gay person and never said you did. I have a friend that sustained brain damage from a gay bashing, so I never use the term lightly or symbolically. It's too real of an issue for me. You put words in my mouth I never said, but if you sued me for libel you'd lose. Every word I reported that you spoke, is a word you actually did say.

"Anonymous Boy" is the pen name given to me by G.B. Jones in her zine J.D.s. I use it because I think it's a cool name, not because I'm hiding from you or anyone else. G.B. Jones says, "It always boggles my mind when people who present themselves in a public performance, feel as if it's unfair when their public performance is critiqued in public." I agree with her, and it's something you with your "understanding of showbiz" ought to know.

I'm not closeted and my name, Tony Arena, appears in every issue of MRR *on the contributors' list.*

When the amount of stuff the crowd threw at you got intense, you went from center stage to your left, and retreated under the eaves of the balcony where the stuff couldn't hit you anymore. Your retreat looked like cowering. Whether some in the crowd were your friends or not is irrelevant. They were yelling, "get off the stage." You berated the audience every time you were on. They groaned, booed, complained, and tried to ignore you until they finally threw stuff at you. I heard no one say you were "enjoyable." I did hear many say, "I hope they don't have him again next year." But we all had fun in spite of you.

I have a sense of humor. That's how I can tell you're not funny. No one laughed at your "jokes." That's how you can tell you're not funny.

You still don't think you're a homophobe? Look at it like this. Someone that isn't racist doesn't antagonize an audience by screaming they're "niggers," right? Anybody who did scream that certainly shouldn't need someone from the audience to come meet with them to "discuss" why it's offensive. So at your next MC gig, why dontchya go onstage and scream "nigger." Then try to convince a black guy you're not racist by telling him you "haven't the slightest interest" in black people, and you think black politics and issues are "irrelevant" and "tedious!" I dare you, okay "Mr. Satire?" Good luck trying to make yourself clear to him then! You made yourself clear to me every time you picked up the microphone.
Tony Arena/Anonymous Boy

MRR—
I hate being one of those guys that responds to responses. It creates this "I want the last word" garbage, but here I go. In issue #246 Matt Smith from Worcester sent a letter regarding my Boston scene report in issue #243. This letter bothered me. Not because of his criticism of my previously mentioned scene report (because we all know that doing anything automatically enters you in the hey-everyone-point-out-every-little-mistake-I-make lottery) but because Mr. Smith's letter, though filled with some accurate points, was filled with unconstructive and confrontational criticism without him knowing all of the facts or using common sense.

First I would like it to be known that Matt didn't send me a copy of that letter. (Note: I have sent him a copy of this letter) Hmmm...maybe if had he sent it to me, we could have done a more complete scene report together? Perhaps his interest in more "hardcore" bands could have complimented my tastes of more "punk rock" bands. But alas, no. He would rather complain.

Also, I am only a human being. This means that, 1) It is impossible for me to keep track of every single band in the Boston scene. I am putting myself through college (full time school, full time work), I play in a band, publish a monthly professionally printed punk zine, distribute said zine, and still find time to go to shows and spend time with my dog. So excuse me if, after I've been up till three in the morning doing page layout and accounting homework, I don't include your buddies' band in my scene report. 2) I make mistakes. I don't know if you can believe this or not but...I'm not perfect. I know, it's a hard pill to swallow, but try.

As far as New Hampshire bands go, New Hampshire and Boston have always been close. For 25 years now NH and Boston have been comrades. We trade with them and visa versa. It would be the same say, if you were doing a scene report for Albany. You would have to include bands from Western Massachusetts because they are so close that to not include them would be leaving out a huge chunk of the scene. There are bands from NH that have been putting on DIY shows and self releasing records before you and I were born. Bands like The Jonee Earthquake Band are a huge supporter of the Boston/Massachusetts scene and put out CDs every two months that include sample songs from lesser-known punk bands. It would be a travesty to not include them just because they live right over the border.

As as far as Matt's comment about how "I doubt half the bands you mentioned have every even played out of state," that's just ignorant. The world does not revolve around Matt Smith's show schedule. Bands that he doesn't know about don't exist right? How could a band that he doesn't know about tour? That's impossible!?! The funny thing is, every single band I mentioned in that scene report has toured, or played outside of their home state.

Finally, "if you're going to talk about current, vital bands, opening your report with a Toxic Narcotic update is certainly getting off on the wrong foot." Toxic Narcotic was touring, putting out records, playing shows and putting on shows when you were still a wee lad. Bill runs the best punk label in New England (if you ask me) and puts out like four records (of Boston and out-of-state bands) a month. They also tour constantly and support lesser-known bands in Boston and around the country and can fill a church basement with the best of 'em. If you know any other bands in Boston that do this, let me know.

I just think that it is a shame that such concerns were not addressed in an intelligent and constructive way. Instead Matt wrote a letter that was ridiculous, unfounded, and frankly...juvenile. I sure

hope that he grows up and learns that sending an angry letter about change is one thing, and actually trying to change something is another.
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Dear *MRR*—
Hey, long time reader first time writer. I'd personally like to say a special "thanx" and "up the punx" to Arwen Curry for the review she gave my zine *Chairman of the Bored*. Even though I'm not exactly sure what "marginally comprehensible" means, it was great to see it within the pages of the almighty *MRR*—especially with the horrible review I'd received in *Slug & Lettuce* #76 just the day before. Woulda made me misty if I wasn't such a "hardened criminal" here in the Folsom State gulag!
Thanx again! Severely Bored,
Cedric Knowles
C Knowles # K-91158
Fsp Box 715071
B2-B4-22
Represa, CA 95671

Dear Anandi and *MRR*—
First off, kick-ass job responding to Louis Yoelin's obscenely misinformed letter regarding Israel (*MRR* #245). Rachel Corrie (the peace activist murdered via Israeli bulldozer) was mentioned in the response piece, and I'd like to send anyone interested over to www.guardian.co.uk for a collection of Rachel's letters to her mother. Just type in "Rachel's War" into their search feature and the article with her letters will come up. Beyond the fact they give one of the most detailed accounts of just how awful the living conditions of the Palestinians are, the letters are sweet and give warm insight into the life of a human rights hero.

Keep up the good work! I live in Miami Beach, FL and pick up *MRR* whenever the new issue comes out.
Up the punx, ya hear?
Matt Underfoot.

Dearest *MRR*—
I wish to take the opportunity to clear the good name of *Mishap*. I do a zine under that name, but I'm not writing to complain about a shitty review. That would be fun, but I'm afraid this is a far more serious matter, possibly involving what the cops call "identity theft."

Anyway, I was perusing the record reviews in the October edition of your zine, and, to my shock and outrage, I came across a review of a CD called, *Marking Your Territory* by a band named "Mishap." Nasty little hobbits! They stole it from us! I want to make it clear that I'm in no way involved with these—if I can trust the review—dumb-ass morons. I'm not in a band. If I were, I wouldn't be playing in a band that sound as described, thanking anyone's "god" in the liner notes, nor writing (as the reviewer put it), "a fucking patriotic bullshit song".

If I was in a band—say, Amebix teams up with Sacriledge, drops the guitar solos and covers Alternative—we'd write songs about how the United States is evil and god ain't any better.

Now that this is all cleared up, I have a message for this band using my name: Change it, now! Or the elite band of *Mishap* zine black-bloc ninjas will soon be poking out your eyes, tearing out your hearts, and feeding them to the Maoists.
Thank you for your time.
Ryan Mishap
PO Box 5841
Eugene, OR 97405

MRR—
Hey, what's up? This is Paul from Coffin Fund records. I saw the review of the Race to Die/Carpenter Ant split 7"—no complaints, just wanted to say that the mailing address is:
Coffin Fund Records, 565 South Pine St.
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And my email is pointbforgood@hotmail.com, so if any labels are interested in trading write or email. Thanx!
Paul Coffin Fund

MRR—
Being a "cuntieballicking record nerd" I would like to correct Sean Dougan's review of the MC5 *American Ruse* 10". Actually, the limp, final production on *Back in the USA* is a notorious disaster, not really what Mr. Tyner and the others intended. Many people blame novice producer Jon Landau for ruining an otherwise great record. Some go as far to say his production on this record put the first nail in the MC5 coffin. Thus, the *American Ruse* 10" is an attempt to capture the album as the MC5 intended, before Landau's got ahold of it. That said, I totally agree that the record is only for "cuntieballicking record nerds," such as myself. Thanks,
Mark Murrmann

Hello *MRR*—
I just wanted to alert your readers to a growing movement among radicals to call into AM radio talk shows and claim some space on the nation's airwaves. I've found it to be surprisingly easy to call into local and national programs, and to bring up issues like corporate globalization, environmental degradation, and other marginalized issues. The format demands concision, and patience to endure temperamental hosts, but it only takes a moment to interrupt reactionary discussions and to suggest alternative sources of info. Many right-wing hosts welcome calls of dissent, like Michael Medved who has interviewed folks like Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn. There are also some pioneering progressive hosts like Enid Goldstein on KNRC, Randi Rhodes on WJNO, and Thom Hartmann on www.ieamericaradio.com who love to hear from "propagandists." Many stations can be streamed, and have audiences that reach into the thousands, sometimes tens of thousands. If people have questions or information regarding stations, hosts, or program times, they can reach me at publicmind@msn.com or 303.830.7183. Why let Limbaugh's "dittoheads" have all the fun?
Kind Regards,
Preston Enright
Denver, CO

MRR—
I am sure that some of you have heard about Patrick Lillard from The Riverboat Gamblers getting his face smashed/teeth broken as result of a flying microphone. He underwent 6 1/2 hours of reconstructive surgery on Oct 2.

A Pay Pal account has been set up to try to raise funds for his medical bills. I know that times are tight, but sending a little would make a world of difference, since Patrick doesn't have medical or dental insurance. I don't tend to send out emails asking people to give of their time or money, but I honestly feel that people should help out when something like this happens.
The address for sending money with Pay Pal is savepatsteeth@hotmail.com The payment will say it's going to Michael Wiebe. If you have questions, please email Mike Wiebe/Riverboat Gamblers at tekobuller@hotmail.com or Bryan McClellan at bryan@squeakycleanprinting.com.
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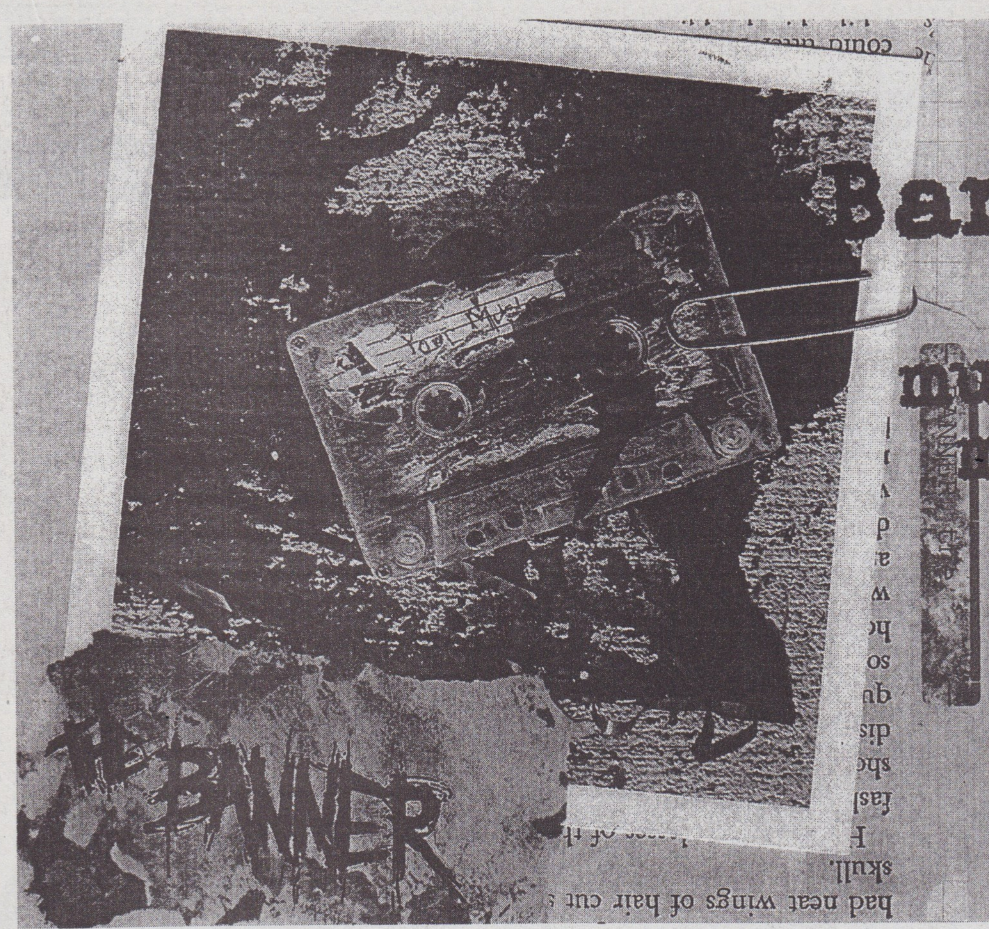

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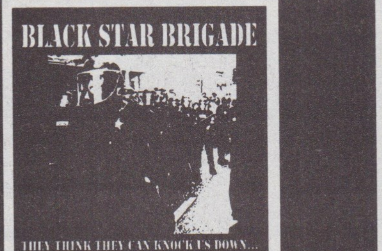

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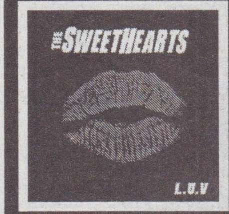

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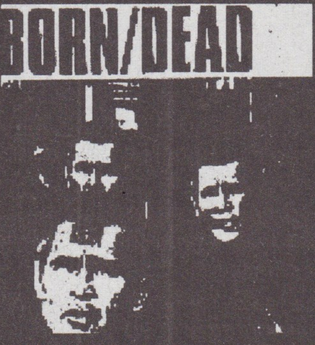

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COLUMNS

MORE THAN FASHION
CARL CORDOVA

Back to the Lab, Without a Mic to Grab

So the press is projecting that California voters will remove Governor Gray Davis from office and elect Arnold Schwarzenegger to replace him. The exit polls today showed Schwarzenegger winning by a comfortable margin. First Jesse Ventura, and now Arnold. That's *two* people from the movie *Predator*. Let the record show that I voted against that jackass. Sigh…we are now officially the laughing stock of the country. But California has not lost all hope. We are still kicking ass and taking names in the quality hardcore department. Matter of fact, there is a lot of it to cover this month as far as reviews and news is concerned. And of course there is good stuff happening outside of California that we will touch on as well. Well, I am tired of looking at the pile, so let's get right into it. Carl Weathers for Governor in the Recall of 2005!

California Just Keeps Getting Better

California is about to explode. Mark my words. Starting in LA, there is a huge resurgence of classic hardcore bands with that sweet early 80s sound that are popping up all over the place. And it seems that one way or another, Jon Westbrook has his grubby hands in the mix. Check out any band that he is in, and you will not be disappointed. On the opposite end of the state, Northern California has its hands full producing some top-notch straight edge hardcore. Lately, each show at the Gilman has blown me away. With new faces comes new energy. I can't think of another place that I would rather play probably in the whole country. I wish I could rattle off a list of all the California bands that are coming up, but I know I would forget someone (check my column a while back on the Bay Area scene). So instead I am just going to focus on California bands that you might not have heard of. BROKEN NEEDLE comes to mind immediately. This is a band that definitely fits into the "why in the hell was I left out of the loop on this band" category. When Todd, their singer, gave me a burned CD entitled *The Band,* BROKEN NEEDLE hadn't even thought of a name yet. I'm not even sure that this CD is officially a demo. What I am sure of is that these eight tracks just about embody everything that I like about punk and hardcore. Every song beautifully blends UNIFORM CHOICE, BLACK FLAG, and a hint of AC/DC (thanks to Chuck from LIFES HALT). And just when I thought that this was one of the few LA bands un-tainted by Westbrook, it turns out that he played second guitar on the first two demos. Figures, cause this is the best thing I have heard in a long time. "Waste Away" is already a classic. When this band starts playing out, they will definitely be giving all of LA a run for their money. Email Todd at infestxskater@hotmail.com and demand a copy of this.

Another California band that deserves some serious recognition is San Diego's FIND HIM AND KILL HIM. Their stellar full length *Cut Them To Pieces,* is an all-out attack on the commercialization and mainstreaming of hardcore and punk. Spencer's lyrics are intelligent with just the right amount of sarcasm, and the music keeps it fast and simple without coming off as sophomoric. Think of a tighter, faster NO REPLY with less of a straight edge influence. A good chunk of the lyrics are dedicated to pointing out what's wrong with today's "supposed" do-it-yourself underground, and how certain bands and people are making things worse for the people that actually give a shit. All of it is right on the money. Still, I couldn't help but notice that FIND HIM AND KILL HIM thank a few bands and people in their liner notes that would definitely fall under the category of "making things worse." Especially when you put these bands and individuals next to songs like "The Worst Shit I Ever Heard" or "Punk Is Forever." This is not a complaint, rather just an interesting observation. Regardless, this is what good raging hardcore is supposed to sound like. The CD is out on Happy Couples Never Last Records, PO Box 36997, Indianapolis, IN 46236. You can write to that address, or log onto www.findhimandkillhim.com.

News from the Other Side

DESPERATE MEASURES. This band might as well be from California. Bands from the East Coast need to take some serious cues from these Maryland kids. Given that most hardcore bands have a shelf life of about three years, the average East Coast outfit might make it out here once, *if* we're lucky. DESPERATE MEASURES is an exception to that rule. I can't count how many times I've seen this band play in California. Fortunately this next time around they will finally be bringing us some new material. If you picked up their two-song teaser the last time they came around then you know that this band has raised their song writing to a whole new level. News from the Youngblood camp says that this yet to be titled LP will have nine brand new songs and a re-recorded version of the song "Forgiven" from their demo. It will most likely be officially released in November but there will be a pre-release version for their two record release shows late October. This will only be available at these shows, so start kissing your Pennsylvanian friend's ass now.

On a sad note, two great Boston bands, THE A-TEAM and THE SUICIDE FILE, have decided to call it quits. Both these bands put on an intense live show that was often unmatched. The SUICIDE FILE should be putting out one last 7" sometime soon, and you should definitely hunt down the A-TEAM's *Clusterfuck* 7". They will be missed.

The "Records that Will Be Sold Out Before this Column Gets Printed" Section

Town of Hardcore fanzine is releasing a comp 7" to accompany their latest issue. The zine/comp is $6 ppd in North America and $8 ppd for the rest of the world. The zine has interviews with A-TEAM, VIOLENT MINDS, SHEER TERROR, and CORROSION OF CONFORMITY. The comp 7" has unreleased songs by MENTAL, VIOLENT MINDS, SO BE IT, HAYMAKER, THINK I CARE, RNR, FUCKED UP, PUNCH IN THE FACE, and KNIFE FIGHT (yeah, I drool each time I read it too). For all you out there who are reading this for the first time, this record is only limited to 500. And the editor guarantees that this comp will never be repressed or redone in any form other than this. How is that for a kick in the balls? Email him at lovethemusic_hatethekids@hotmail.com or write him at TOWN OF HARDCORE Fanzine, 1458

Reynolds Ave, Burlington, Ontario L7M 3B7.

Another record that might already be gone by the time this goes to press is the vinyl version of the INTERNAL AFFAIRS demo that just came out of Europe on Friendly Fire Records. There's no need to review this again, but I will tell you that if you like it INFEST-fast and STRAIGHT AHEAD-edge, then you might want to log onto www.ff-records.net as soon as possible. Do it now, or be at the mercy of the mighty Ebay later.

Well that is all. No endnotes this month. You can email me at ih8thekids@hotmail.com, or you can send stuff to Carl Cordova, 746 Baker Street, San Francisco, CA 94115.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

I recently had the chance to see the documentary film *Afropunk*, which is currently on tour with director James Spooner. This film is pretty masterfully done. He manages to interview an extremely broad cross-section of blacks involved in the punk scene, from accomplished musicians to teenage street punks. The focus is more on the personalities and issues of being black in the punk scene and less on the history of particular bands or scenes. Unlike a lot of documentaries that seem to just scratch the surface and leave you with more questions than answers, this one really digs deep into the black punk experience from several angles. It was the right length to get into detail with several individuals on any particular issue, as opposed to allowing a few spokesmen to grandstand, as is often the case with music documentaries. The director mostly lets the individuals interviewed talk for themselves; there is no narration or on-screen questions from the interviewer. He edits together live footage, still photos, and candid interviews with the dialogue in a manner that is visually quite appealing. I found it more like a punk style video fanzine and less like the annoying jerky hipster style that a lot of indie film is shot in these days. All in all, it's a solid piece of work that I would highly recommend. The only thing I would have added is more detail about some of the bands, but you can see that wasn't the director's intent. You can see if it's playing near you or whatever at www.afropunk.com. Of related interest, there is a good web page detailing the involvement of blacks in the early punk scene at http://www.roctober.com/roctober/blackpunk1.html, which would add some depth and background to some of the people interviewed in the film.

This September I accompanied Nine Shocks Terror on a three-week European tour. This was my fourth time in Europe and second time touring with a DIY hardcore band. My objective on this mission was to look more deeply into the European DIY hardcore/punk scene with several objectives in mind. The first and foremost was to bring the raw brutal hardcore of Cleveland rippers Nine Shocks Terror to the people. I also wanted to see a lot of bands I would probably never get a chance to see in the US. Also on my list was to visit my old friends, meet people I only knew from trading records online, and make new friends and connections. More practical concerns were improving the distribution of Havoc Records in Europe and making more connections for bringing bands on my label over to Europe to tour. So I have made a few observations about some of the above topics to share with our readers.

First I'll talk about touring from the American band perspective. Most every reasonably successful American hardcore band strives to tour Europe. However, there are a lot of things to take into account when planning such a tour. I covered a lot of this stuff when I wrote about the 1999 Code 13 European tour. This time I think I have better perspective so excuse me if I cover some old ground again.

The first and biggest concern is knowing when you are ready to tour Europe. Currently Europe is pretty full of US bands touring. There are several factors to blame for this. Firstly, Europe has a more organized DIY touring network; secondly, there is somewhat of a lack of big drawing European bands at the moment. While the US has a good DIY touring network, it relies a lot more on personal connections, such as bands doing each other favors and one-off shows. Europe, on the other hand, has a lot of established venues that are consistently booking hardcore, youth centers, squats, and clubs. In Europe, most of the people involved in punk are older, and approach setting up shows with much more experience and a more professional attitude than in the US. Outside of the major cities with established DIY venues, most of the shows in the US are still fairly one-off events in rental halls, coffee shops, etc. set up by young fans turned promoters who may only book shows for one year or two before moving on. In Europe (as in Japan) the venues seem to be better run with sound taken more seriously, and a more professional attitude all around. That doesn't necessarily mean they are "professional" clubs in a commercial sense, just that the people have the experience and knowledge to make sure the gigs go down properly, sound good and the bands get taken care of. And take care of the bands they do. It is almost universal in Europe that bands get dinner before the show, free drinks during the gig, sleeping accommodations, and breakfast the next morning. Only a handful of the people here are providing this kind of benefits to touring bands. Of the 18 gigs Nine Shocks Terror played, there was dinner at all but one and breakfast at most. Last US tour I did with Damage Deposit there was dinner maybe twice and breakfast only once (thanks Anne and Ben!) and free drinks only maybe once in the tour.

Some other factors making it attractive to tour Europe is that it can be made easier for you when someone else is booking the gigs and providing the van and backline. Several European labels provide booking services and also have van and backline for rent. In theory a US band could do a European tour on a pretty low budget with a pretty minimal amount of work. However, this attractive scheme of things overlooks a few factors. One is that due to the large number of bands touring there is stiff competition for an actual audience at the shows. Only a few US DIY bands draw big crowds in Europe: Tragedy, From Ashes Rise, RAMBO and a few others. Like in the US, it's great that there is a DIY touring network for bands to use, but rather unfortunate that so many bands take advantage of it. The result will sound familiar to anyone who has booked shows in the US the last few years, too many bands touring at once and low turnouts to all but a few bands' gigs.

I would offer a few pieces of advice. First, don't tour too early. Wait for a while and several releases to build up your fan base in Europe before you attempt to tour. Code 13 waited five years, and Nine Shocks Terror seven years before attempting a European tour. And still most people didn't know who the bands were. Too many bands take advantage of the ease of touring Europe to do so before there is really anybody in Europe interested in their music, a phenomenon which should sound familiar again to people who have booked shows in the US of late. Aside from that, there is the whole circuit of bogus reunion bands that are touring Europe constantly or bands that form just to tour Europe. The mind-boggling, continued popularity of NY hardcore and faux youth crew HC means that bands like

Slapshot, Integrity, One Life Crew, Youth of Today, etc. who we thought broke up years ago, are still on tour in Europe and drawing big crowds. I would also note that the crust scene in the US is kind of disorganized right now, when all the kids who book crust shows in middle America move to Portland and drop out, it starts to get difficult to book a decent US tour. Born Dead and Phalanx's tour is probably the exception. In Europe, most of the work is done for you and there's free beer at the shows, so I think some of these sort of bands probably tour Europe a bit prematurely as well. The main thing I would say is, don't force yourself on the European scene. Wait until people are coming to you asking if you want to tour. As with other things in life, it's much nicer to be invited than to just show up and say, "here we are."

Another thing I can't stress enough is a release on a European label. Outside of a subculture of record collectors, most US bands aren't so well known in Europe because the records aren't so well distributed. There are two factors at work here. First a lot of the DIY hardcore bands are on Mordam-distributed labels like Prank, Sound Pollution, and Six Weeks. Unlike the US, most record distro in Europe is done by small "shoebox" distributors at gigs—there are actually very few independent record stores. Mordam and similar distributors cater mostly to stores and very few of the distros that sell at gigs are buying from them. In general, most of the distributors selling records at gigs get their stock through trading, as most are also running labels. However, the DIY hardcore labels in the US who are trading often find that there is a limit to the amount of European stuff they can reasonably get rid of in the US. Due to a lack of really popular European bands in the US, those of us who are trading often find that while a European label wants to get 100 copies of our latest release, we can only reasonably expect to sell 10 of theirs. There are a few larger wholesale distributors in Europe such as Plastic Bomb and Green Hell, but the further away from Germany you get the more expensive it gets to order from these distros. I think Europe could greatly benefit from a large DIY record distributor like Ebullition in the US. But a lot of people I talk to in Europe don't think such a distributor would work out because of the high costs of shipping from country to country inside Europe and the reliance of most distros on trading alone. One of the biggest challenges to my label is trying to get my records distributed in Europe.

What this means for the US band is that it's pretty important to either make sure you are working with a US label which has good European distribution (there aren't many) or do a release on a European label. This could be an exclusive release or a European pressing of a US record. The most popular US DIY bands here, Tragedy, RAMBO, and From Ashes Rise, all have European pressings of their records available. Another very important factor is that vinyl is still the primary format in Europe. I was shocked at how few CDs I sold over here compared to the US. Since I'm mostly a vinyl person anyway, this was fine with me, but I miscalculated in bringing over a lot of CDs to sell at gigs. All the vinyl I brought over sold briskly in the first few shows my best releases were all gone, but of the CDs I sold only a handful in three solid weeks of shows. I would recommend finding a European label you like and trust and work closely with them to do a European release in advance of the tour, help you with booking, van, and backline, and also to do a new release for the tour.

Another thing that I would say is essential for touring in Europe is to have a new release to sell. A lot of bands have done tour 7"s (Artimus Pyle, What Happens Next, Holier Than Thou etc.) Or bring over copious quantities of your newest release to sell on the road. If you bring distro stuff with you, weight it heavily towards new releases and vinyl. CDs and back catalog will just be dead weight. I think you can probably get shirts printed a lot cheaper in Europe right now than in the US, so it's best to have your shirts printed here and pick them up on tour.

Another factor is where to tour. Conventional wisdom has it that you should center your tour around Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Scandinavia, as these are the most profitable areas with the most developed and Americanized scenes. However, since every other band is also touring in these areas you might find yourself playing a lot of gigs to unenthusiastic audiences. A few bands have tried to be more adventurous, playing in more out of the way parts of Europe like Spain and Portugal, Eastern Europe, and the Balkans. Common wisdom currently is like this: "you want to make money, play in Germany, you want fun shows, go to Eastern Europe" The kids in Iberia, the Balkans, and Eastern Europe get less touring bands coming through and therefore are more likely to be excited when one does come through. I strongly recommend making contact with an Eastern European label to do a cassette release of your material before you tour there. Very few of the kids in Eastern Europe can afford imported records, but like in SE Asia, locally produced cassettes are very affordable and the best means to spread your music. CD-Rs are beginning to become more widespread in Eastern Europe, but the tape release still seems like your best bet.

I would point out that as you leave the rich center of Europe for the less economically developed periphery, getting your van and gear ripped off becomes a much greater threat. There is a whole subculture of criminals in Europe who will break into any car with foreign plates. I heard countless tales of bands who had their vans stolen and broken into in Poland, Italy, Spain, etc. In fact, Nine Shocks Terror's van got broken into in the Czech Republic in broad daylight in a busy parking area. I have heard some bizarre tales of shady promoters making arrangements with local mafia to heist bands' gear and bands having to pay the local mafia to get their stolen van and gear back. In Eastern and Southern Europe, you should probably keep security conscious at all times, keep a person with your van, and think proactively.

Another factor that makes a big difference when touring in the US is having strong local support on the gigs. In the US it's common to have 3-5 bands on a show and sets tend to be 15-30 minutes. In much of Europe, 2-band shows are the norm and rarely more than 3 bands play. The shows tend to start very late by US standards and the set times approach and often break the one-hour mark. One thing I noticed is that Nine Shocks Terror's best shows were with strong local support acts, Vitamin X in Amsterdam, Skitkids in Copenhagen, Intensity in Malmo, and so on. Likewise, gigs that I expected to be really good came off kind of half-hearted without a strong local draw on the bill. A lot of the opening bands we played with were young kids with new bands. I always think it's great to put such bands on a bill, but also a more well known local act between them and touring band is going to help bring in a crowd and pump up the energy level at a gig. Another factor playing at squat clubs is that a lot of the people would be hanging out there drinking even if there was no show. These are the guys who have never heard your band but are up front doing the "crusty wave" all night because the touring band goes on at 2 am and they've been drinking at the bar since 6.

Now onto some other factors. Your cell phone doesn't work in Europe unless you get one that you can change the chip in when you get to Europe. Some people buy cheap phones just to use in Europe or maybe if you hire a driver they might have a phone. There are always pay phones which are thankfully more common in Europe than in the US these days. Driving on the highway in Europe is so much nicer than in the US. People are more courteous and actually travel only in the right lane and use the left lane to pass. If you are in the left lane and come on a car going slower, they simply move into the right lane and let you pass. I think this is how it worked in the US like forty years ago, but traffic moves way more efficiently in Europe. However, city driving is crazy since the cities are old with tiny narrow streets many of which are one way, and parking is an expensive nightmare. Almost everything in Europe is more efficient, less wasteful, and more thought-out than in the US. Bottles are still returnable, the diet is healthier, public transport is extensive and well run, cars are smaller and more economical, etc. All of this comes at a price, but you have to remember that the cheapest and most profitable way of doing things is not always the best way. The standard of living for average people in Europe is much higher than in the US. There is much less crime, very little poverty, and education and health care are cheap or free. There is an extensive social safety net, so a lot of young people don't work, barely work, or are getting paid to go to a free university. On top of this, the state actively supports youth centers in some countries that are booking hardcore shows. Some kids we met in Sweden actually got the government to give them a club to run for free and gear and a practice room for bands with no equipment or practice space of their own. It blows my mind to think that the government would actively subsidize punk, but there it is. It actually continually blows my mind how much the government lets kids get away with in Europe. Of course when you go to Eastern Europe, it's a lot different—more crime and poverty, a lower standard of living, etc. The further east you go, the more it is like traveling deeper into Mexico from Tijuana.

Pop in Europe tastes different because they don't use the same fructose corn sweeteners used in the USA. Coke and Fanta are the main soft drinks. Mountain Dew is almost totally unheard of. I found it at only one gas station ever. Pepsi is also not so common and don't be fooled, "Pepsi Max" is not a more extreme version of Pepsi but is in fact Diet Pepsi. However, there is such a think as "Pepsi X" which is indeed a more extreme version of Pepsi. The coffee in Europe is pretty lame. It's mostly instant Nescafe crap with grainy bits at the bottom of the cup served in a tiny little Dixie cup, which is mostly foam and sugar on the top. In fact, most of what passes for coffee there is the same as that powdered stuff they call "cappuccino" you get at gas stations in America. Actual drip whole bean coffee is pretty rare, and if you do find some it's served in a dixie cup. As a result, I started drinking a lot of Red Bull, which is widely available and cheaper than in the US. I saw Jolt in a few places pronounced "yolt," which always cracks me up.

Girls in Europe are hotter than hell. I think the better diet and lots of exercise means a lot of women look really hot into their 30s and even 40s. I think the northern Europeans are the hottest, especially Danish, Swedish, and Dutch. However, in general I think the Europeans are less sexually charged than we are, and not so quick to jump in bed on a random hook up. Or maybe I was just not meeting the right dames…

Europe uses 220 volt current as opposed to our 110 volt and they have a different plug on the end of the cord. Simply putting an adapter on the plug isn't going to work. Marshall and other European made amps have a switch on the back to go from 110 to 220 and you just get a power cord with the European plug. You can use US amps with a "step down" voltage converter, which is about the size of a small toaster and plugs in between the amp and wall.

Some things that will be strange to the US band are that it's quite common in Europe for the bands to all share a backline. Frustratingly they all usually want to use the touring bands backline. This would be pretty unheard of in the US but it happened on a regular basis to us in Europe. Bands show up with guitars, heads, cymbals, and snare and expect to use someone else's gear. Sometimes bands show up with guitars only. I know this sort of thing goes on here too, but usually arrangements are made, typically between bands that are friends. I think borrowing gear can lead to a lot of trouble. I have both let people use gear that was broken and been in bands that broke other people's gear and it's never fun or easy to deal with. Try to make sure who ever sets up your tour gets clear who is using what gear at the shows so you know in advance. It was frustrating when we were renting gear by the day to have other bands all expect us to set it up for them to play. I guess this is one of those things we just aren't used to.

The one thing that really galls me about touring in Europe is how merciless most distros are. I know that when I'm selling records at gigs I don't sell the touring band's releases in competition with them and when people ask if I have the touring band's record I tell them to go buy it from the band. In Europe, however, it is quite common for every distro at a show (and there are often quite a few) to carry your releases prominently and sell them to all comers right in front of you. This is totally accepted practice over there and no seems to think it's a bad idea. The only thing I can say is that if you have some limited tour release, don't trade or sell it to anyone until the *end* of the show/tour so they don't undercut you at your own shows.

OK, I hope that fills in some blanks or answers some questions about touring Europe. I'm sure some Europeans will take umbrage at some of what I've written, but they probably don't like they way we do things here, so whatever. I would make one final note—after 20 years the St. Paul hardcore legends Willful Neglect have had their material re-issued. There is now a CD, released actually by the same guy who put out their two LPs in '82 and '83 which also features a full unreleased LP (which is surprisingly good). Willful Neglect were East St. Paul meatheads who never fit into the more artsy Minneapolis scene. Their lyrics are thankfully not printed on the re-issue because they are pretty retarded. However, WN played some excellent fast, raw, energetic, snotty hardcore and if you can't get the two original LPs this CD is a good start.

The Boston French Connection

RaNSoM
NoTE$
by Erika Ransom

It's one in the morning and I've just come home. I ducked out from the party early, because I wanted to write things down while they were still fresh in my memory. Tonight was an amazing show that made me fall in love with Boston punks all over again.

LA FRACTION and BORN DEAD ICONS played at Amory Street house, and it was glorious! Tonight was only LA FRACTION's second city on their first US tour. Meaning, we lucky Bostonians were some of the first Americans to welcome LA FRACTION to the fucked-up USA.

The show was at Amory Street house, which has hosted many a good DIY punk show. The house has a big basement with thick stonewalls and high ceilings, and the neighbors don't call the cops. Glorious.

Anyway, the day of the show finally arrived. Friday, October 3.

I had to work late, the Profits had to practice (even after three years, it's still twice a week), yada yada yada, and I was late for the show. I missed EARTH DIED SCREAMING, CUT THE SHIT, and even BORN DEAD ICONS. The first two groups I'm sure I'll catch again soon, but I was disappointed to miss out on BORN DEAD ICONS from Montreal.

It just happened that the first people we came across on the sidewalk outside the house were speaking French. Hmm, could it be LA FRACTION? I was happy to meet them, and they struck me as serious and intelligent people who put a lot of meaning and thought into their travels and their music. I tried to imagine what it would be like from their perspective, European anarcho-punks keenly aware of US imperialism and capitalist conquest, visiting here for the first time. They seemed very open to connecting with people, and wanted to see what the US was really like.

I also talked to so many awesome people I haven't seen for a long time. It was like a Boston punk reunion. It was refreshing to see people from all the different Boston fractions all having a good time at the same show, just the way it should be.

Fro example, Jeff Hall was there, wearing his sweatshirt with STRAIGHT EDGE XXX across the front while seriously drunk punks were drinking in the shadows, and new hardcore kids who usually turn their nose up at "punk" were standing next to spiky-mohawk-leather-jacket-wearing kids. I was happy to see the crusty dreaded anarchists and my favorite drinking communist, the punks on bikes, people who had been in the scene forever, and kids who talked about their first practice with their first band the night before.

It was beautiful.

And then LA FRACTION played!

I squeezed myself up to the front, and then off to the side of the band, trying to get a good shot to video. I was excited about catching a bit of LA FRACTION's set for my cable access show *Roach Motel*, and they said it would be fine as I wasn't making any money off of the video and it would help share their music. (Note to video folks—you should always ask. It's only the right thing to do.)

From the very first song, the packed basement of what seemed like a hundred people went crazy. People were pressed against the band, forcing them to back up right into the drums while a few great people acted as human shields, being successful most of the time. The energy from the crowd and the band together was simply amazing.

LA FRACTION's music seemed to uplift everyone there, and the melody and urgency created a wall of people dancing and freaking out together to all of the songs. Even my friend Brian was jumping around in the pit, and he hasn't done that in years. Adam found me in my dark basement crevice up front, and helped me video. He crawled onto an unused amp and got a great view of the sea of excitement and energy. It was insane! I danced from behind the gear and took it all in.

Everyone I talked to afterwards said about the same thing, "An amazing fucking show!" Viva la Boston punks! Rock on.

24 Hours Later I'm Back from Lawrence

Once again, it's one in the morning and I find myself back home, exhausted from another great show. What a weekend!

This show was in Lawrence, MA, about twenty minutes from the New Hampshire border. The show was originally booked as an all-day affair with ten bands playing at the (un)American Legion Hall in Nashua, New Hampshire. Less than two weeks before the show, the Legion Hall canceled, leaving the fest in the lurch. In an amazing organizing feat, Jonee from JONEE EARTHQUAKE BAND managed to quickly switch the venue to a Knights of Columbus hall in Lawrence. The show was still on.

Just one catch—ten bands were scheduled to play with only half as much time allotted for the show. To make the show work, each band was given exactly ten minutes to set up, and twenty minutes to play. That's it, so move your gear, get on stage, and play already!

It made for a great punk show. Lots of music, but everything went very quickly. Only being able to play twenty minutes, rather than a more drawn out set of thirty to even forty minutes (which I think is really too long at any show), forced bands to play just their best songs, and kept the energy high. No messing around–just play!

The show was in the lower level of the large rambling Knights of Columbus complex, a small room with a low foam-square ceiling, so the sound was actually very good. There was no stage, and the place was filled. Although it was about 50 degrees outside, the room was hot, smoky and sweaty after only a couple of bands.

First up was BLANK SOCIETY. It seems that in every scene, there are always a few people who are the first to get the pit started, and get the energy going for a band. Pat, the singer for BLANK SOCIETY, is one of those people. I've seen him for the past year at so many shows, supporting bands, having fun, starting the pit, and dancing around when other people stood in the back and crossed their arms and wondered if the band was "cool" enough to dance for. So, it was really fun to see Pat up front, screaming and singing with his hardcore band. Adding to the craziness of the set, BLANK SOCIETY's drummer broke his ankle the night before, and a fill-in drummer learned ten songs that morning. And, the drummer was in 8th grade! He did a great job, and watching the band all hang together and smile through tentative changes, stops, and starts was just plain punk rock fun.

THE STRUGGLE was my favorite set of the evening. They played a sort of street punk sound, although I hate using that term. Everyone thrashed around for them, and it was an off the hook melee. The JIMMIES were an all-woman punk band from Maine with a BRATMOBILE style, and the KAOTICS played rock and roll punk with enough power to keep the dancing going. I missed all but one song of 20 TO ONE but they are good melodic hardcore. Watch out for all of these bands, as the northeastern scene is really growing strong.

Halfway through the PROFITS' set, the lights and amps suddenly went dead. A fuse must have blown somewhere. Rich kept playing the drums, and a circle pit started in the darkness. It was wild! After a couple of minutes, we stopped making noise and screaming and decided to go ahead and play our next song, "Profit Over People" sans light or electricity. Fuck it! Rich played the drums, and we all just screamed the lyrics. Lots of kids joined in, and our voices carried in the small, almost totally dark room. Then, during the second verse, the power returned like magic—the lights came on, our amps came on, and we finished the song without missing a beat, guitars blazing with our friends dancing and singing along. It was amazing.

JONEE EARTHQUAKE BAND finished the night off with their absolutely unique style of pirate-keyboard-New Hampshire-punk-craziness with simple drumbeats and clear dancing guitar. Jonee sings and plays guitar with his long beard and three-corned pirate hat, dancing all the while. Jonee is also the oldest punk I know, and JONEE EARTHQUAKE BAND has been rocking in New Hampshire since before time, as far as I know. Story has it Jonee got into punk in the mid-

70s in London, and has been in bands ever since. Madness. I am now a big fan. Check out their web site at http://ourworld.compuserve. com/homepages/stompbox/, which also has photos of all the bands they play with. Check them out.

Up the Punks

This column was all about the good times, so thanks for reading. Now, go to the show and have your own adventure! A big shout out to all the Boston punks and the New Hampshire scene. Great times. Electronically you can reach me at ransom@theprofits.org, or write a letter to: Erika / PO Box 391273 / Cambridge, MA / 02139. I'm especially looking for anarcho-feminist influenced fanzines or bands for review. If you are out there, let me know. In solidarity, Erika.

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

Continued from last issue…

Anyway, she seemed really nice, and they both seemed kinda nice together. I was happy for Richard. I mean, he had lost his dad, but, well, now he was getting laid. At that time in my life, I would have gladly traded in my dad for some steady sex. Um, in fact, well, nevermind. So, anyway, Emily starts to hang around the dorm a lot. A lot. And then Richard asks me if he can move in a new bed. He says his dorm bed is uncomfortable, and I tell him that I know. He says he found a really comfortable one, and says it is "a little bigger" than the one here now. Looking back, I should have said no. I should have beat him up. I should have done a lot of thing, but I didn't. I looked at him, the picture of his dead dad, and said, "of course you can, Richard."

Big mistake. The next day Richard's bed is delivered. By like six guys. With a hose. I'm like, "Hey Richard, I see like paneling, and sheets and pillows and stuff, but where is the bed, and why the hose?" He explains that he is getting a "waterbed." Doh. Now when I tell ya this thing is big, and took up most of the twelve by fourteen room, I'm not fucking kidding. All these guys set up the bed, and ran a hose from the bathroom down the hall into the room. The bed starts to fill, and finally, when it is all done, my bed is pushed up against my closet, and there is an inch between my bed and Richard's. I tell Richard the bed is a little bigger than I expected and he says, "Sorry." He then asks if Emily can stay over night, and "test out" the bed with him. I tell him okay, I'll sleep in the lobby. And I do.

The next morning I go back to my room and find scotch tape over the key slot on the door. This is a signal that means "Don't come in, I'm getting laid." Most dorms have this signal. So, curious guy that I am, I put my ear do the door and listen. I hear all this water swishing around and moans and groans. And lots of water. Did I mention water? So I take a walk to my class without the text book I was supposed to get. It didn't matter. This was college. Anyway, I return to the dorm and finally enter the room. It smells like sex. I knew the smell. I had smelt it once. Anyway, Richard was on his bed, and Emily was gone. I asked him how the bed was and he said "it was great." Good for him.

Over the next few weeks, I found lots of tape on the key slot. And I heard lots of swishing. And I spent many nights in the lobby, or at a friends dorm room. But I was kinda getting tired of it. So one day I told Richard and Emily that I wanted to start living in my own room again. They said they were sorry, and that that was fine. Fine. So for a couple of nights, it is just Richard and I, and that picture of Richard's dad. But somehow, Emily starts to show up more often, and, well, basically she moves all her shit into our room and lives with us. Richard tells me some story of how she is broke, and just needs a place to stay "temporarily." I try to tell Richard that it really isn't fair, and that well, it is kinda frustrating, but he says I should be nicer, it is what his "dad would have wanted." I couldn't argue with that.

One day I am looking at Richard's closet and I notice all these knife marks on the door of it. They go all they way up the side of the door, and then around the top. When Richard comes home from class, I ask him why he has carved up the door. He explains that those "marks" are "notches." That each one means that he and Emily had done it once. Man, this guys must of been fucking twenty four seven. I just look at him. Jealous.

Sometimes, late at night, while I was supposed to be asleep, I would hear this swishing sound. Like the ocean. And I would hear moans and groans. I would pretend to be asleep, and wish to god that they would hurry up and get done. And sometimes, I would find used condoms on the floor. Once I showed one to Richard, and told him to clean up after himself. He said he was sorry, and that Emily was supposed to clean up, and he would have a talk with her. And sometimes, early in the morning, while I was supposed to be asleep, I'd see Emily in front of the standard dorm issue mirror combing and brushing out her hair. Naked. I'd see her large, firm breasts, defying gravity, and her little butt, white as my sheets. I would kinda pretend my eyes were closed, and peer through the slits at her. She was a goddess. Standing there brushing her hair, having made love to Richard the night before. Damn. And I swear, sometimes I would see her looking at me in the mirror. I think she may have known that I wasn't always asleep. She would just look at me, while standing there naked, and smile.

One day I came back to my dorm to get my guitar for practice. There was tape over the door, but I really needed my guitar. So I knocked and there was no answer. So I figured that they weren't there, and went in. They were there. Having sex, as usually. Richard was on the bottom, and Emily was on top of him, riding him, riding the waterbed. I looked at them for what seemed like two hours, but was probably two seconds, then climbed over my bed, into my closet, and grabbed my guitar. I looked over at them again, and they were back to fucking. With me in the room. Wonderful.

That night I went to the R.A. (Residence Hall Assistant) and told her that there were three people living in a two person room. She asked me about what was going on, and I told her. I told her that they had sex all the time, that I saw a naked girl a lot and that I was frustrated. She kept asking me to tell her about the sex that they were having, and what it was like. What positions they did it in, and what it sounded like. I told her and she told me that I could ask them to leave, or that I could spend the night with her in her room. At the time, I thought she was just being nice to me. Looking back on it, and all the sex talk that we had, I think I blew my second chance to get laid.

Anyway, so I decided that I would tell Richard that Emily had to leave. I would tell him that it was nothing personal, but I couldn't take it anymore. I mean, I couldn't remember the last time I got to jerk off on my own bed. So I told him. He told me that Emily had no place to go, and I said that I was sorry, that she would have to stay with friends or something, but enough was enough. So he said she would be out by the end of the week.

Two weeks later the ocean was still roaring in my room, along with the moans and groans. Everyone on my floor was laughing at me, and calling me a pussy. They said I should just "kick the bitch out." But I couldn't. She didn't have a place to go, and poor Richard and his picture of his dad. So, anyway, I'm sleeping one night and hear them have sex. So I just sit up on my bed and watch as Emily rides Richard. Emily turns her head and looks at me, and says nothing. She just rocks back and forth on top of Richard, whose eyes are closed. As Richard starts to orgasm, Emily just looks me in the eyes, and says nothing.

The next morning I tell Richard when Emily is gone that today is the day, and I want her and that fucking waterbed out of the room. He starts to give me some song and dance and I tell him "no." Today. He says okay, that he'll get his old bed back, and Emily will stay with her friend, Debra. He also tells me that I'm an asshole, and insensitive. Whatever.

Of course that day she doesn't move out, and the waterbed is still there. I tell Richard that night that this is it, when we wake up in the morning, I'm going to go to class, something I rarely do, and when I get back, the bed, and the chick better be gone. He tells me okay. I tell him I really, really mean it. I tell him that I can't take it anymore. That not only am I not getting laid, and he is, but that he has ruined his closet door, and now he has begun to ruin mine with all those notches. He tells me he ran out of room. I tell him to shut-up. I say that I am tired of seeing Emily naked and he asks me why I am looking at her anyway. He says I am a perv or something. I tell him it is because she fucking lives here. He goes on to tell me that it is only temporary, and I am the biggest pussy he has ever met. He tells me that I'll never get laid again with that kinda attitude, and to go fuck myself. I tell him fine, but get him and the girl out by the morning or else.

So I walk into my room after going to class, and there is the waterbed and her stuff. I feel my heart begin to beat faster. And faster. I have had enough. Enough! I scream, "I have had it! Enough! Aaarrgh!" I then go to my dorm room desk and find my cub scout knife. I'm gonna get him real good. Make him suffer. Stab that knife in and out. In and out. Back and Forth. Forth and Back. Like him and Emily and that fucking waterbed. Swish. Swish. Moans and groans. Notches on the closet doors. That fucking picture of his dad. Back and Forth. Forth and back. I take out the blade and cut myself. I look in the mirror. Blood on my face and hands. I hear keys rattle, and see the door knob turn. He enters. I warned him. Back and Forth. Forth and Back. Swish. Swish. He yells for me to stop as I raise the knife over my head, but he is too late. Way too late. Back and Forth. Forth and Back. Swish. Swish. Moans and groans. I stab the waterbed. Once. Twice. Three times. Over and over. A steady stream of water pounds my face as I lay on the bed and stab it over and over. Back and Forth. Forth and back. It starts to swish and swish. Richard yells, but dares not come near me. I continue to stab and stab, and finally, exhausted, I lay in the large puddle that was once his bed, but is now once again my floor.

Richard just looks at me. His face his sheet white. Suddenly Emily walks in behind him and sees me laying on the floor, in the large puddle, which is now seeping out into the hall. She says nothing. Finally Richard speaks. "You're fucking crazy," he says. I just look at him and say, "I know."

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Saw a great band out here in Arizona called "The New Romantics." Silly name…tight and punk rock 'n' roll band!
2. www.georgetabb.com
3. Met some more nice people here – and it isn't so hot you could fry an egg on the sidewalk. Well, yeah, you can. Doh!
4. It's back to school time. If you are living in a dorm…try to get a single room, obviously!

ANONYMOUS BOY

When it comes to music I have to admit I come off as arrogant. I can't help myself. Here's an example: I was at a NYC record store called Rockit Scientist, purchasing three albums (vinyl, of course).

I saw the LITTLE KILLERS' brand-new debut album prominently on display at the checkout counter! I'm pals with those punks, so my heart swelled with pride. Then, I observed another customer looking at it. First he looked at the CD. Then he looked at the regular vinyl release, and finally he looked at the 180-gram vinyl version. The customer turned to a tall guy with hair in his eyes, behind the counter. He pointed to the vinyl albums and asked; "What's the difference between them?" The counter guy replied, "The more expensive one is 180 gram vinyl."

Then the customer got all huffy and skeptical. He said something like "Come on… like *that* really deserves a 180 gram release?!" The dismissive tone of his voice provoked me, and without thinking I practically yelled at the guy, "HAVE YOU HEARD IT?!" He was stunned speechless. Everything in my voice practically suggested I was ready to punch him out. The counter guy diffused the situation and quickly answered me. He said with a smile, "Yeah, it's a really good record."

I responded… "It's a *great* record! It's a wonderful record!!!" Luckily, the counter guy had finished checking me out by then and I hightailed it outta there…embarrassed that I probably cost The Little Killers a sale.

And that's *me* in a nutshell. I'm forever trying to force my favorite music on everybody else. The Little Killers album *is* amazing and it *does* deserve to be on 180-gram vinyl because it's just that fucking great! How dare anybody question that?! But, my problem is I'm too passionate about it. I come across like some frantic nut-job. A smarter approach would have been to tell the counter guy to put the record *on.* Then the customer could have heard for himself how fantastic it is!

I'm arrogant about music. I always expect people to take *my* word as law. After all, *my* musical taste is not to be questioned! Heck, I was obsessed with The Misfits when I was a really young kid before *anybody* in my high school had ever even heard of 'em, much less worn the t-shirts. Even today there are guys in Misfits shirts who *still* haven't heard them. I'll always remember how those high school clucks thought Ozzy's album *Diary Of A Madman* was the wildest record ever. I knew he was a pathetic, alcoholic, *has-been* …even back *then*! Fuck! I bought *Flex Your Head* the first day it came out! I was actually *waiting* for it…already knowing it would be a monumental record before it was even released! Do you see what I mean? Don't I sound obnoxious?

And yet, I feel *driven* to expose people to the music I love. But screaming like Hitler in record stores, "You *will* buy this record" just wasn't the best way to do it. So at first I made mix tapes and just gave 'em out…to anyone and everyone! As time went on fewer and fewer people had cassette players anymore. I suppose I could burn CDs for people, but I *still* don't have a CD burner hooked up. I do have one, but it's lying uselessly on the floor among the rubble in my apartment. I'd hook it up if I had a place to put it. I don't, because every inch of space is taken up by records! Records, records everywhere, in random order just piled all over. Staring at my vinyl mountains, I said to myself; "Aha! I'm going to have to find some *other* way to cram this music I love down everyone's throat! But how…?

That's how the WILD RECORD COLLECTION was born. It's a half-hour public access cable TV show where a toy stuffed polar bear named Snuffles dances to vinyl records with his stuffed animal pals. It's kind of like "visual radio" (quoting Kris from the band Rotgutter) or maybe like a stuffed animal's version of *American Bandstand*…only better.

On early episodes, I simply plopped a video camera on the coffee table and aimed it at the couch. Then I propped a record up onto the cushion and played a cut from it. It was a *minimalist* sort of show. That is, until my long-term/domestic partner/boyfriend found out I was doing it. I had kept it a secret from him. I don't really know why. (Hiding the fact that you do a cable TV show from your lover has got to be one of the strangest secrets ever.) Anyway my boyfriend decided that Snuffles *must host* my show. Yes, my boyfriend is the talent behind Snuffles the polar bear, although he'll tell you that Snuffles is his own person…er…I mean bear. It's like when Snuffles is on camera, the bear takes over and my boyfriend disappears. (Sometimes he doesn't even recall the things Snuffles said until after we watch our show.)

Snuffles the polar bear usually introduces the show by explaining "You're watching the Wild Record Collection, the show where we show you record covers, play cuts from those records and dance."

And dance they do. These stuffed animals dance to everything… Seven Foot Spleen, Slaughter & The Dogs, The Electric Prunes, The Shangri-Las, Le Shok, The Rip-Chords, Bobbyteens, Status Quo, Little Richard, The Oblivians, The Briefs, Riistetyt… practically anything and everything, as long as it's on vinyl.

Its good to have your own TV show and what's more, it's free. The only expense is buying the tapes. New York City is really lucky to have a vibrant public access cable network. Our show is part of a Superblock which includes other lunatic-fringe programs. ROBOSHITHEAD features Chuck and Ian's nonsensical films. YOU, is a call-in program about "you," where you're supposed to call the hosts and gab about yourself. THE GOOMI EXPRESS covers the local band scene. TO THE HILLS stars Fritz, who glares at you with impossibly big brown eyes, and does kung fu in the shower. Some of the shows on MNN are punk rock, but most are just plain fucking weird! CONCRETE TV is once such program. It's an unrelenting blitz of sex and violence culled from various films and TV. CONCRETE TV is for if you wanna watch 20 car crashes is a row, followed by a montage of people being riddled with bullets, followed by snippets of porn, all to the lovely sounds of abrasive grindcore, deathcore, and other arbitrary forms of music. More tranquilizing programming can be found on OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, where you get to watch a bird feeder for a half-hour, to a Latin Jazz soundtrack. Believe it or not it's a great show, as is $ANDY KANE'S "BLEW" COMEDY SHOW, which stars an aged, over-the hill stripper who takes of her clothes and "sings" filthy karaoke using her own semi-improvised lyrics. I assure you, no "song" passes from her lips that does not include the words, "fuck," "shit," "pussy," "cock," or "twat."

During the long history of Manhattan Neighborhood Network, many punk rockers and death-metalers have produced their own cable TV shows. Usually these shows like LEPERS TV, and UNDERGROUND THRASHOLD are on late at night. The show that used to be on *latest* of all was DESTROY TV. George Tabb produced it *for years*. If you only know George through his *MRR* column, I hope you can see his show sometime. It was really terrific. His lovable punk-rock-average-Joe personality shines on his show even more than in his column. One of DESTROY TVs' most brilliant moments was George's interview with Jeff Magnum of the legendary CBGB band, The Dead Boys. If I were to liberally paraphrase Jeff's sarcastic account of the Dead Boys, it would go something like this;

"We had a band. We played the same shitty songs over and over. The drummer was stabbed. We made no money. We broke up. Then Stiv died. Isn't that a fantastic fuckin' story?"

A compilation tape of the best of the groundbreaking DESTROY TV show is still available from Vital Music. http://www.vitalmusic.net/ Since George Tabb left NYC his program has been sadly missed on our public access cable-waves.

DESTROY TV may be gone but other long running shows still kick around. WOLFTOOB! is a long re-running show for the now defunct band The Lone Wolves. Those guys were nuts. In addition to clips of their band they did TV sketches where band members and their pals acted out an array of bizarre characters. One sketch was "Tang-Boy" where drummer Richie (Now in Andy G. & The Roller Kings) wore an insanely bright-red fright wig, and yelled "I'm Tang Boy!" at perplexed passers-by in the street. Then "Tang Boy" shoved a microphone into their faces and demanded comments from people who didn't know what the fuck was going on and didn't want to be bothered. The bass player, Hambone Legbone (now in The Yams) was also running amok with his various characters, like "Uncle Willaker." That was a sort of deranged clown Captain Kangaroo, who taught small children how to smoke cigarettes and masturbate. When he wasn't corrupting kiddies, he was chasing down and attempting to interview "go-go girls" who danced at the edge of the Long Island expressway with only the car horns of passing motorists for music. "What made you think about doing this?" he asked. "We don't *think*! We just GO! We are GO-GO girls." Another sketch featured the guitarist Orin as "Mort In Space," an intergalactic alien creature who miserably droned lengthy "captain's logs" about nothing in particular like some sort of depressed Captain Kirk on downers! Orin mostly produced the show, and although he moved to Phoenix AZ, WOLFTOOB! is still running in New York, amazingly enough.

Other kooky punk personalities have shows too, like Ena of the band Youth Gone Mad. His YGMTV has also been on for ages. Ena is best known for Youth Gone Mad, but his brother is the world famous artist Mark Kostabi. Mark did the cover art for The Ramones, Adios Amigos album, (widely critiqued the *worst* Ramones cover art ever.) Mark Kostabi's own cable show KOSTABIWORLD, usually featured an unmanned videocamera trained on Mark while he spoke to unseen, unheard persons on the phone. Watching Mark sit at a desk for a half hour while hearing one-side of his business conversations was not exactly riveting television. But Ena's program is better. When Ena isn't showing Youth Gone Mad videos, we see him slumped on a couch, half-asleep at 4 am. To see a slurring Ena speaking to unseen, unheard persons *without* the benefit of a phone...Now that's riveting television.

TEAM SPIDER TELEVISION is another punk rock show and it features the punk/metal/ska band, Team Spider. Their show is on right before ours. Team Spider, both the band and the show, features contributions from a fine senior citizen known as Zak. He performs lyrics and poetry with the band. Team Spider insists that "although his words may sound suspiciously like the ravings of an old senile lunatic to you, they are not." I'm inclined to agree. I'm sure you'd agree too if you ever get to see and hear the fantastic Team Spider song, BUSH: BOMB THE CONSTITUTION, (or something like that.) The lyrics are "Bush, Bush, Bush! Bomb, Bomb, Bomb! Bomb, Bomb, Bomb! The Constitution."

Magnificent, no? Besides music, the show also features radical politics, including some pretty intense protest footage. Learn more about Team Spider, at http://www.teamspider.com

You can watch all the crazy MNN Public access shows online at http://www.mnn.org/

Just think, if your local cable TV provider has a public access channel (and many of them do,) you too can put on your own show just like these people do! Why not? WILD RECORD COLLECTION once won an award for Best Cable Access TV Show from the New York Press. If a stuffed polar bear dancing to Plasmatics and Lawrence Welk records can win an award, just think what *you* can do!

"Have the Democrats totally flipped their lids?" asks David Brooks in *The Weekly Standard*, the Bush Administration's official organ. "Because every day some Democrat seems to make a manic or totally over-the-top statement about George Bush, the Republican party, and the state of the nation today."

True, Democrats loathe Dubya with greater intensity than any Republican standard-bearer in modern political history. Even the diabolical Richard Nixon—who, after all, created the Environmental Protection Agency, went to China and imposed price controls to stop corporate gouging—rates higher in liberal eyes. "It's mystifying," writes Brooks.

Here, dumbass, I'll explain.

First but not foremost, Bush's detractors despise him viscerally, as a man. Where some Americans see a smug, effeminate frat boy who wouldn't recognize a hard day's work if it kicked him in his self-satisfied ass, others see a simian-faced idiot unqualified to mow his own lawn, much less lead the free world. Another group is, like me, more patronizing than spiteful. I feel sorry for the dude; he looks so pathetic, so out of his depth, standing there squinting under the klieg lights, searching for nouns and verbs. Each speech looks as if Bush had been beamed from his bed fast asleep. It all boils down to the same thing: the guy who holds the launch codes isn't smart enough to know that's he's stupid. That's scary.

Fear breeds hatred. US citizens like Jose Padilla and Yasser Hamdi disappear into the night, never to be heard from again. A concentration camp rises at Guantánamo. Stasi-like spies tap our phones and read our mail; thanks to the ironically named Patriot Act, these thugs don't even need a warrant. As individual rights are trampled, corporate profits are sacrosanct. An aggressive, expansionist military invades other nations "preemptively" to eliminate the threat of non-existent weapons, and American troops die to enrich a company that buys off the vice president.

Time to dust off the F word. "Whenever people start locking up enemies because of national security without much legal care, you are coming close [to fascism]," warns Robert Paxton, emeritus professor of history at Columbia University and author of the upcoming book *Fascism in Action*. Hmm.

Bush bashers hate Bush for who he is—the draft-dodger who went AWOL during Vietnam yet sent other young men to die in Afghanistan and Iraq, the philandering cocaine addict who dares to call gays immoral—as well as for what he has done to America. But that's not why we hate him so much.

Bush is guilty of a single irredeemable act so heinous and anti-American that Nixon's corruption and Reagan's intellectual inferiority pale by comparison. No matter what he does, Democrats and Republicans who love their country more than their party will never forgive him for it.

Bush stole the presidency.

The United States enjoyed two centuries of uninterrupted democracy before George Bush came along. The Brits burned the White House, civil war slaughtered millions and depressions brought economic chaos, yet presidential elections always took place on schedule and the winners always took office. Bush ended all that, suing to stop a ballot count that subsequent newspaper recounts proved he had lost. He had his GOP-run Supreme Court, a federal institution, rule extrajurisdictionally on the disputed election, a matter that under our system of laws falls to the states. Bush's recount guru, James Baker, went on national TV to threaten to use force to install him as president if Gore didn't step aside: "If we keep being put in the position of having to respond to recount after recount after recount of the same ballots, then we just can't sit on our hands, and we will be forced to do what might be in our best personal interest—but not—it would not be in the best interest of our wonderful country."

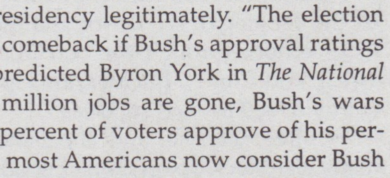
Bush isn't president, but he plays one on TV. His presence in the White House is an affront to everything that this country stands for. His fake presidency is treasonous; our passive tolerance for it sad testimony to post-9/11 cowardice. As I wrote in December 2000, "George W. Bush is *not* the President of the United States of America." And millions of Americans agree.

Two months after 9/11, with Bush's job approval rating soaring at 89 percent, 47 percent of Americans told a Gallup poll that he had not won the presidency legitimately. "The election controversy…could make a comeback if Bush's approval ratings were to fall significantly," predicted Byron York in *The National Review*. Two years later, 3 million jobs are gone, Bush's wars have gone sour, and just 50 percent of voters approve of his performance. If York is correct, most Americans now consider Bush to be no more legitimate than Saddam Hussein, who also came to power in a coup d'état.

And that's why we hate him.

NEW PAPERBACK: My 140-page book *To Afghanistan and Back* is out in paperback form. *Afghanistan* contains a 50-page graphic novella (long comic) about my experiences dodging bombs and bullets during the US invasion of Afghanistan, as well as a dozen articles I filed from the war zone. The new paperback is also updated and revised with an additional chapter discussing media coverage of the war, and it's $9.95.

P.S. Looks like my PO Box is gone, gone, gone. Please use e-mail to contact me: ted@rall.com



Barring the Storm

Beyond the coiled rows of razor wire and the cold and defiant gun towers, black clouds roll from the mountaintops and begin their descent to the valley. Most of the prisoners on the yard notice the approaching storm but ignore it and persist in the monotony of their daily routines.

It's too soon yet to hope for the diversion dark weather could bring. More often than not, we've watched the clouds churn back on themselves and withdraw before reaching us, or exhaust themselves on the upper slopes of the High Sierras.

But today, what rapidly becomes clear is that this storm will not die on the mountain. It reaches the valley, gathers strength, and continues to advance.

Shadows darken the valley floor. The air begins to rush. An order blares from the loudspeakers: "Recall! Recall on the yard!" Inmates must return to their cells immediately; fence-line visibility will soon be obscured.

At first no one acknowledges the directive. No one snaps to attention or hurries to comply—those who appear eager to obey are dubbed "lops" by the the other convicts and shunned thereafter. Instead, each man tries to give the impression that he, for his own reasons, is heading back to his cell, anyway. A weightlifter finishes a set of bench-presses, sits up, wipes his face, and casually gathers his gear. An old man, out walking the track, pauses to light a cigarette, checks his watch, and decides it's time to head in.

All part of the tiring dance between their rules and ours.

For each of the prison's official regulations, there are more we impose on ourselves: the convicts' code. For now the code tells us not only when to walk, it also dictates how fast, or slow, who goes first, and who brings up the rear. But with a streak of lightning and a near sounding slap of thunder, the dance ends and the men bolt for shelter. There's no shame in obeying Mother Nature.

Throughout the valley, sidewalks and roadways are being deserted, buildings secured, and children gathered as the free people, too, heed nature's warnings and take shelter against the impending deluge.

Inside the cell house, the sound of hundreds of excited voices, the banging of cell doors, and the mechanical clacking of the locks echoes through the corridors. The air smells of socks, sweat, and Clorox. Inmates, anticipating a lockdown, scramble to buy or sell needed supplies.

Coffee, tobacco, and chocolate are most in demand, but many also stock up on canned goods, prepackaged sandwiches, and other items. Those who can't afford their own food will be escorted to the chow hall—if they want to eat. It's a quarter-mile march through the weather, three times a day. Some will opt to go without. The guys who have what they need hang around in the corridors and visit with friends. They have to shout to be heard above the din.

From the distance, a low rumble grows louder, then seems to explode directly over the building. The noise is jarring, and everyone goes silent at once.

It's going to be a big one.

A gate-smasher.

"Lock it down!" a guard shouts from the control bubble, taking advantage of the sudden silence. "Each man to his own cell! No visiting, no showers!"

His yelling is made to seem unnecessary. We were on the way back to our cells, anyway. When bad weather threatens visibility outside, the prison is locked down. For the duration of the storm we'll be confined to our cells. It's very different, however, from the lockdowns imposed on us for other, more sinister reasons. Today there will be no "Search & Escort" officers roaming the corridors, conducting random searches and interrogations, or otherwise harassing the prisoners. Nor will there be any regular unit-guards watching our TVs through the cell door windows or trying to make small talk with "the guys" to pass the time. Rather, they'll be out in the storm patrolling the perimeter, escorting prisoners to chow, or doing the frequent head counts required during times of increased escape probability.

For as long as the storm lasts, the entire prison staff will be forced to work double duty. But for the well-prepared convict, it can mean a much needed break.

I enter my cell. The door slams shut behind me, muffling sound from the corridor. Inside it's cool, dim, quiet. The sudden change of atmosphere and the dead clack of the lock remind me of channels changing on an old black & white TV set. Rain sounds like static through the closed outer window.

The sturdy louvered window is designed to keep the prisoner in and the weather out in any position. I crank it fully open and the smell of warm, damp dirt enters with the wind. It is only just beginning. In the field beyond the fence, what appears to be a sheer, gray wall of water closes in fast.

Out along the adjacent wing of the building, other windows are opening to the storm, slowly, one, two at a time. It's eerie. Like some dark church; demented worshipers opening wide the slats instead of their arms, as if they could reap salvation from the air. I can't see their faces but I know they're there, watching the darkness come.

Lightning strikes behind the far gun tower. In the flash, I see the silhouette of a sentry standing ready, rifle in hand at his post. I imagine that now, like us, he's watching the fences disappear in the surge.

Then the gun tower, too, dissolves from sight.

Now the guns and towers and fences are useless. There are no guards or loudspeakers to deal with, no code or rules to dance among. Only the window remains between me and the free world.

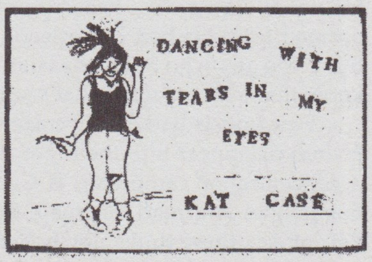
But the window doesn't hold me here.

Like the free people now huddled safely in their homes throughout the valley, I'm held captive by a greater warden. And for so long as She's battering the prison and beyond with equal fury, it's easy to pretend that I'm free, that I'm exactly where I want to be. In the familiar calm of my cell, with the window barring the storm.

Ted, *Double Underground Zine*

I live for letters and zines. Drop me a line.

T. Mangano #50157, WSCC, PO Box 7007, Carson City, NV 89702 (Do not write *Double Underground* on the envelope.) Aloha.



"It doesn't pay to try
All the smart boys know why."
—Johnny Thunders, "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory."

When I turned twelve, I scorched my hair yellow with Sun-in, lightened the strings to be in tune with fashion, decayed the body in name of decadence. It suited me. I was wide-eyed and begging to be abducted. Sexual subversion was my biggest nightmare, and in those hours of the night when I couldn't sleep it was a fragile turn-on, a fearful way of giving in to letting go, being broken. I felt altered and damaged, victimized and evolved by those fears, and my desires and phobias fell into place. What followed were years of extreme tension caused by staring at the walls, believing I knew what reality was, seeing violence when it wasn't there, but noticing it was there, too, when most people just wanted to ignore it. My world was tense and sickening, I saw men in doorways under my car at the gas station, or following me as I ran home after a night of anti-social ice cream social overly social drunkenness in the face of crowds of libido driven, essentially very dull young men.

I had this boyfriend when I was fifteen that liked to beat me up, not like when he was mad or anything. We'd be walking around those scorched midnight desert summer streets and he was never wearing a shirt and I was always wearing a tanktop and we'd joke around and wrestle, but he was always a little too forceful, like he was serious. We were both always hot. I mean so fucking hot we were soaked from sweat; it was the desert. God it was so fucking different a time. Where bodies seemed so powerful and I understood so little of how parts worked.

There was this night in a pool we must have broken into, a pool outside of an apartment building. It was insane; I'd never noticed a body so much, his or mine. And I'd noticed bodies. He never hit me violent, this boy, and he never got to have sex with me. But the way he kinda of liked to push me around made sense to me in a way that messed with my head. It's about the physical pleasure of being broken-down, destroyed, reshaped by another.

"Man knows so little about his fellows. In his eyes all men or women act upon what he believes would motivate him if he were mad enough to do what the other man or woman is doing."

—Tennessee Williams, *Light in August*

I just read this really violent and explicit novel, *Baise-Moi*, about two pissed-off sex workers whose tolerance for bullshit breaks, and they start just killing random people. The also bring home weird men, fuck them, and then kick them out. The five days Nadine and Manu spend together are full of blood-soaked walls and sex with porn playing in the background

At the beginning of the book, Manu is getting drunk by the river with a friend when three jocks drive up and rape them. Her friend can't believe Manu won't fight back, just lies back and takes it. Manu compares her body to a car in the ghetto you'd never leave your shit in, says, "I leave nothing precious in my cunt for those jerks." The other girl screams and ends up getting run over by the men who attacked them. Manu knows survival, and it is grotesque.

The book is brutal and the movie made from it was banned in France. I can't tell you how many brutal rape scenes I've seen in French films, but those women never became mass-murders or really fight back at all, so I guess most people find them less offensive. The film is this weird porno-feminist *Faster Pussycat, Kill!… Kill!* with full-on penetration shots. Although I liked that the actors looked like people, they were both more digestibly bimbo-y than in the book. The novel is substantial, though. It's a woman-made analysis of sexual violence and general desperation: how these things alter our desires, sometimes in ways we aren't comfortable with.

Get In The Vans

oh man,
what
the
fuck
?!?!?!
wells anarchy!
DS-13

A crowd formed around some menacing-looking fellows in combat boots who were torturing young music fans with a pole. But it's not what you think: the men were marines, and believe it or not, punks were standing in line for the opportunity to do chin-ups.

A military recruiting station might once have seemed like the antithesis of punk rock, but these days punk isn't really a rallying cry for the antisocial, it's a hobby for high-energy teenagers. And the marines offered these kids more or less the same thing that the histrionic emo bands did: a chance to blow off steam.

The Vans' Warped Tour, motherfucker. I don't even know what the fuck histrionic means, but I do know that's a quote from an article I read from the *New York Times*. Now, I'm not saying I could hang with the Warped Tour before I read this article, but come on, this shit is just too fucking much. Using punk as a demographic identifier to hawk Yoo-Hoo and Kraft Easy Mac and Cheese to "high-energy teenagers" is one thing, but trying to get 'em to join the Marines? That's something else. Fuckin' a.

Bands my friends and I like have wound up playing the Warped Tour over the years. It's always met with grumbles and arguments about turning this awesome thing that saved our lives into a commodity. And sure, the bands weren't always overtly political, but some were. And who cares? You were a punk band! What the fuck are you doing as a fucking soundtrack; a pitchman for Tombstone Pizza?

So that's gross, whatever. But being pitchmen for the armed forces? Are you joking? You're the paid musicians playing along to a fucking Marines recruitment program. The Marines go in to other countries and kill people. That's their job. What the fuck are you doing? What the hell happened to being a punker?

Fucking gross. It's just fucking gross. Punk is fucking whack. Even the fucking *New York Times* knows it.

Why was last year's Warped Tour so dispiriting? Because the bands were so competent, playing a streamlined form of punk rock built on solid tunes and fast tempos. They gave the kids exactly what they wanted and nothing more.

You know? Fuck you, man. What the fuck? I don't know. I'm looking down at my beloved red Alva Low Top Vans. I got a pair of checkered lace ups too. I'm not going to wear 'em anymore. After this pair I'll buy New Balances or some shit. I know it's nothing, and I know it's chumpy to do, but whatever. Walking around in these things makes me feel like an asshole. I feel like I'm banging away on a guitar in front of sea of punk kids signing up for the army.

Shore Road

Fuck you. This is going to be more about love. Well, at least love in the FUCKBOYZ' sort of way where you get blowjobs in the backseats of cars. So yeah, I fell in love down at the parking lot by the water at Shore Road once. Emily Dykhuizen; we were in love. We'd hang out in the parking lot there until it was just us left, at like five in the morning. That was fucking love.

I was there last weekend, too. But it was super-different. First it's like five depressing years later. Second, I was five deep into the Heinekens and three deep into the shots of Jameson's Whiskey. Third, instead of talking about life and looking at the stars, I was half-naked in my backseat with a literary agent from New York City that I'd met at a bar.

Anyway, It was somewhere after EUROPE's "The Final Countdown," but definitely before WEIRD AL's "All About The Pentiums," that this literary agent had had it with my mix tape. I'm pretty sure GRIM REAPER's "See You In Hell" had done it. Somehow I had impressed her with a line about thinking there was a certain charm and romance to the Cultural Revolution in China. I mean really though, I know it was horrible, but you have to admit a certain cool-factor in banishing scientists and other intellectuals to the fields to dig holes. Anyway, whatever favor I'd gained at the bar was being rapidly chipped away by GRIM REAPER.

"Can we change this?" she barked at me in a sort of nagging demeanor.

Thankfully, I still had enough presence of mind to remember the FLAMING LIPS CD that was in my car from last month's lapse in punk cred. I threw that on and got back to the lip lock.

With the indie rock firmly in place, we got back to the passion. It was pretty crazy. The mixing of my Heinekens and whisky with her vodka and tonics ushered in some borderline dirty talk. I'm not going to get into that here, but there were some other words exchanged that I will go into.

We were wedged in the foot space of my back seat, you know, between the floor and the back part of the front seat. It was starting to get a bit uncomfortable, when the literary agent from New York City said what would later ring through my ears for the rest of the week.

She looked up at me, sort of flushed from the making out, and said, "You're 27 years old—why don't you have your own place?"

It felt like I got hit in the fucking gut. Actually, I would have preferred getting punched. It would have hurt less. Luckily the self-pity didn't stick for long. It was replaced by the knowledge that I'd get to tell the story with my buddies over and over again for years. Or at least until I moved out of my uncle's place.

"Listen, lady, back off," I managed to blurt out after I regrouped.

She laughed, and I sort of laughed, I guess. Luckily, a few minutes later the sun was starting to come up and the fishin' men were pulling up to head out on the water. I was already hung over. I dropped her off at what we figured was her pal's house. We half-heartedly exchanged cell phone numbers and I took off. I fast-fowarded past GRIM REAPER and came up on FUCKBOYZ's "Postal Employee." It felt good, but kind of bad too, as I drove away with the sun up, all alone with the FUCKBOYZ.

Mix Tape For A Bagel Guy

Beaker and I hit the same couple of bagel joints everyday for breakfast at work. One of them is the Bagel King over by the natural food store. A lot of times, I go there on the weekends too, because it's real close to my house. For the past few months I've been seeing a nice kid there who seems to really fucking care about your egg sandwich. He wears shirts sporting logos of today's popular emo bands. Yeah, I don't much like THE MOVIE LIFE and other crap like that, but I feel affection toward the kid anyway.

So, one day the kid says, to me, "Lifetime."

I thought it was weird. I didn't know what the fuck he was talking about. Slowly it dawned on me that I was wearing a hat with a LIFETIME patch.

"Yeah, they were awesome," was my reply.

I started thinking though. It feels like LIFETIME hasn't been around in a while. I hazarded a guess and came up with 1995 as the year the broke up. That's almost 10 years ago.

"Didn't LIFETIME break up in 1995?" I said, "What grade were you in back then?"

The kid laughed some, and said, "First grade. But I have the record."

Jesus Christ. I'm a fucking relic. I press him on what Long Island bands he likes. He names a few. Then I name a few. This guy needs a fucking mix tape, I think to myself. Not because I think my shit's better than his, but because we're from fucking Long Island, and that's what you do. It's the fucking history of the place, and he should know it. So, I promised him a mix tape and headed home with my two eggs on an everything bagel.

I started the tape immediately. There's so much awesome shit and history in Long Island punk and hardcore. I dropped 1.6 BAND, HALFMAN, GARDEN VARIETY, JUDAS ISCARIOT, CONNIPITION, LAMAGNA, the mighty SCAPEGRACE and others. I hit up the old Traffic Violation stuff like, CONTRA, THE INSURGENT, SPLURGE, LATTERMAN, MAD COW DISEASE 182, and a couple more. I even did a section on bands from other places that had members from or had later moved to Long Island. DEVOLA, DISENCHANTED, and C.R. headed up that part. It's a fucking rad mix. Side two has the songs from SPLURGE's split with CONTRA and the HALFMAN *As Everything Fell Apart* LP. Fuckin' a, dude. The best part is next to each band name there's a fucking town listed.

Anyway, fuck you. I haven't seen the kid since. I'm hoping to run into him next weekend.

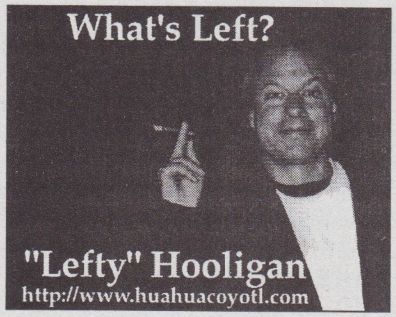
Okay, thanks for reading my column.

My Name Is Lubrano is done! It's a collection of the first 15 columns I did for *MaximumRockNRoll*. It's like 75 pages long and has all the columns plus shitty punk layouts and pictures of stuff like MANOWAR, Lubrano, Fran Dresher, Beaker, pills, MINUTEMEN, traffic, record pressing machinery, prosthetic forearms, and much more. It's available on a sliding scale price of $3-$6ppd. directly from me at the address below.

Long Island: Wells Tipley, P.O Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at manowells@hotmail.com.

END NOTES:

1. Okay, I know I'm down on CD-R mixes and shit. I am, and rightfully so. They are bunk. But I've been downloading songs lately. Not really too much punk shit, but like stuff like power metal and crap. Anyway, the "mix tape" that was playing during the make out thing, that wasn't so much a tape as it was, well, a CD-R. So, I'm kind of a liar and a dirtbag for leading you to believe it was tape. I am a bad person and I am sorry.
2. People bag on that last AMERICAN STEEL album because he sings about "red wine soliloquies" and crap and he sings in French or whatever. Yeah, I agree that sucks. But that album is pretty fucking rad anyway.
3. I've been fucking atrocious at returning mail lately. I'm so fucking sorry.
4. Lifetime broke up in 1997.
5. I'd like to say fuck you to that band on the FUCKBOYZ tribute 2x7" that switched "blowjobs" to "backrubs" in the lyrics to "Rock N' Roll Problem." What the fuck were you thinking?
6. Thanks to Bunka for posting that *New York Times* article up on the Internet where I read it.



What's Left?

"Lefty" Hooligan

http://www.huahuacoyotl.com

Sex is to Paris what smog is to LA. Forget about the tawdry tourist trap sex of the Moulin Rouge or Pigalle. Sexuality infuses all of Parisian society and the citizens of Paris blithely move through it as fish swim unaware in the sea.

Condoms are sold in our two-star hotel, not in the basement bathroom but from a vending machine in the lobby. Naked bodies, mostly female but occasionally male adorn public advertising, replete with pubic hair. Billboards for a popular movie, translated *The Barbarian Invasion: The Decline of the American Empire Continued*, show a cartoon Dick Cheney engrossed in a magazine with crudely crayoned breasts and cock-and-balls on the cover. Muff diving postcards sell on the same rack with postcards of the Eiffel Tower and the Arch de Triumph. Even the mannequins are sexualized, female with nipples and male with suggestive crotch bulges.

No, you haven't stumbled into Mykel Board's column by mistake. Nor am I renouncing politics to compete with Mykel on sex. Remember, even when Mykel writes about politics he's writing about sex, and the same goes for me. When I'm talking sex, I'm actually talking politics.

I recently spent a little over two weeks in Paris with my girlfriend, and I was pleasantly surprised by the lack of Anglo-American Puritanism. I'm a big fan of cities, and Paris is a magnificent city; one of the world's great cities like New York. Our trip also had a moment of actual politics when we briefly marched in the streets of Paris on September 27 against the US occupation of Iraq. But I don't like traveling, nor do I travel well.

The last time I traveled outside the US for longer than an extended weekend was nearly thirty years ago, when I spent almost nine months in the Middle East and Europe, east and west. That hoary chestnut that travel broadens one's horizons and gives one a fresh perspective on one's own culture and society is bullshit of course. It's possible to expand those horizons and gain that new perspective by growing up immersed in one of the many immigrant or minority communities in this country as was the case with fine writers like Samuel R. Delaney, Garrett Hongo, Wakako Yamauchi and N. Scott Momaday, even by subscribing to the British Guardian or watching BBC Worldwide. And there are plenty of folks like Larry Livermore and Jeff Bale who travel extensively yet who always come to the same "America über alles" conclusion. It depends on the individual then, not travel per se.

When I traveled thirty years ago I was shocked to discover how American I truly was. This time, I understand why literary Americans like Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Anderson and Stein became expatriates in Paris between the two World Wars. From the outside looking in, American society is becoming increasingly crazed.

This country is like a horse being ridden by an arrogant, crude and rather stupid cowboy. Junior Bush, the cowboy in question, keeps digging in the spurs, goading the horse forward and inflicting more and more pain. The American horse is being driven mad by that pain, lathered up, foaming at the muzzle, snorting blood. There's the so-called "jobless recovery" and the growing number of people without health insurance or in poverty, not to mention the body bags coming back from Iraq without any end in sight. This is on top of the already increased paranoia after 9/11 mind you. Entering France we didn't go through customs, never got a visa stamp and didn't have our luggage hand checked. French officials never bothered to collect our "Carte de Debarquement/Disembarkation Card," which I still have as a souvenir. By contrast, the US customs form is four times as long, and we passed through three sets of customs agents and a personal, thorough search of our luggage before being allowed back into the country.

I'd like to think that America will throw off cowboy Bush, but I'm not counting on it. That's because in a normal presidential election, rarely does much more than half the eligible electorate bother to vote, so that when a presidential candidate gets a "popular majority," he's actually being elected by a small minority of the American populace. Junior Bush didn't even get a "popular majority."

Not that I'm planning to move to Paris to live on the Left Bank, sip tiny cups of coffee in scenic sidewalk cafes, and bemoan the state of American society from afar, as did those members of the "lost generation" before me. Nor is this column intended to be an uncritical paean to everything French. For every positive aspect I can point to about the French, their society and culture—from the lack of Anglo-American Puritanism mentioned above to their 35-hour workweek or their respect for fine literature and cinema—I can site a negative counterpoint.

The French are in love with little pee-on-the-rug dogs which they take everywhere with them, to include shops and restaurants, and which I have so far stifled the urge to drop kick every time I spot one. The French let these flea traps shit all over the streets of Paris, turning a simple stroll into a hazardous walk through an excretory minefield. Virtually every Parisian smokes tobacco like a fiend. And while I normally don't give a fuck about folks killing themselves with the poison of their own choosing—whether it be heroin, alcohol or nicotine—I do mind it when I'm in the middle of a fine meal in a Parisian restaurant only to have someone light up nearby, spoiling my enjoyment of the food with a cloud of cigarette smoke. French society today is not a whole lot less anti-Semitic than it was under the collaborationist Vichy government during the second World War, despite all the official apologies and solemn public monuments to the French Jews deported to Nazi death camps to the contrary. This makes the vehement anti-Zionism of the French Left highly suspect in my mind.

The French however are about the only ones giving America a hard time internationally for the war on and the occupation of Iraq. Chirac has publicly embarrassed Junior Bush time and again, exposing this administration's lies and incurring its wrath. It's not much, and the French have declared they won't veto US efforts to have a resolution passed at the UN, but it still tickles me to see Junior Bush so infuriated at the French, his poll numbers dropping through the floor all the while. It's certainly one bright spot in the otherwise dismal panorama of current events, and I'm happy to have contributed my tourist dollars, however miniscule, to the French economy.

My predictions for the Iraqi quagmire, in turn, have proven wrong in detail though not in substance. So far, Iraq's Shia majority has not begun to resist the US occupation in any meaningful way. That the Iraqi quicksand America is rapidly sinking into is caused solely by remnant Ba'athists, the pissed-off Sunni Arab minority and a few thousand foreign terrorists does not bode well for the US. If and when the Shia ever start resisting, the American occupation will become Vietnam squared.

The other bright point in the news was Cancun, but I don't have the space this column to talk about the anti-globalization demonstrations or the consequences of the WTO breakdown. In closing I'd like to briefly comment about the role of the Catholic Church in French society. Clearly, the influence of Catholicism contributed to the prevalence of French anti-Semitism, but paradoxically it also has a lot to do with the lack of Anglo-American Puritanism in French society with which I began this column. This might surprise US Catholics. Puritanism is so engrained in our culture that even American Catholicism is highly puritanical. European Catholicism is a much more sensual permutation of that Christian religion, especially in contrast to Protestantism, European or American. It's all that real sacramental wine, the incense, the brightly colored robes, the singing, dancing and feasting at religious celebrations. I believe it was Gabriel Garcia Marquez, author of *One Thousand Years of Solitude*, who said that sex without a touch of guilt is like eggs without a sprinkle of salt. As a recovering Catholic myself, I don't subscribe to Marquez's analogy, even though I understand his backhanded, Catholic endorsement of sex. Observations from my Paris trip no doubt will flavor future columns. Next month I hope to get into some personal comments on violence and class.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São

Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

CrimethInc.
Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Greetings, fellow punks and anti-capitalists, and welcome to this month's CrimethInc. column. The past couple issues we deviated from our standard format of direct action recipes to bring you coverage of our own projects, giving blow by blow reporting on our adventures starting riots with marching drums and escaping from campsites surrounded by police fortifications and circled by helicopters. This month we return to our traditional content, to arm you with the skills you need to get chased by police helicopters of your very own. Enjoy reading, and please put into action as soon as possible.

This time around it's… NEWSPAPER WRAPS!

Materials:
Newspaper wrappers
Vehicles
Quarters
Optional Materials:
Newspaper dispenser key

Action!

A newspaper wrap is a great way to get a message out and lampoon the media who refuse to share the means to do so in the process. It gives the lie to the rhetoric about freedom of the press by taking that freedom by storm from the cartel that monopolizes it, and simultaneously entertains, informs, and empowers witnesses. It gives the underdog leverage in social struggles: Don't think you can keep misrepresenting the facts—we'll hijack your channels of dissemination if you won't tell our side of the story.

First, pick your target, according to your goals—is your wrap intended to front and thus confront a certain established newspaper, or is it an all-purpose broadside to wrap every paper in town? The former approach is more effective for subtle parodies, and provides an excellent opportunity for humor; if people begin reading your wrap without realizing it is not the "real" cover of the paper they picked up, they will at first accept what they see with the same attitudes with which they receive mainstream media reports—and the shock of figuring out they've been duped just might jerk them out of putting unqualified faith in any such paper again. The latter approach—making a wrap to go around every paper in town—is more straightforward, and at least has the advantage of being universally applicable, if ubiquity is one of your objectives. Your layout will vary according to your approach—the former option requires a much greater degree of precision, of course, if the wrap really is meant to be mistaken for the object of your satire.

You can do almost anything with the content: just think, what would you say to the world if you ran the newspapers? Or, for that matter, how can you reveal what the newspapers are really saying with every front page, how can you make the implicit explicit? Humor can help keep the as-yet-unconverted reading after their initial curiosity is satisfied, as long as it isn't so heavy-handed as to alienate them. Alternately, if you feel up for the challenge, you can try to make your content so convincing that it will not be recognized as a spoof, and thus precipitate a useful scandal around the resulting rumors, misinformation, and hysteria. It can help drive your message home to include as many local references as possible; better yet, you could illustrate some of the articles with, say, photos from recent actions or interventions, to emphasize the contestation of power that is taking place in your area. For example, if somebody managed to put some clever graffiti on a well-known, well-guarded public monument, but it unfortunately only stayed up for a day (as the local authorities were intent on not letting anyone see that such a challenge to their power was possible), a picture taken that day could make a lovely cover illustration for a newspaper wrap; many people take the media representation of their home streets more seriously than their actual experience of them, and you can help them to feel they live in a liberated territory (or a police state, or a war zone) by capturing that moment in time. A photograph of a beating the police deny ever happened would also go nicely on the front cover of a newspaper wrap.

Find a local newspaper printing company. You'll want to use a false name in your dealings with them, just to be on the safe side. Most of the cost of newspaper production is in the startup fees, so you might as well make a lot, unless you're so lazy the extras will just sit moldering somewhere until they are seized as police evidence. You can make a single newspaper sheet to simply go around the front, or a two-page spread to wrap the entire first section of the paper. Make sure you've got the dimensions right for your target(s)!

A couple people is enough to get as far as picking up the papers from the printer, and perhaps even charting the location of every newspaper dispenser in your town or borough, but you'll probably want to invite a couple dozen friends to join in the deploying—youill have to be quick and numerous to get it all done in the brief window of time between the delivery of the day's newspapers and the hour people start picking them up. Papers are usually delivered around four in the morning, but you'll want to check this for yourself in your target area. The people delivering them are generally folks just like you, with vehicles not unlike your own (no, not the one with the stenciling all over it), so rest assured—chances are you won't look out of the ordinary carrying out your mission. They go from box to box, putting in a special key that opens them, taking out the old newspapers and putting in the new ones; you'll do the same, using quarters to open the boxes if you haven't managed to snag or replicate the special key, taking out the unwrapped papers and putting wrapped ones in their place. The most efficient method is three people to a car: one driver, one clean-cut person to go to each machine and exchange the pile of unwrapped papers within for a pile of wrapped ones, and one maniac in the back frantically wrapping away. At the very end of the trip, you can go back to the first box, where you got your first pile of unwrapped papers, and put in the last wrapped ones. Needless to say, this process works best if you're wrapping just one brand of newspaper; if you're trying to hit every one of a number of different newspapers, and there isn't enough space in the back seat to keep several separate piles going at once, you can either divide up the different newspapers between different vehicles, or just take each pile of papers back to the vehicle to wrap before returning them. It's been known to happen that people have participated in newspaper wraps on bicycles, leaving each box jammed open while they wrap its papers nearby; this is less efficient, however, and may be riskier, as it requires two trips to each box—or one long stay at each, in full view. Whatever your method, chart your route so it'll be least likely that anyone will catch on to what you're doing until you're done.

Bicyclists are best suited to going driveway to driveway, adding the wraps to individually delivered papers. Playing this role, they can round out the work of the drivers; in some areas, few people use newspaper dispensers, but if the wraps also

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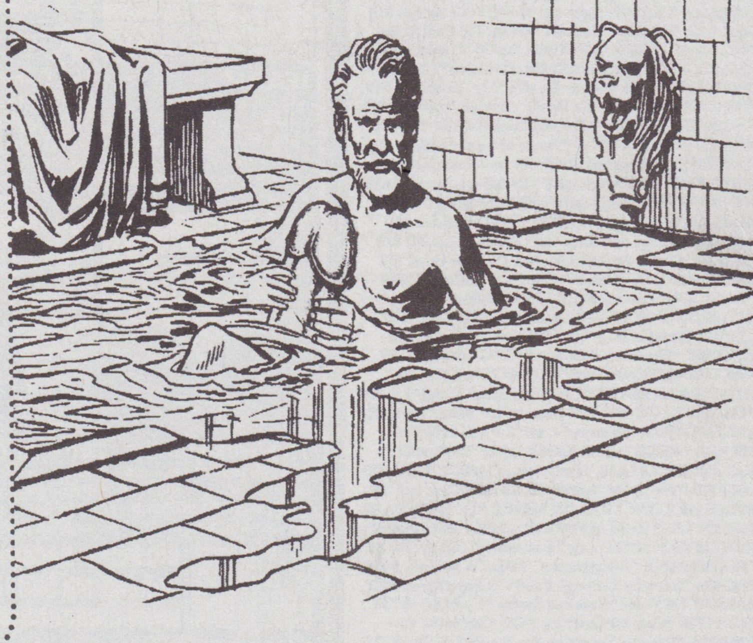

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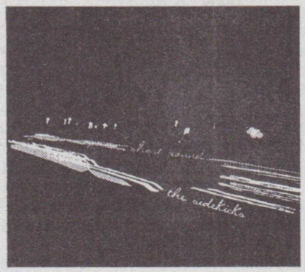

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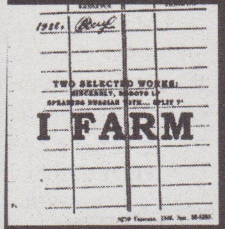

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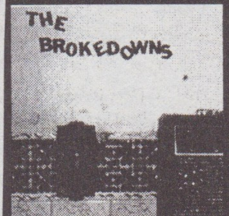

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appear in the front yards of the suburbs it will seem they are everywhere. If you can't hit every driveway in the city, pick out a few important neighborhoods—and perhaps the driveways of a few significant people (say, editors at the targeted newspaper or rival newspapers, key players in the issues you're addressing, etc.). This can help ensure your action will achieve the notoriety and reaction it deserves—just be especially careful while carrying out this phase, so you don't get caught red-handed.

Afterwards, if it won't attract the wrong kind of attention, your leftovers can be dropped off in coffee shops, dentists' waiting rooms, and so on. Congratulate yourselves on a job well done, and don't ever talk about such things again—until it's time to round folks up for the next activity.

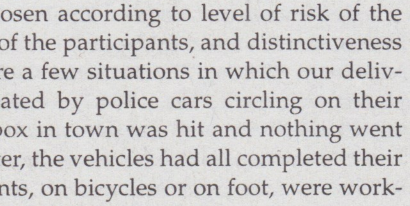
Account

At the conclusion of the second war with Iraq, we decided to do a newspaper wrap to push the citizens of our liberal college town towards more radical responses to our tyrannical government. We composed a satirical text with local reference points and photographs, including a redecorated stop sign across the street from the town council building. It cost us a little over a hundred dollars to make a few thousand papers, and we collected near that amount in change for the dispensers, as well.

We chose to spring into action the night before a well-attended downtown street fair, so our papers would be out during a period of especially high foot traffic. We'd solicited volunteers through the usual channels, taking people aside at potluck dinners and soccer games and so on. People were a little slow to show up at our convergence point, and we had to really hurry to get the routes divided up and set out in time. Six vehicles went out, two to three people in each, and a few pairs of bicyclists too; routes were chosen according to level of risk of the areas, level of experience of the participants, and distinctiveness of the vehicles. There were a few situations in which our delivery people were intimidated by police cars circling on their nightly beats, but every box in town was hit and nothing went wrong. A couple hours later, the vehicles had all completed their circuits, and their occupants, on bicycles or on foot, were working on the driveways of the suburbs.

The next day, we walked about and saw people everywhere gathered around copies of our newspaper, laughing and pointing things out. The paper we had focused most on wrapping printed a peevish complaint on the editorial page, citing some other examples of direct action around town that would never otherwise have gotten coverage! All in all, it seemed like such an easy and effective project that most of us felt that, were we able to raise the money, we should do it every weekend.

For more ammunition, or to contact our police helicopter escort service, try writing the CrimethInc. Adventurist International at PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402 USA (or, if youíd prefer to catch cancer from computer radiation, visit www.crimethinc.com)



LET'S GET HURT

MITCH CARDWELL

While you'll still get treated to the incredibly fucking tedious breakdown of "New Shit" ("Old Shit" will return next month because it's…old), I'd like to mix things up this month and focus on Japan. Perhaps this is my way of justifying the outrageous lengths I will go to for good records, but I think there's a bigger issue at hand. Based on the quality of the current Japanese punk product, as well as the difficulty there is in getting the records here in the US, I feel like this is something that should be done…and if not by me, King Dork Asshole, then by whom? It also cost me a whole shitload of cash to get much of the stuff you'll be reading about, and if I can't think up some excuse to tell you all about it, I might just fucking kill myself…

Everyone knows the great Japanese bands of the 90s and the legends that have grown out of their releases. However, you're an absolute fool if you think that cluster of greats was just a blip on the radar. Japanese punk rock is still alive and well, although you don't see the records trickle over to the US in the amounts that they did ten or so years ago (with the exception of Japanese hardcore records, which are all over the place these days). In the heyday of bands like TEENGENERATE, GUITAR WOLF, and THE REGISTRATORS, there were smaller, lesser-known bands that made some unbelievably great records (COASTERSRIDE, TWEEZERS, and THE YOUNG ONES, to name but a few). The same can be said today, and the releases by newer, "low profile" bands might even be stronger. People have seemingly stopped covering this stuff here (no doubt due to the difficulty that comes with obtaining information about them, not to mention actually getting the records), but that doesn't mean Japan has stopped producing. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. While a couple of those greats are still kicking around with varying degrees of success (and the morphing of Teengenerate into the unbelievably fantastic FIRESTARTER), there are a number of new Japanese bands out there worthy of obsessing over.

The first band I'd like to bring to your attention is THE SNEEZE. This band's Needle Records 7"EP, *Chronic Wave*, is the best Japanese single I've got in quite a long time. It may even be my pick as the best 7" of 2003, but it's not 12/31/03 yet. *Chronic Wave* shows just how infatuated Japanese bands are with '77-'82 punk from across the globe. In The Sneeze's case, what's strange is that you can't really pin them down into any specific retro genre, as they have elements of pure punk (the predominant element found here, with a heavy UK leaning), mod and power pop in their sound. I have no idea what it means when they sing "I just Chronic Wave myself"…but I like it! I believe this is The Sneeze's debut single, but if anyone out there has any info on other releases, please let me know.

While The Sneeze's sound is all over the place, there's no confusion over the sound of RANDOM HEARTS. Orchard Records has released their great (debut?) 45, "Deadly Generation" b/w "No Reason Why You Cry," which looks and sounds just like a Detour Records reissue. What you have here some fantastic Mod/Power-Pop that sounds like it's straight out of the UK circa 1979. It's pure ear candy and very strong rhythmically…it must be mod!

Keen followers of Japanese punk should immediately recognize the ZYMOTICS. From their great first single on the Answer label to their tracks on Mangrove's *Ad Vice* compilation, The Zymotics have never let me down. As great as their previous output was, their new 45, "Watch The Worm" b/w "I Get To Be Hell," is far better than their other outings. They've seemingly switched gears and gone for a total art punk sound, similar to that of KARATE PARTY and A-FRAMES. And they're Japanese! What the fuck? This is just too perfect!

As I was perusing the distro lists for new Japanese punk, I came across a band named FRANTIC STUFFS. This immediately struck a chord with me because I seem to remember meeting this band at Las Vegas Shakedown a few years ago! Without a second thought, I ordered the single based on this little, nearly forgotten tidbit. My memory totally paid off (for once), as their M.F.F.M. Records 45, "Break Loose" b/w "Boring Town," fucking rules! Of all the recent Japanese singles I got, this is the one that sounds like it's straight out of the 90s boom.

One of the newer Japanese bands that people seem to have some info on is RADIO SHANGHAI. Given the power-pop obsession that seems to be the driving force for many new Japanese bands, Radio Shanghai throws a wrench in the mix by being unapologetically inspired by new wave. While I was a big fan of their three singles (on labels like Answer and the great Target Earth) and *Ad Vice* tracks, their debut album, *Spur..........?*, left me a little cold. It's still a good record, but definitely not the monster I was expecting.

PRAM BATH, who shares a member with Radio Shanghai, totally won me over. This female-fronted band has two releases chock full of awesome power pop with a slight wave feel. They have two releases so far: the *Hey, Girl* CDEP on K.O.G.A. Records and their CD-only album, *Sweet & Hot*, on Grooovie Drunker Records. Both of these are a couple of years old (the EP from 2001 and the album from late 2002), but should still be available from Japanese distros. Great stuff, especially if you have a sweet tooth!

We'll conclude the Japanese round-up with *Mangrove 2002*, a CD compilation celebrating the 10th Anniversary of what is possibly the finest Japanese label, Mangrove Records! This label is responsible for unleashing great records by the USUALS, FIRESTARTER and the amazing *Ad Vice* and *Chloroform* compilations. *Mangrove 2002* offers 19 tunes from 14 of Japan's greatest bands. You get (mostly) unreleased goodies from Firestarter, The Usuals, PRIVATEWAYS (a band I need more by…HELP!), THE EVIL HOO DOO, FIRST ALERT and a few great hardcore bands like DERIDE (you *must* obtain their Kangaroo single, and they've got a new album on Mangrove) and SMASH YOUR FACE. This comp is one-stop-shopping for the best glimpse into the sound of Japan right now!

I'm sure this only the tip of the iceberg, and I'd like to make an urgent plea to Japanese readers to keep my informed of new bands and new releases. To people whom I've just thrown into an obsessive-compulsive fit, these records can be order directly from the labels or the bigger Japanese distros. Remember folks: the records are that much more rewarding if you have to hunt them down, and that's exactly what you'll have to do with the above-mentioned material. Trust me, it's totally worth it!

Let's move on with the Yankee and Euro junk. Words fail me when it comes to breaking down the TYRADES album. All I can say is that this absolutely blows away their three previous singles and is easily one of the most abrasive records I've heard all year (which is saying something). After hearing their *s/t* debut, you can't help but be totally blown out and blown away by what they captured here. It's a mish-mash from the "in-your-face" school of punk, borrowing from the SCREAMERS' assault on the senses and the various envelope-pushing combos of today (many of whom I tend to go on and on about in this column on a monthly basis and am assuming you are already familiar with). However, their sound is far punker (which definitely isn't a complaint, assface) than some band like LE SHOK. Damage may be ever-present here, but the tunes flat-out fucking rule. I'd like to give a hearty thanks to Broken Rekids for releasing this monster the right way too (two different vinyl colors and a Tyrades stencil in each LP)! In a year of great debut albums, this might just be the one that takes the cake.

I'm a huge square who can't/doesn't dance. That said, I don't think I've ever been able to stand still during a set by HAROLD RAY LIVE IN CONCERT. The Bay Area has had one of the world's finest bands (in my lowly regarded opinion) all to themselves for quite a while now, and I must say that it never bothered me as long as I got to see them play every weekend or so. But there really comes a point when you wonder if a live band as explosive and wild as HRLIC can produce a quality record. How could it ever measure up to actually seeing them? Well, the planets must've been aligned, because HRLIC's *s/t* LP is the next best thing to taking the boys home with you (or so I'm told). The 14 songs on this LP (recorded live {duh} at some ultra-swank warehouse in SF earlier this year) have the sound, smell, and sweat of the band stuck to every groove. Trust me, the tape caught 'em on a good night! You get a bunch of hard soul / R&B, a dash of 60s mod, and a whole lotta garage, all mashed up to form what can only be described as the ultimate get-down. Who would've thought that Alternative Tentacles would release the party record of 2003?

THE CHOP-SAKIS are yet another band from the out of the ashes of THE REDS. Along with THE MARKED MEN and THE FIREBUGS, The Chop-Sakis continue the speedy punk tradition of The Reds, but definitely up the pop levels. Their debut CD, *Ghost Town Crowd*, reminded me a lot of stuff like TILTWHEEL (an ex-member also appears in The Chop-Sakis) and SCARED OF CHAKA for some reason, but any fan of the above-mentioned bands will certainly dig on this Little Deputy Records release.

DEADLY WEAPONS have returned with another single! Rapid Pulse Records has released the *You're So Selfish* 7"EP and it picks up right where the Lipstick debut left off. Continuing with their ultra-tough sound showcased live, it really makes you wonder if there is anything Tina *can't* do! The highlight of this release is the *perfect* cover of GG ALLIN's "Don't Talk To Me"! I got fucking chills!

Remember that botched TEENAGE HARLETS release that I wrote about a few months back? Well, they've finally managed release the 13-song 7". The *Some Kinda Girl* LP is available for your consumption. Yes, a 7" LP! Revolutionary and totally fucking retarded! Anyway, the release is better than I had expected. There is no separation between the tunes, which was a nice touch that falls right in line with their non-stop live show. I mean, c'mon…three song titles feature the word "Hey." You know you're in for a wild garage-punk experience with this slab. And yes, they do play up to the record dorks with four sleeve variations. I'm assuming that the band has already thrown all these singles into the crowd while playing or spilled beer on them, but this is definitely something you should get your hands on. Folks in the Bay should be able to scam one at their shows, but the rest of the world should visit www.teenageharlets.com for ordering information. You can never have too much stupidity in your record collection.

The MINDS had a whole lotta hype surrounding them months before a release had even been planned. I guess it helps when you've got Joel from the FLIP-TOPS in your band. I guess it also helps when you're really that good too. Their debut 7"EP, *Rip Out Your Eyes*, sounds like perfect mix between '77 Rip Off-influenced punk and the current wave-inspired pop-punk boom. No complaints out of me, as this is a band that's not content to rely on a dumb drum machine and a time warp keyboard sound. The Minds are a punk band, and a damned good one at that. *Rip Out Your Eyes* is available from Alien Snatch Records, who keep their streak of great-looking and great sounding singles going with this release.

Another band that's got people buzzing is the RADIO BEATS. I scored a copy of their recent split 7"EP with the GIVE-UPS to see if the praise was warranted. I had read the comparisons to bands like the SPACESHITS and TEENGENERATE, but there's no trace of that here (with the possible exception of the blown-out production). What I do hear is a hearty nod to the DEVIL DOGS and much of what ex-Dog STEVE BAISE has churned out in recent years (as both a producer and band dude). However, it's the ultra-dirty production really keeps them from being just another clone band. What is intact is the over-the-top machismo and dirty punk Rock'n'Roll sound. I'm assuming the split 7"EP (which was a joint self-release between the bands in an edition of 200 green vinyl copies) will be pretty difficult to come by, but there's a Radio Beats single coming soon on Big Neck Records. The world patiently waits…

Since their release of THE FINGER album, I've been anxiously awaiting to hear what Broadway Jungle would come up with next. My thirst was quenched this month with two releases (one of which, a 45 by MILK'N'COOKIES will be featured in the "Old Shit" next month). The first is the debut release from THE SECRET SOCIETY OF THE SONIC SIX, a 3-song 12"EP entitled *J. Ward*. If you are looking for a comparison point for the sound of that Finger record, it's gonna be a long night for you. As you might be able to assume from the format of the release, this is a fucking dance record! However, I hear a whole lot of SUICIDE influence on this one. Which means 9 out of 10 readers will absolutely hate it.

Unity Squad Records checks in with two new singles this month. The first is *Autodestruct*, a new single from THE DISTRACTION. I believe the recordings on this single feature the singer of LE SHOK, but I may be mistaken. The other single, the debut 7"EP from THE INTELLIGISTA, is my pick of the two. The *Bang! Bang!* 7"EP features some decent mod/garage played with the required amounts of energy and abandon. I didn't find either of these releases particularly impressive, but for the sake of completion…

You dig girl bands? You dig trash rock? You dig keyboards and new fucking wave? You like drag queens? The look no further than Dirtnap's latest split 7"EP, featuring the outer space trashcan talents of JACKIE AND THE CONTROL-TOPS and URSULA AND THE ANDROIDS. The sleeve will hurt your eyes, the tunes will hurt your ears…and you won't stop bouncing around your bedroom. Naked.

One of my favorite European labels, High School Refuse, returns with the second 7" from THE NO-GOODS, from Holland. Don't go in expecting the feedback ferocity of SUPER-HELICOPTER LTD. or any of their other noisemakers. The No-Goods play some spot-on beat/garage (I'm told the term is "Nederbiet") that got my turntable shakin'. "I Wanna Change" b/w "Cryin' For Love" is now available…in beautiful mono!

That'll due it for now. "Old Shit" devotees will have their info next month. You don't really expect me to do it this month too? After all I've done for you?

No.

I am a wannabe Jew. In spite of my baptism at age six, first communion at age ten, my uncle who's a priest, and the archaic rituals that punctuate family events, I still feel like more of a Jew than I ever have a Catholic. Maybe the Latin confuses me. Maybe I'm allergic to frankincense. Maybe Jewish girls are more likely to put out than Catholic ones. The upshot, however, remains the same: I live life like a secular Jew.

My childhood was spent obsessing over literature, film, and recordings by Jews. Woody Allen was the untouchable idol: A total nebbish who still managed to get laid. I went out and read Tolstoy as a preteen just to be able to understand the jokes in *Love And Death*. Lenny Bruce has never failed at providing fuel for fires of righteous indignation and the supreme value of a laugh in the face of adversity. Mel Brooks squashes Kevin Smith in the funny sweepstakes with one blow from his hairy, knobbed fist.

Who do the Catholics have? JFK? He was nothing but a pretty face who almost got us into World War Three. Desmond Tutu? A one-trick pony. The aforementioned Mr. Kevin Smith? Last night I watched his movie *Dogma* for the second time. The first time I watched it, a few years ago, I was mildly entertained but my ultimate reaction was simply to say "bullshit." This time, it was worse. Beyond the fact that you need to have a theology degree or have attended Catholic school for twelve years to get half the jokes, it's not even funny. Obsessing over the minutiae of religion is a waste of time, a study of intermittently titillating garbage. When I visited the Vatican (which has no entry fee, unlike most of the museums in Rome), everything was in Latin, there were dead popes all over the place in little glass coffins, the 200-foot high ceilings were covered in gold, and it felt irrelevant to react strongly to it all. OK, I jerked off in the bathroom, but that was because it actually had a *door*, unlike most of the bathrooms in Rome. My overriding thought was that the Vatican should be a ruin, which would, of course, bring it under the auspices of Archaeology, which is the proper study of garbage in a scientific setting. The Bible would benefit from this treatment as well, though personally I'd rather read *US Magazine* than the Bible—at least it provides titillating garbage without all the filler.

Just to clarify, however, my pseudo-Judaism has nothing to do with the actual religious structure and sanctioned ritual of the Jewish faith. Having been raised as a red-diaper baby (read: Commie kid) in a secular humanist environment by my lapsed-Catholic father and the non-imposing, respectful personal faith of my mother, religion means very little to me in any faith-based sense. I have no absolute faith in anything, with the possible exception of the ultimate practicality of Democratic Socialism.

I see and respect religion's cultural mores and the importance of those to most people. It just seems to me that Jews have a better handle on the idea that you don't need to spend your whole damned life trying to avoid stepping on tiny cracks in the sidewalk, resulting in your inevitable condemnation to burn in hell for an eternity. Most western religions, especially Catholicism and Judaism, bank heavily on the power of guilt to keep adherents in line (the Muslims seem to have streamlined the repentance process, so to speak, but that's a whole other article). Catholic guilt and Jewish guilt differ significantly, however, in the sense that Catholics get drunk to not feel so guilty for having a sense of humor whereas the Jews get drunk *because* of their sense of humor and then feel guilty later on for getting drunk. Maybe this has to do with Catholics being fed to lions almost 2000 years ago whereas Jews were being gassed about fifty years ago, and as we all know, nothing brings out the wackiness better than a recent genocide.

Like any religion, Jews have their lunatic fundamentalists (like those assholes who currently run Israel) but they're the minority. For chrissake, Jews even have a whole branch of the religion (Reform) that essentially removes all the theological mumbo-jumbo and pointless incantation, leaving more room for the only things that really *matter*: character-defining neuroses and dinner. If the Jews start making food as good as the Italians, I'll slap that yarmulke on my head in a hot minute and yell for the fiddler.

Johnny Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609
johngeek@hotmail.com

It is better to travel hopefully, than to arrive.

—Anonymous

Mykel Board sez:
YOU'RE WRONG!

I travel for adventure, people, booze, and sex, roughly in that order. The new issue of *Clamor*, one of my favorite zines, talks about another reason: "cool points." The longer you've been on the road, the more cool points. The more exotic the country, the more cool points. I also travel for cool points. I never go for less than a month. Estonia, Bulgaria, Mongolia, rank damn high on the coolness scale. I'm so damn cool my balls shrivel up and disappear.

In that same issue of *Clamor,* another author writes about the damage tourism does to a country. She mentions "a culture of begging." *Lonely Planet* guides advise you never to give money to beggars. They say it encourages people from poor countries to rely on the generosity of people from rich countries, rather than work for themselves. I say, YEAH! It's about time they got something.

For those who don't know, *Lonely Planet Guides* are the bibles of hip travelers. Wherever I go, I run into Lonely Planeters clutching their thick paperbacks as they decide the best way to get on that elephant to Cambodia.

I give L.P. credit for going places and tackling geography that mainstream guides won't touch. But I *don't* give them credit for their Western-oriented preaching and fear mongering. There's always a dozen pages on the various diseases and crime you'll find in your destination. (Aren't you glad you're only visiting?) Then, you read laments about prostitution, begging, and other parts of the local culture you, with all your Western morality, are supposed to "avoid supporting."

Remnants of colonialism? The evils of tourism? As if India had no beggars before the Brits came, or prostitutes in Thailand only existed for American soldiers during the Vietnam War. Do they think those noble savages couldn't invent these things without white European help? Talk about Eurocentric, and egomaniacal... Up the ass!!!

Sorry, but we whitefolks didn't create those things. They were there before us and will remain with or without us. The only reason we think they're *bad* is that *our* culture says so. There's nothing wrong with begging in India. Priests do it. There's nothing wrong with prostitution in Thailand. It's a glamor profession, a way out of poverty. People should appreciate and participate in those parts of the culture as much as any temple or cute little folkdance.

FLASHBACK: I'm in Estonia. There is one highway in Tallin, the capital. To cross it, you have to climb a stairway to a metal pedestrian bridge. On that bridge, a few gypsies sell plastic mirrors, wallets or the chance to check your weight for a few *kroon*. Some children come up to me, pressing against me, asking for money. I brush them away. Then I come to a man with no face. Or rather he has a huge face. A massive hanging blob of flesh drips from his skull. Worse than the elephant man. It's as if the skin of his face has quadrupled and turned to putty. His cheeks reach the middle of his chest. His eyes all but disappear in the droop. The corners of his mouth, weighed down by the double tumor, droop in a perpetual frown. The breeze on the bridge wiggles that dangling blob, making it a living parasite on the skull of the innocent man.

I can't look at him.

As I hurry past, I hear coins jiggling in a paper cup. I reach in my pocket, grab my loose change, and throw it into the cup.

Flash ahead two and a half years: I'm in the subway headed for work. For the umpteenth time on the umpteenth day of work, I hear the door between the cars open and a voice that begins.

"Excuse me ladies and gentlemen. Sorry for the interruption."

I glance up and am stunned to see a man with no face. No hair, no nose, no ears, faint beady eyes. A mass of scar tissue on a neck, like a bowling-ball caught in a fire. He walks up and down the car showing some pages cut from a magazine. The headline is "The Man Without A Face." Sub-headline: *Fire Destroys Man's Face. Can't Afford to Get It Fixed.* He walks by, rattling his cup full of change. I throw in a quarter.

These are the most extreme cases. But I give money to beggars everywhere, as a matter of course. When I travel do I create a "culture of begging?" When I'm here in New York, do I encourage people to live off others and not take care of themselves? I hope so!

Begging is the purest form of employment. You pay people for existing. They ask for money. You give it to them. There's no environmental damage, no waste. What other job can say that? What other job doesn't even cost the earth one paper clip?

Begging is the one job where, when you pay, you are not a *consumer*. You are not degraded by the need to OWN, to POSSESS, to USE. Giving to a beggar is divesting. It's freeing yourself. It's a "shopping trip" where you leave less burdened than when you came. No shopping bags. No *entertainment* to numb your brain and fill your belly full of popcorn. It's no-frills work. The beggars ask. You fork over. The perfect job.

The world needs MORE beggars. It needs more people who tell the work-a-day life of bosses and cash registers to fuck itself. It needs people who know THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING and collect on it.

Most of the beggars in Bulgaria are gypsies. That's what they tell me here. I don't see a lot. Certainly a lot fewer than in New York. And that brings me to the meat of this column. Part 3 of: THE BULGARIAN ADVENTURE

When last we left our protagonist (me!) I had been in Europe a few weeks. I'd already left my friends in Amsterdam and Germany and begun my new adventure in Bulgaria. At the end of the last column, I'd just left Necebar after getting taken for about fourteen bucks.

The scam? A tourist restaurant advertises dinner for $4, then bills $14. Do I complain? Sure,

"I'm sorry sir, but look at the menu." The waitress shows me something in Bulgarian. "The $4 is per 100 grams," she says. "Dinner is 400 grams. We gave you a discount!"

Can you spell S-U-C-K-E-R???

Ah well, getting taken is part of travel. It's a kind of reality check. It kills your over-confidence, your superiority feelings. I've been in 42 countries. Is there one where I haven't been taken?

In Stara Zagora, home of Zagorka beer (the only Bulgarian beer I can buy in New York), Ivailo Tonchev waits for me at the train station. Ivailo is a punk rock distributor and high school English teacher. He wrote the only scene report *MRR* ever had from Bulgaria.

When last we left, I was in Ivailo's class talking to his students about American ways of cheating on exams. While I spoke, students in the back threw fiery spitballs at one another. I donno, maybe it helped them learn.

The column ended with Ivailo telling me, "They're on their best behavior. You should see them when they don't have a guest." Tonight, I'm at a bar with Ivailo and one of his pals. It's not a bar, actually, it's an outside cafe in a park. We sit with a fellow teacher enjoying Zagorka from the source, about 75 cents a liter.

"In New York, I have to pay $5 for this." I tell him.

"In New York you can take a plane directly to your office on the 110th floor," he answers.

"That's not funny..." I start, but then stop. Walking down the aisle between the tables is an attractive young man. He was one of the hell-raisers in Ivailo's class. He wears shorts, a polo shirt, and flip-flops, standard attire in the hot city.

"You'd better duck," I say.

But the young man spots us, and waves. Amazingly enough, Ivailo seems pleased to see him. He waves him over and invites him to sit down, next to me.

The young man smiles. He shakes hands and is as friendly and innocent as if he never threw a fiery missile at another student. Ivailo and his fellow teacher speak with him, in Bulgarian. They laugh and joke as if they were all just super pals. Equals in an equal world.

Then, Ivailo excuses himself and walks away. The student speaks to me in something resembling English.

"I glad you come Bulgaria. You like Bulgaria? Bulgarian girls, yes?"

I slap him on the shoulder and tell him how much fun I'm having in Bulgaria and Bulgarian girls YES!

"You like Bulgarian beer?" he asks.

As if in answer, Ivailo returns with four bottles of Zagorka. He hands one to me, one to his fellow teacher, and one to his student. He pops the bottle open and we're on our way to Zagorkaland.

What thrills me most is that here's a teacher drinking with his students. Sousing with the kids. Maybe it could happen in England. Maybe at some American Universities. But high school? In America, they'd arrest you. Throw you in the clink. Charge you with corrupting the morals. Boot you out of school. The tabloids would eat you alive. Here in Bulgaria, it's as natural as picking your nose. What a great custom! What a great country!

In a year or two, Lonely Planet will be blaming Western influence for the practice. There'll be calls to banish it. The UN will declare it exploitation. Congress will pass laws saying Americans who participate will be thrown in the slammer as soon as they arrive back on US soil. But right now I can enjoy it. Even more... now... the vodka's coming.

Flash ahead eight hours.

"Aww, my head," says Ivailo, waking me up in time to catch my train back to Sofia. "You don't have any idea how my head feels. If you knew, you would die."

My head is not as bad. Maybe it's the thrill of the foreign, but I feel as fit as any other 60-year old.

Once on the train, however, I fall into an immediate deep sleep.

Back in Sofia, I have only a few days before I return to New York. Sasho takes me to the bus station to book my trip back to Amsterdam. That's where I get the plane to NY.

In normal countries, bus stations are a building. You go inside and buy a ticket for when and where you want to go. Bulgaria is not a normal country. The Sofia bus station is dozens of buildings. Tiny kiosks, one-story offices, converted garages. In the windows are giant posters showing the great cities of Europe with streamline busses whizzing along on empty highways. All the ads are in Bulgarian. There is no English anywhere.

Sasho goes from hut to hut asking the prices. Most are high. Over a hundred bucks. Some companies don't take credit cards. Others refuse to sell tickets to foreigners. "Too much trouble at the border."

Sasho warns me about bus companies that "aren't very nice." He tells me that the condition of the busses is lousy and "sometimes they have trouble at the border." Eventually, we get what seems like a bargain. My ticket says AMCTEPDAM, and gives a date three days later. Those three days go very quickly.

In his never-ending quest to keep me out of trouble, Shutta wants to accompany me to the bus station when I leave. Unfortunately, he has to work. In his stead, he appoints his record-label partner, Sven, as Guardian of The Board. He'll take me to the bus station.

Sven is a tough-looking young guy, very US in shorts and a baseball hat. His English is terrific. He must've spent a lot of time throwing fiery spitballs.

Owing to my peculiar need to arrive early for any form of transportation, we get to the station with two hours to spare. Two hours, that is, until I enter the bus. It'll be much longer before the bus actually leaves.

In normal countries, busses have a route. If you're going somewhere along that route, you buy a ticket to that city, and then get on the bus. You get off the bus when it arrives at the city of your choice.

Bulgaria is not a normal country. Here, the bus company decides on the starting time and the end point. Then, they fill the bus with people going anywhere vaguely between those two points. They plan the bus route when the bus is full. Only then do they know where they're going. What might normally be a six-hour ride can become an overnight torture trip. And it does.

I join the crowd around the bus. Sven is still with me and Sasho has joined us. A man sits in the bus driver's seat. Two men sit behind him. A middle-aged woman with a clipboard is across the aisle.

In the crowd outside the bus, a fat woman with dark hair clutches a plastic bag filled with tomatoes and cucumbers. A man with a shaved head and one large earring kisses an older woman on each cheek, as if he were going to say good-bye. But both of them just stay there. The man takes out a cigarette and begins to smoke it.

A young woman, slim, small-breasted with a pockmarked oval face, is the first to get on the bus. As if following a cue, the other passengers, one by one, climb the stairs and enter the bus.

I follow the locals, who Sven tells me are gypsies. I pass the NO SMOKING sign and the RESTROOM BY REAR STAIRWAY SIGNS as I enter. It hits me later, that the signs are in English. Most Bulgarians can't read English. Especially the ones who travel by bus. The signs are not for them.

I watch as they hand their passports over to the woman with the clipboard. She looks at the passports and without looking up, adds them to a pile on her lap. When I hand her my passport, she immediately raises her eyes to look at me.

She confers with the driver. One of the drivers moves a coat from a seat in the first row. The woman motions for me sit there. That way, they can watch out for me. They have to take care. I might get lost.

[Aside: I mentioned last week that Bulgarians in general are the most gregarious hosts I've ever met. Not only food and drink do they give you, but time. I've never encountered people who are so concerned with the well-being of foreign guests. Constant attention, always making sure you don't go astray.

Visit me in New York and I'll hand you a subway map and say "meet me for drinks at ten. See ya later." Here, even the bus drivers want to make sure I don't go astray.]

We wait an hour for the bus to fill. I wait inside the bus, Sven and Sasho wait outside in the heat.

While we wait, the driver and co-drivers huddle around a map-book, deciding the best way to go from Sofia to Budapest to Vienna to who-knows-what country on who-knows-what route to Amsterdam. The only sure things are the beginning and endpoints. Amsterdam, it turns out, is the endpoint.

Finally, the bus starts and we're on my way. I try to make sense of the Bulgarian spoken around me. I hear the word *amerikanski* often enough to know they're talking about me. Not only am I the only American on the bus, I'm the only non-Bulgarian of any kind. How's that for cool points?

The young woman with the bad skin speaks German. She tells me that the trip will take 23 hours. Direct travel from Sofia to Amsterdam takes about 11 hours. The extra is "the special route."

To accommodate a trip of that length, there are three drivers. They will switch off, I figure.

I pull out my copy of *That Old Patagonia Express* that Wouter lent me in Amsterdam. I've got 23 hours to read it. At about page 20, my eyes begin to tear. I see that the driver is smoking a cigarette. I figure that means that NO SMOKING is for the passengers only. Still, it's strange that one cigarette creates enough smoke to make my eyes tear.

I look around.

All three drivers are smoking. Not only smoking, but chain smoking. They light each cigarette off the end of the previous one. Wait! There's more!

Driver number two, a fat man with a thick black mustache, sits directly behind the current driver. In his hand is a cigarette. The smoke curls from the tip into the general cloud in the front of the bus. Next to him, in the ashtray on the seat handle, *another* lit cigarette smokes itself slowly into the air around us.

There are no open windows...because of the "air conditioning." The "air conditioning" is actually a sound-effect machine that makes a whirring noise in each vent. You reach up and turn a knob to adjust the volume of the whir. Inside stays hot and stagnant.

I'm in the seat of honor, just behind the driver. My little section is first to fill with a fog of tar and nicotine. It's like a Manhattan bar in the good old days. But, added to my allergenic mucous linings, it is not as much fun.

After an hour or so, I can't take it any more. I head to the restroom for a change of fragrance and relief from the water I've been sipping on the way.

A large woman, standing by the door in the rear stairway, blocks my path. She shakes her head and says something in Bulgarian. I figure it out. There is no restroom. Or at least it isn't working. I return to my seat and clamp my knees.

The rest of the journey is uneventful, though painful. I arrive in Amsterdam about 23 hours later. No problems at the borders. At least three times during the trip, the guys from Sofia send me cellphone text messages to make sure I'm still on the bus and not stolen away by the gypsies and forced to play the violin... or worse.

In Holland, I meet up with my friends and tell my adventures. I realize that travel is like sex. As much joy comes in the telling, as from the actual activity. Sometimes more.

Now I'm in back New York. Outside my window sirens scream as cops race down Broadway. Frat boys, enjoying their first drinks, shout their drunkenness to the thousands of apartments around them.

As I write this I smile in memory. Bulgaria ranks high on the places-I-like list. Thank you Shutta, Sasho, Sven, Jivko, Ivailo, my *adash*, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD, and a lot more. Bulgaria's a place I'll remember with a hard-on.

But it's a big world. There's more beer to drink, more people to meet, more nookie to taste, more cool points to collect. Right now, though, it's back to work. I'm off to learn those Japanese how to talk good.

I walk out my front door and see Kurt, the local bum on the corner.

"How ya' doin'?" he asks.

I give him a quarter.

ENDNOTES: [Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.]

>Need another reason to leave? dept:

While the rest of the world (even Canada!) gets on the medical marijuana bandwagon, the US is going backwards. Despite California passing a medical marijuana law, the US government decided to throw the book at an officer for Oakland's medical marijuana program. The defendant was not allowed to tell the jury about his position with the state. The judge directed the jury to find the man guilty. He can get life in prison.

"There is no such thing as medical marijuana," said Richard Meyer, a DEA spokesman. "We're Americans first, Californians second."

>Palindrome isn't one dept:

It may be the first since "Madam, I'm Adam." I think Ted sent it to me, *Satan, oscillate my metallic sonatas!* But I don't think he made it up.

This month's prize, a free ARTLESS CD, is for the first punkrock Palindrome. Rap already has one: *Men, I'm Eminem.*

Email it to me at: palindrome@mykelboard.com

>Only in America dept:

You may have read that Fox News was upset. Satirist Al Franken used the words "fair and balanced" on the cover of his new book. Fox said they owned those words and sued to have them blocked.

The result: A federal judge told Fox News it had to learn how to take a joke.

Judge Denny Chin called the lawsuit "wholly without merit, both factually and legally." He said that a person would have to be "completely dense" not to realize the cover was a joke. Also trademark protection for the phrase "Fair and Balanced" is unrealistic because the words are so commonly used.

I expect Fox will appeal to a higher authority.

>Waiting too long dept: A while back I got a copy of *Pop Zine* #6. For the longest time it lay on my unread pile. Recently, it found its way to the top. I read it on the subway to work. Wow! It was the best perzine I've seen in ages. Vaike, the authoress, is a tattoo artist with low self-esteem. She writes about life and draws like there's no tomorrow. Yahoo! I wrote the girl a fan letter, but it came back: RETURN TO SENDER. BOX CLOSED. NO ORDER ON FILE. She'll never know... Unless *you* tell her! The PO Box was in Indianapolis. If you know the girl, ask her to keep me on her mailing list. I think she's great!

>Shutta been there dept. My pal Shutta wants to get the word out on his record label. Write to him for info, or to trade CDs. His email addy is: yearsofpain@mail.bg He's a great guy and you'll be hearing lots of powerful hardcore that you can't hear anywhere else.

>Further on the Bulgarian front dept:

You must realize by now that I love the country and the people of Bulgaria. Great folks, great music, and THE MOST

BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD. Here's my plan to help everyone.

When I was in Bulgaria, I met the folks at STAIN STUDIO, a Sofia record studio with fine acoustics and fine people. They do video as well as audio.

If your band is gonna be in Europe on tour, why not make a side trip to Bulgaria? You can probably play in Sofia (ask Shutta), and then record a song or two... or a CD.

Studio time is less that $20 per hour. The guys there are easy to work with. Their English is better than mine. The money you'll save on recording will more than pay for the expense of a few days in Sofia.

Contact: Indje Rassovski AKA Krindo at Stain Studio Ltd. 011-359 2 8328045 mobile 011-359 98630227 info@stainstudio.com

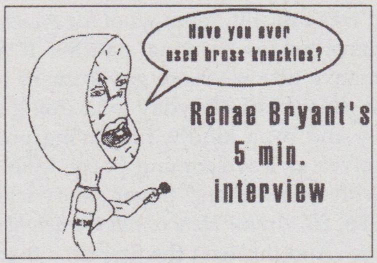
>*Bad news dept:* It's the season for kickin' off. With Cash, John Ritter, George Plimpton... POW! All within a month. Watch for that sickle guy over your shoulder. Ted sends me a sad addition to the list. Donna aka Daisy, formerly Dave Ratcage, the man (then) who brought the world THE BEASTIE BOYS, kicked off at home in Switzerland. No word on the cause, but these days, you don't need one!

>*In my senility dept:* Last month, when I talked about my time in Hungary, I forgot to mention the generosity of THE DEADBEATS, a cool punkband from Budapest. For info and exchange e-mail oxygene@netfabrik.hu

>*Amazon alternative dept:* In San Francisco I talked with Ramsey from AK distribution. I was asking for advice on my CD and another project I can't talk about. I asked him if they sell a lot on Amazon.

"Mykel," he said, "Amazon are bad guys. Like Barnes and Noble."

So, in an effort to be more distributionally correct, I offer two great sites for buying new (as opposed to used) music: www.interpunk.com and www.cdbaby.com. You can get the ARTLESS CD at either. And you should!


Have you ever used brass knuckles?
Renae Bryant's 5 min. interview

Tour…it's another one of those four-letter words. It's simultaneously magical and grueling (for anyone still at that van and trailer stage). This tour was no exception (only three weeks long—some of it DIY booked and some booked by the generous Jeff Creep of the Midnight Creeps). It came complete with its own mini-telenovela (that's Spanish for soap opera). Maybe, to be more truthfully asserted, it came complete with two walking and talking telenovelas. Ahhhh…more about the drama later.

As a result of being utterly obsessed with being able to tour on my off-track time (three months spread out during the year that I do not teach) we quickly recruited a new guitarist (Josh) and drummer (Mariana) both described in issue #245. I had known them both separately as acquaintances for a few years. I was excited about having a really talented guitarist that was ready to tour at the "drop of a hat." Our new 23-year-old female drummer needed a little more persuading and convincing. She looked like a deer caught in headlights when we told her how long we would be out for. We convinced her to do the tour. We knew she had only played the drums for three years and didn't have the skills of our previous drummer. We believed she had great potential and thought that three weeks of playing every day would really shape her up. She had the punk rock speed and just needed a little work on her rolls. As the tour neared she broke up with her boyfriend of six years, moved back home, and seemed to be serious about playing in a hard-working band. We were now excited to have her with us. It was cool to have another female in the band.

Josh brought his buddy, Grubbs, to one of our practices. Grubbs suggested he go with us a driver/roadie/merchandise man. He sounded a little too good to be true. I didn't have a good feeling about the ex-heroin addict turned good guy, but figured everybody deserves a chance. I told Josh that Grubbs would be his responsibility. Whatever Grubbs did would be a direct reflection on Josh. Grubbs wouldn't answer for his fuck-ups, Josh would. Josh said Grubbs would be fine. I took Josh at his word.

After a four-hour wait for a U-Haul trailer, playing locally, and packing up, we were off to Tempe, Arizona to play the Minder Binder. We got to the barn-like venue in the afternoon and it was over 100 degrees out. The venue was upstairs, over a restaurant. It looked awesome, complete with carnival theme. Tempe is a college town. It was a Saturday so we headed to the downtown area to flyer for the show. Funny thing, we didn't see one flyer for our show other than the ones we were distributing. We all got a little nervous about the show but remained optimistic. I mean it was the first show of our tour, it just couldn't suck.

Oh, but it did. The world-class promoter booked another California band on the show (from Riverside), didn't add any local support, and didn't bother to promote the show. So, after playing to seven people, we loaded up the trailer, in the still 100-degree weather, and headed to Las Cruces to The Dirt/Strange Daze record/video store [505-526-5678], where we could only hope the tour would get better.

Here, in Las Cruses, the tour took a turn for the better, thanks to The Dirt, the kids at the show, and an amazing father, son, and daughter who let the band crash in their nice house. The day show at the store was awesome. It was surreal playing in the horror section of the video store. I couldn't help but look around and recommend flicks in between songs. I even bought a used copy of Blade Runner. They hooked us up with Ted (dad), Glory (freshman in college), and Jamus (teen). They let us shower and relax, so I made some spaghetti for everyone. We watched movies, listened to music, and traded stories. Jamus plays guitar for a new band, Hallowed Ground. We had such a good time at their house they asked us to stay another day. We had to leave because we had a long drive to Houston, Texas.

On the way to Houston we were pulled over by the border inspectors in San Antonio after Grubbs nervously called the officer, "ma'am." The dogs sniffed our van and they let us go. Next we stopped at Angie's Diner, which was a nightmare. It was across from a police station and seemed to be hosting a meeting for the local militia. I swear they served us TV diners and everyone else got real food. When we finally made it to Houston, Texas, we stayed with Alfonso, the punk rock cop, and his cousin Cesar. He partied and slammed danced harder than anyone we've ever seen. His family was so generous and supportive. They introduced some of our bandmates to "Whataburger." We played at Fitzgeralds. Fish took care of us. Mariana was barfing up "Whataburger" in the morning. At this point in the tour the non-drinkers and drunks were having some trouble, but we found a way to compromise.

Our next stop was New Orleans. We opted to take the night off, since this was our first time in the city. It was a Thursday, but the streets and clubs were still packed. A warm rain covered the streets. I found the local sm/bd shop and bought a bracelet that read "MISTRESS." I just wish we would have had more time there. I would have loved to go on a tour of the city, old mansions, and cemeteries.

Augusta, Georgia was the next show. We arrived to find out that the venue, The Capri, had its electricity shut off earlier in the week. We went down the street where we were informed by Brad that Crazy Johnny, the promoter, had been robbed and shot in the neck the night before. We called Crazy Johnny and he said he'd be right down. I was shocked. If it were me I'd be in bed at home. This guy was living up to his name.

He arrived and convinced the Hangnail Gallery to let us do the show there. At this point, there was so much tension between the band members we thought this might be the last show. We played like it. It was awesome. The audience really appreciated what we are about and what we do. It was exactly what we needed to boost morale. We decided we would take the tour day by day. [You see, when our drummer wasn't playing she was on the phone with her family or boyfriend and wasn't happy with the touring lifestyle. She had already said she wanted to go home and would quit the band when we returned.]

Crazy Johnny was so great. He really took good care of us and we would have stayed at his house but I was a little worried about the thieves returning. They got away with his laptop. They didn't know the treasure of records and movie memorabilia that he had was worth serious money. His house was like a record store. The only more comprehensive collection I've ever seen is at the maxi pad. Crazy Johnny rules.

Atlanta, Georgia was next. We flyered all day at the five points. We got to the venue at 8:30 pm and waited…and waited…watched a drug deal go down…and waited. Finally, I suggested we leave. The Neutron Bomb was supposed to open its doors at 8:00 pm. No one was there. It was locked up and deserted. We decided to go to Lenny's and see if they would let us hop onto the bill. They did. We had a great show and played with the following amazing bands: Bullshit Control, The Escaped, a punk rock cowboy (who I can't find the paper with his name on it right now) and Monster Squad was supposed to play, but someone in their band was sick. Bullshit Control took care of us, and even though we weren't officially on the bill, they gave us gas money and bought a bunch of merchandise to support us. The only thing that sucked about that show was that I left my $25 Strike Anywhere sweatshirt at the venue. Grrrrrrrrr…

Roanoke, Virginia was our destination from Georgia. That sounds like a good place to end this column with a "to be continued…" We pull up to the park, after being lost for 45 minutes. We jump out of the van excited to play the outdoor punk festival called "The Ugly Fest." The promoter looks at us and asserts, "This is my show, you're not booked on it and you're not playing…" OK, now, "to be continued…" (I'm supposed to leave you with a cliff hanger, right?)

The second half of this tour story will be in the next issue. Sorry if this was a little long-winded. The investment of time you put into reading this one will pay off in the next issue because that's where all the insanity occurred…the second half of the tour.

As always you can reach me at webmistress@ontherag.net, PO Box 251, Norco, CA 92860-0251, and www.ontherag.net. At the end of the next column I will include a list of venues, promoters, and overall cool people (that helped us) to check out or look up if you're doing your own DIY tour.

MIKE TAYLOR WRITES PROPAGANDA SONGS!

You know, it seems misunderstandings are flying around like sawdust at a plank-eating contest here at *MRR* HQ, so I'm going to set the record straight. I guess a lot of people think I'm some sort of PC lefty feminazi vegan uber punk. Genteel reader, let me tell you, nothing is further from the truth. But really, how often, in these pages, do I get to write about my *true* loves? How often do I get to veer away from the accepted, easy paths of music talk and liberal politics and really discuss my UNWAVERING DEDICATION TO THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT TO RECLAIM THE HOMELAND FROM ARAB DOGHUSBANDS? You know?

So yeah, let's talk about the "road map" to Mideast peace that G.W. Bush endorses. In my FERVENT BELIEF THAT THE LAND MISTAKENLY REFERRED TO BY MONGRELS AS "PALESTINE" IS ACTUALLY THE LESS APPEALING JUNK STREWN, RUSTY AUTO-SHELL LITTERED BACKYARD OF THE MODERN MIRACLE THAT IS ISRAEL, a $9 billion gift to the Israeli government is a pretty fuckin' good start. And a great way to begin spending that good-will offering is by constructing, let's say, a huge razor wire fence running 480 kilometers into the West Bank.[1] Also, similar barriers should be built along the two east-west highways that run through the West Bank, with tunnels underneath for Palestinians to use. So they don't, you know, walk on Israel. Measures like this one are the last line of defense against the growing Palestinian threat; as an observant Louis Yoelin pointed out in a letter in October's issue, the EU is like one big terrorist fan club, donating billions of dollars a year earmarked for the bombing of school busses and innocents shopping or going to work. It's all Arabs really think about: killing innocent people (and don't even get into the whole Islamic architectural brilliance thing; who gives a fuck?)

Anyway, the roadmap has been abandoned. Israel decided it was bullshit, more wool for Arafat to pull over the eyes of his generous international patrons. It was just like OSHA, or affirmative action—more government bureaucracy designed to get in the way of everyday folks doing their jobs. Israeli settlers are, by and by, a kindly, fun-loving people who tend to see themselves as a welcoming party. Like the neighbors coming over with teacakes and finger sandwiches. They just want to be all like, *Hi, Arabs! Here comes the neighborhood!*

And this isn't the first time that Jews have brought civilization to the Arab world. It's indisputable that the land on which Israel now sits was marsh and tar pits until 1946, when Ben-Gurion brought life to the land with his Life Beam, which he was given by the ancient Abyssinians in the caves of Europe. While he was in exile with Dr. Yacub, the inventor of white people, he studied the secret alchemy of turning sand and coal into luscious lawns and sprawling urban tracts. To this day, Israel boasts the only culture in human history that can rightfully claim such glorious beginnings!

In the infinite generosity of Ariel Sharon's United States Mideast Bonanza Fun Hour Government, it is policy that the well armed and meticulously trained army only fires in self-defense. Taking its cue from the late Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Israel takes the moral high ground and only shoots in protection against Hamas and the Red Cross, two terrorist organizations with nefarious benefactors worldwide. See, peace is in the hands of the so-called Palestinians (which, once again, Louis Yoelin has pointed out is a word of Greek, not Arabic origin; unlike

"America," which is totally English!) who choose instead to enact their policy of purposeless destruction day in, day out. I only hope that they abandon the leadership of Arafat before he has to be eliminated from the world stage for the greater good; surely, their racist movement only suffers from his forked tongue, speaking of diplomacy in English and murder in his serpent native language. If only they could see that they're shooting themselves in the foot with every bombing, every suicide attack, every walk to their bombed-out corner grocer or breach of curfew!

But I suppose this is the lot of human kind. Constant quarrel and territorial dispute will see a once proud nation lain waste due to the incessant meddling of a smaller, more inconsequential minority whose time has come and gone. But like the Cherokee, Sioux, Shawnee, and countless other warmongering spoilsports before them, the Palestinian terrorists' unwillingness to bend to the clear reason of brute force and bottomless military coffers will only result in a severe case of pieface.

[1] *"As the barrier zigs and zags, tens of thousands of Palestinians will find themselves in isolated enclaves. They will be cut off from other Palestinian cities and towns they rely on for jobs, schools, shopping and medical care. The barriers have gates, but are controlled by the Israeli security forces and are only open for limited hours. The part of the barrier approved Wednesday is expected to create significant obstacles for some 60,000 Palestinians, according to Israeli officials, who said they would seek to minimize the difficulties."*

International Herald Tribune, 10/01/03

My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

Can't say that I was too interested in mom-made zines before I became a mother myself. Can't say that I even knew about any except for *Hip Mama* and I only knew that one existed because I had shelved it at the Civic Media Center, Gainesville's reading room and library of independent media.

Motherhood has changed many things; among those changes is my self-assigned reading list. The list itself remains long and full of titles that have nothing to do with being a parent—but because I'm a full time parent, I don't have a lot of spare reading time. Even if my girl is totally occupied in doing her own thing a room away, the second I get settled into reading, some odd but predictable "mom-is-quiet, must-put-a-stop-to-that" radar goes off in her preschooler mind and it's all over. She all of a sudden has a multitude of needs and issues.

So my reading shifts to a mom-made zine. I can grab one up and read it in five-minute intervals. If I'm having a hard day, it's comforting to know I'm not alone. If I'm lucky, I get a little back-up, a voice telling me I can do it, and a little inspiration.

Here's a list of some of the mom-made zines I've read. I know it could be longer, because I'm sure some more exist that I don't yet know about (or already do know about but haven't managed to get my hands on) so if you see a mom-zine title not listed here, then by all means, please enlighten me. Thanks.

The Future Generation by China. PO Box 4803 / Baltimore, MD 21211. $3 or trade. A zine for subculture parents, kids, friends, and others. Issue #12 is thick & full of everything good. China also writes a column of the same title for *Slug & Lettuce* zine. I think she's the pioneer mama of the mom-made zines!

A Beautiful Final Tribute by Bee Lavender. PO Box 28870 / Seattle, WA 98118. $2 or trade. There are seven issues out now, all of which focus on a different topic or theme. Excellent writing. You can send for her kids' zines, too—*Aubrey's Lego Club* and *Pandas, A Bathtub and a Red Loincloth.*

Placenta Zine by Rosa-Maria. 4412 Avenue A #204 / Austin, TX 78751. $2 plus stamps or $3 ppd. A punk rock and vegan parenting zine. There are two issues out so far and I think number three is due any day now. Loves contributions. And you can check out placenta online at http://www.geocities.com/placentazine.

Joybringer by Rahula Janowski. 4104 24th Street, PMB 669 / San Francisco, CA 94114. Send a buck or two, in cash or in stamps. Trade is also cool. Free to prisoners. The first issue is thick and radical. Rahula also writes a column for *HeartattaCk.*

Miranda by Kate. 3510 SE Alder Street / Portland, OR 97214. $2 each. Motherhood and other adventures. There are nine issues out now, number ten probably out soon. Kate's a literature-lovin', reading addict mother of two. Check out www.mirandazine.com.

Olympia Mamazine by lots of contributors. PO Box 2844 / Olympia, WA 98501. $1.50 each. Helpful information, comics, stories, poetry. I think there are five or six issues out now. Loves contributions.

Mama Girl by Monica. 5440 Parker Street / Omaha, NE 68104. No price listed so send at least a buck or stamps to be nice. Lots of stories and comics by a single by choice mama girl. I have issue number one and have no idea if issue two ever came out as planned.

The Edgy-catin' Mama by Nina Packebush. 1102 Hiatt Ct. / Sultan, WA 98294. $2 cash. An excellent collection of essays written by homeschooling mamas all over. There at least five issues out.

Viva La Mama! by lots of contributors. PO Box 28476 / Seattle, WA 98118. $10 for one year or $3 for one issue. The radical parenting zine. I have no idea how many issues they've put out but you can email them at wildcraft@speakeasy.net to find out.

Baby Bloc by mama Laurel, papa Bruce, and twins Harriet and Myriam. c/o Guadalupe House / 1417 So. G. Street / Tacoma, WA 98405. $2 or trade. For activists "in a family way." Just one issue from the summer of 2003 as far as I can tell. But they're putting together an Activist Parent's Handbook and are seeking submissions. Email babybloc@yahoo.com for more information on that.

Two Under Two by Laurel. same address as above. $1 or trade. Mama mini comics. Three issues so far. Baby Bloc, "We Refuse to Be Pacified" T-shirts, too.

Fertile Ground by Stacey Greenberg. 2084 Court Ave. / Memphis, TN 38104. $2 per issue or $8 per year subscription or trade. For people who dig parenting. Three issues out so far. Lots of contributors, too.

Red Diaper Baby by Becky Ellis. Only an email address listed: isismama1@yahoo.com. It comes out four times a year and yearly subscriptions are $8. A zine about radical parenting in all its forms but with a particular focus on radical parenting and activism. Two issues out so far and Becky wants readers to contribute for the next issue(s).

The Radical Mother by Candyce. 1122 South 20th St. / Fort Smith, AR 72901. OK, so it's not a zine. It's a column in *Slug & Lettuce* zine that I really like.

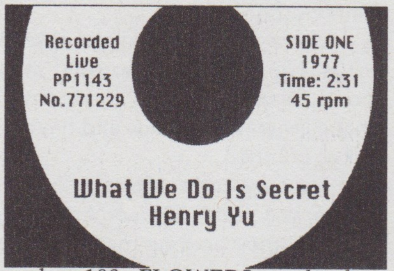
I just found out about these titles, but have yet to get my hands on them: *Hausfrau, Deep South Mouth, Esperanza: A Zine Where Hope Springs Maternal, Lone Star Ma, Waiting For Sleep, ZuZu & the Babycatcher, Are We There Yet,* and *Yoga Mama.*

Two more things I just learned of that I haven't checked out yet: (so then why am I including them? Just for a sense of completion, that's why.) Mama Unidas: All Mama All the Time is a new mama zine distributor found at www.geocities.com/mamaunidasdistro. And last, *Twenty-eight Pages Lovingly Bound with Twine* by Christopher Meyer is apparently hailed as THE daddy zine. $2 per issue. P.O. Box 106 / Danville, OH 43014.

And one more thing for the critics. Yes, people have kids. Yes, people like to talk about their kids. And yes, some of those people do like to write zines about their kids. So if you're bored by parents and kids and glad you don't have to think about them, fine. But because becoming a parent is one of the most transformative events in a person's life, a super-mega-major-major change, please recognize the importance of sharing voices in the true DIY spirit of things, especially considering the challenge of raising a kid against the mainstream grain.

Punkparents, get in touch! PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604. or by email: yardwideyarns@hotmail.com. You can send a buck or two, stamps or trade for my zine—a year's worth of these columns.

What Is Real



Exhumed from their rightful resting place in the annals of punk rock history, the URINALS re-storm the scene with a new release, *What Is Real And What Is Not,* on Warning Label Records. While their post-original URINALS combo 100 FLOWERS took their unabashed primitivism a logical post-punk step, the new URINALS are neither a step nor a leap but a different band altogether.

Certainly in the most obvious respect, they are. Original singer and guitarist Kjehl Johansen is no longer in the band, in his stead is ex-TEN FOOT FACES member Roderick Barker. Guitar-wise, the change echoes edfromohio replacing D. Boon when firehose rose from the ashes of THE MINUTEMEN, when the unique revelatory self-barely-taught anti-guitar licks or their progenitors have been supplanted by pedestrian and uninteresting guitar leads.

What Barker does a great job of, with original members Talley-Jones and Barrett, is the harmonies, which while only hinted at with the original URINALS' "Black Hole", was further explored and made part of the trademark sound as 100 FLOWERS.

As to the songs themselves, the band, er, advances the songwriting from their original minute-long two-chord bashing to a sound that ends up neither fresh nor compelling. Like THE EMBARRASSMENTS' disappointing comeback *God Help Us,* this release only serves to remind us that when punks finally learn to play their instruments, past results may not be an accurate prediction of the future.

This is the second release on Warning Label Records, the first of which was the excellent retrospective of the ROMANS. (www.warninglabelrecords.com)

Shitisms

The formative years, the prepube-pube-postpube-but-not-too-post ones, the ones fulla angst and girlessness and late night wondering. Thems are the times when the music hits ya, when the synapses join together with the beat to produce revelations, transcendence, and holyshitisms.

So I feel lucky (and now a bit old) to have gone to high school 1976-1980, then college 1980-1984. The shit was flying and every time I opened my ear I got some. Being in college radio helped. The following is a random amalgam of who's and when's and then what was going on in my head as all part of the altogether.

VELVET UNDERGROUND. First heard in college, probably 1982. The third album first, then the first, then the second and finally the fourth. "Jesus" and "I'm Beginning To See The Light" were a salve when I felt lost. Reading *Edie: An American Biography,* which came out my junior year, fueled my imagination with Warhol's Factory scene.

WIPERS. *Over the Edge* LP—my friend Todd was from the Pacific Northwest and made us all fans.

THE FALL. First heard the *Early Years* compilation in '81 or so, the wondrous "Bingo Master's Breakout." But it was *The Hexenduction Hour* album that stuck me. "Just Step Sideways," "The Classical," "Who Makes The Nazis?" Saw them at Maxwell's on that tour with the two drummers.

IGGY POP. Probably *Zombie Birdhouse* and *Soldier* were the current LPs that I most likely ignored when they came out. STOOGES never appeared on my radar screen until Jim Brick would not stop raving about Funhouse so I finally bought it, which by then was around 1985.

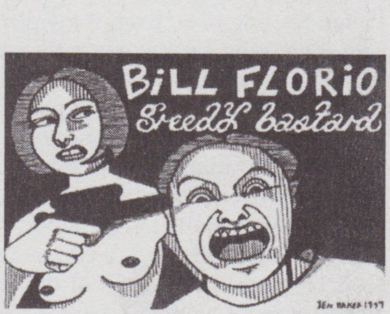
HÜSKER DÜ. Probably *Metal Circus* was my first exposure—"Diane" bled sheets of noise over my walkman. I saw them first while recuperating from a punctured lung, as they opened up for REM at the Rat in Boston in 1983. Then I went back to *Everything Falls Apart.*

SOCIAL DISTORTION. I remember not getting it. I remember buying my first copy of *Flipside* when I was living in Northern California for the summer after my junior year, the reader's poll issue, and Social D were voted the Worst Assholes, which resulted in my not getting any of their records. I remember thinking SoCal punk seemed so juvenile. We played *Mommy's Little Monster* at the station but I never really listened to it beyond cueing it up and segueing it into something else. It wasn't until the LP was reissued on CD in the mid-late 90s that I finally discovered its greatness.

BLACK FLAG. I used to play *Damaged I* on the air all the time because it started out with Rollins saying "I'm Henry and you're here with me now…" I bought *Damaged* and then *Everything Went Black.*

GERMS. The white EP first, I played it at the station and didn't think a whole lot of it. "Manimal" blew me away from the *GI* album, then the rest of the album took hold…

Send shite to Henry 4309 23rd St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Or email terasearch@yahoo.com.



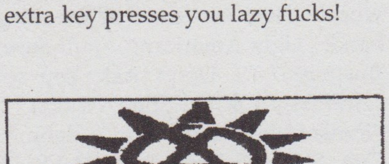
There's so much talk in this here magazine and others like it about living alternative lifestyles and I think it's pretty entertaining what sort of little world people submerse themselves in. To some people this means scamming money to get tattoos, stealing from the man, doing lots of drugs, only eating foods that are hard to acquire (which is sort of like only listening to records that are hard to acquire), or even better only surviving on the trash of others. Well you can all walk around with steel spikes sticking out of your backs to make you look like some dinosaur and live on ragweed and turnips, but to tell you the truth, I think an alternative lifestyle is much easier to obtain. You really can express yourself in this world full of clones without becoming some sort of show off. A lot of these "alternative people" are really just fooling themselves, just because you don't have 2.5 kids and an SUV and don't want them doesn't mean you should become Amish or a bum to make a point.

OK, the average American schmuck. What does he do? Well if you're a guy, you're divorced, you work a shit job, you go to a bar many evenings and talk about baseball and your lack of medical benefits while you kill your liver with cheap alcohol. Then you go home and beat your girlfriend because your life sucks and you're sick of listening to the EAGLES. If you're a woman you're either the one who had this guy's kid six years ago and are wondering when the next child support check hasn't come, you're the toothless chick who hangs at the bar and talks about baseball hoping to score with one of the drunks, or you're the girlfriend who gets beat up when he comes home. Sure this isn't most of the people you folks know, but 50% of the jerks in this country voted the current administration in, so I think I can assume I'm more right than wrong when coming up with a mean average for American life. Sure people from other countries are reading this; the only big difference is probably the baseball conversation…

So let's say you're the average hip alternative punk guy. You work an even shittier job, and you probably don't go to the same bars, you may have been able to avoid the mistake of marriage and child bearing (yeah right) but what really makes you different than Mr. Flusteredfacebaseball hat? You ate a stale bagel for dinner instead of a steak-um? You may have spent last night dyeing your hair instead of going to OTB, but you're punk, right? Are you really making a difference? Is Joe Budweiser really inspired or envious of you? I don't think so; he probably just wants to punch you in the face… Is that really enough to make life fulfilling? "Hmmm, I'm cool because I irritate people who are slightly lamer than me."

Anyhow the guy who puts on a show in his basement isn't changing the world one bit. But he or she doing a lot to make it more tolerable for us. Sure it's not *just* something to do; it's not the same as people who go to Star Trek conventions. Being one who's only ever gone to one Star Trek convention (at which I ran into Donny the Punk, yes, I never went again) maybe it's not much different. What I'm getting at is that punk rock isn't a movement—there is no focus. Punk rock is a community, and those who give to it are the ones who get the most out of it. There's a very good reason a lot of sixteen-year-old kids get into punk and get out of it when they're 21. They never understood what it was all about in the first place. Sure they may have dressed like a goofball and learned how to play three chords on a guitar, who knows, maybe it has something to do with finishing college on time. Maybe, that little voice of society telling you a loser because you only got 100 out of 135 credits keeps the music and the people involved at the forefront. I don't know what exactly separates us that never "grow up," but I can say very surely that I'm happy that I never did.

It seems like friendster is the preferred way of people contacting me now, I guess you only have to click twice past Floyd and Mike Thorn to find me instead of typing bill@candids.com that's a whole sixteen extra key presses you lazy fucks!



It's not the catastrophe that I'm interested in, but I do appreciate those things which stop us in our tracks and break up our daily routines. I think it's important to not take things for granted and to be reminded of what is important and where our priorities lie. I am such a slave to my schedule and routine that I look for forces outside of my control to halt me in my ways, and so I can really appreciate it when it happens. I guess that is part of why I'm always looking forward to those winter snowstorms that have the potential to shut cities down. I see these times as a chance to do the things you might not have otherwise made the time for. Inevitably, if I'm snowed into my house, I think I'll read all the books on my shelves that I've been saving for that free time that never comes.

So when Hurricane Isabel was heading our way, the local news stations worked everyone into a frenzy to stock up and clear the supermarkets out of bread and milk. But many just brushed it off as something that wouldn't be a problem. What is a little wind and rain? That it has been raining almost continually all spring and summer was a big factor. That last year we had an extreme drought also played into the conditions. Flooding and loss of electricity were expected possibilities. I made an extra pot of coffee and got the candles and flashlights handy, which is probably more than many people did. What we didn't expect was the widespread destruction, the extent of the damage, the contaminated water, phones, or electricity being out for days or even weeks.

The photo lab where I work never closes and we have not lost electricity in the six years that I have worked there. The winds came in and were strong enough to shut the lab down early and the night staff were to stay home. I was shocked. Especially 'cause at that point I really didn't think the storm was "all that." But it kept building and the rains were hard and the wind was intense. My kinship with trees has been deepening this season and I've been spending more and more time appreciating them, identifying and worshipping them. As the trees in my yard were bending over farther than I've ever seen them contort, it was enough to make me worship them some more as well as start to worry. There were loud cracks and snaps all around. I knew it was the sound of tree limbs breaking and trees cracking and splitting and crashing to the ground. When I heard a loud cracking and then a crashing sound come from just around my porch, my heart leapt and I raced out into the wind and rain to see which of beloved trees had fallen. It was a beautiful old cedar tree—clearly sick on the inside, it fell over on the fence, but missed the neighbor's house by a few feet. I was heartbroken for the loss of the tree, but thankful that nothing was seriously damaged. In hindsight I realize how lucky we were to lose only this one tree compared to what could have been.

At this point Erik and I took a walk around the block to see the state of things. It was raining so hard that I soaked through my clothes and the rain was stinging my eyes and almost washing my contacts away. There were trees down everywhere. A massive branch had fallen into a neighbor's yard and the big dog was cowering in his house a mere few feet away with his eyes bugged in fear. Everywhere there were trees down. And with downed trees come downed power lines. We didn't see anyone out, and we didn't see any damaged homes or cars in our neighborhood, and we went back to the safety of our porch and watched the sky turn green and fill with flashes, which made me ask "is this when we are supposed to hide in the bathroom?" thinking it was a tornado. Our power had gone out and the storm raged on for hours and we stayed home and rearranged all the books in the house in an attempt to make the most of a dark night at home, listening to our battery operated radio which made it sound like the apocalypse was upon us and havoc was wreaked on the town.

The next morning we headed out into town to see what the state of things were. There was no answer at our place of work and it seemed that everyone was without power. It was incredible how many trees were down. I think it's a fair estimate that every single block had at least a couple downed trees. And it made us realize how big and old many of trees were. These were massive old oak trees and huge pines that had fallen. Big trees that ripped up entire blocks of sidewalk and curb—uprooting hillsides and taking out whatever was in their path. There were a lot of crushed cars and damage to homes. Power lines were down everywhere and streets were blocked. It was a sight to behold, and very humbling to say the least. Sometime that day we heard that the water was contaminated because the pumps had gone out and many people didn't have running water at all. Interestingly though, the weather for the next couple days was beautiful. Clear blue skies, perfect warm sunny days as the clean up began. Chainsaws buzzed everywhere and there was not a C or D battery or chainsaw to be purchased anywhere in town. I'm not sure when it became hard to find water—we had a supply at home. I remember standing at the top of our hill and looking at a dozen trees across the power lines on the main road and thinking, "gee, after two days you'd think that this would be a priority to deal with." But what I realized right then and there was that this was normal and perhaps just a drop in the bucket to what other neighborhoods looked like.

As devastating as the destruction was all around me, being relatively untouched myself and not knowing anyone who had really had any serious problems, it was easy to just enjoy the whole thing. Like I said, I enjoy a good wrench in the system. I can live without electricity and we did have running water. It was kinda like squatting or homesteading at home. I can appreciate going without. I can deal with having to provide for my basic necessities. Once the power was out for 48 hours and all the food in the fridge and freezer had to be thrown out—it didn't much matter. I thought we might have adjusted to a new time table of going to sleep earlier and getting up to make the most of the daylight, but while it's a good theory, I'm still a night owl. But you make the most of daylight when you have no electricity and the day's agenda takes on a whole new flow. It's hard to read by candlelight—but you can do it. I wrote letters that have gone neglected for months, and appreciated the twist of *not* being able to just send email. Sure it was frustrating to not listen to music, but sometimes silence is golden too.

And the punks came through, I must say. Strike Anywhere had their record release show the night after the storm. The whole city was out of electricity but the club operated by generator and the show went on. It was awesome! A couple hundred kids came out and celebrated punk rock and we all kinda forgot that the city and our homes were dark. Strike Anywhere were amazing as always and I was just stoked to be at the show, 'cause if the hurricane would not have shut Richmond down, I would have been processing film rather than watching Strike Anywhere. Erik and I rode our bikes to the show and it was dark in those city streets, let me tell you. Darker than you would ever have guessed, 'cause we just get so used to all those street lights and traffic lights and porch lights and light lights everywhere. It was awesome to be sleuthing around our town on bike with flashlights and running into trees blocking the road at every turn. The next night the punks prevailed again with a generator show in a riverfront warehouse with a bunch of local bands and a beer bash birthday party. I thought it was so amazing that there we were with no electricity, and the punk rock could not be stopped. We are crafty and can figure things out, make it happen on our own and find the resources we need, under whatever circumstances. Generators, flashlights, multitools, bicycles—I think it is so important to remember how to be self-reliant and perhaps most importantly, to not take anything for granted.

Working in a photo lab, all I've seen for the past two weeks are photos of the storm's destruction. We process film from several cities across the state and it really put the whole thing into some perspective. I saw some flooded homes, crushes houses, and totally devastated areas. I know people in the heart of the city of Richmond who were still out of power ten days after the storm. So perhaps it is easy for me to say that five days in the dark and two days off work was "fun." I thought of it as a time for quiet self-reflection. It was also enough to make us think about the electricity we depend on and how our lives are structured around these needs. While one could argue (and I believe that the Bush administration would and is) that we need to make a stronger infrastructure that cannot be susceptible to storms or blackouts, I think that it's more a matter of reducing our dependency and finding ways to be more self-sufficient and self-reliant. That is why I think it's important to have those wrenches thrown, that make you stop and rethink things a bit and take some time to appreciate what you have and think about what you really need. Being prepared and knowing that you can take care of yourself is always an empowering feeling. And high-fives to all the punks who know how to make the most out of very little and appreciate what we've got when it's good.

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

GOING DOWN… TO SIN CITY

Hell yes! The Confederacy of Scum supershow came to Las Vegas! ANTiSEEN, LIME CELL, HAMMERLOCK, and the JABBERS fucking kicked a lot of hillbilly butt the first night! The RESISTELEROS opened up the festivities with a rousing set of rock n' roll! The infamous Jim Goad had some pithy comments for an introduction. Wimpy, from the original incarnation of THE QUEERS back in the late 70s, sang for the JABBERS and the results were absolutely brilliant! With searing guitar parts provided by the original JABBERS guitarist to accompany him, Wimpy took the club by storm!! This man can sing punk rock with the very best of them!! Wimpy worked the stage like a man possessed! When you hear "You Hate Me, I Hate You," "Drink, Fight, and Fuck," and "Don't Talk to Me,' you are taken back in time—New Hampshire Rock 'n' Roll answers to its own set of rules! Long live the JABBERS with Wimpy at the helm! ANTISEEN was next on stage, and as always Clayton, Young, and their Confederates scorched the surface of the planet!!

The choice of songs for the ANTISEEN set was out of this world!! Here are some of the songs offered up by this great band: "Ugly American;" "Jailhouse;" "20 Years in 5;" "Kill the Business;" "I Don't Ask You for Nothing;" "Scapegoat;" "Animals;" "SOD;" "Star Whore;" "Fornication;" "Dear Abby;" "Funk U;" "Cactus Jack;" "Sabu;" "Babyface Killer;" "Queen City Stomp;" THE RAMONES "Beat on the Brat;" "Crack Dawn;" and "Fuck All Y'all".

Fourth up on the bill tonight was HAMMERLOCK. Liz and Travis introduced their drummer Mikey B.P. PSYCHO to the Confederacy of Scum crowd and then proceeded to blow everybody's mind with an awe-inspiring set!! Peruse this fucking hot list of songs that HAMMERLOCK played!!! "Robbing Banks;" "Second Home;" "Sweet Senorita;" "Nothing to Lose;" "Hate Is Not A Crime;" "Tie Me Down;" "Looking for Cans;"

"Government Worker;" "Never Slow Down;" "Thought I Was An Outlaw;" "Alcohol, You're My Oldest Friend;" "Carried by Six;" "Poncho and Lefty;" and "Rolling Out of Reno". HAMMERLOCK's stunning new material will be available on CD in the near future.

LIMECELL:, fresh off of a triumphant Ten Year Anniversary Show in their hometown of Philadelphia, headlined the first night . Kevin, Steve, Bob and the original LIMECELL drummer, Irish Pat, showed why they are one of the most respected bands in all of these United States!!! When Kevin stands with his back to the audience- microphone cord threaded between his outstretched arms, you know "It's Gonna Get Ugly!!" Fuck Yes !!! LIMECELL rocked like crazy!!! Check out this set list from the Number One Skinhead Representative in the Confederacy of Scum: "Hostile City;" "Ayatollah of RnR;" "You're Not Punk, You're Dirty;" "Pest;" "Pirate;" "Crack Hooker;" "Drunk Again;" "Hot for the Slots;" "Dumber;" "I Need a Raise;" "White Trash;" "No Action;" "Rosy Palm;" "Rat Fink;" "Marlboro Miles;" "Flip Flops and Champagne;" "Just Plain Pissed;" "Piss Test;" and a cover of ROSE TATTOO's "Sin City". For an encore LIMECELL did "Drunk Until I Die"—fucking great!

Night Two of the Confederacy of Scum Supershow held a special treat: Travis Hammerlock and Jim Goad covered some country standards for the Scum Rockers. Jim sang while Travis picked acoustic guitar on "Cold Hard Facts of Life" (Porter Wagner), "Marie's the Name (Of His Latest Flame)" (Elvis Presley); "Green Green Grass of Home" (Merle Haggard) and more—great!

The second night's mayhem was ushered in by Oakland's own FRACAS and Joe made true believers out of the early crowd at the bar. This night also features the much-anticipated Las Vegas debut of the TUNNEL RATS—celebrating ten years of punk rock, New Hampshire style! Duke has taken over vocal duties from this brother Captain Leach, with Duke's lovely wife drumming and the infamous B-Face on bass. The set was cut short due to some misunderstanding with the club, but not before Duke powered through "Run For Your Life…It's the Tunnel Rats." Fucking excellent!

Next up you got RANCID VAT with the very heart and soul of RANCID VAT—the Cosmic Commander making a special appearance on a couple of songs, including a wicked version of "Hostile City USA." Fuck! There is no way to replace Cosmo! No one wants to follow this man on vocals! Fuck!

After RANCID VAT, the mighty COCKNOOSE took the stage with P.P. and the Widowmaker stalking the crowd like crazed carnivores! Fuck! COCKNOOSE pushed the Saturday show into a new realm of nastiness! P.P. had the audience eating out of his hand! His evil charisma reduced this crowd to helpless protoplasm! Sir Barry Hannibal, from ANTiSEEN, played the show with COCKNOOSE after practicing just four songs, and did an incredible job. Read the list of COCKNOOSE hits: "All Jacked Up;" "Deathnoose;" "Kitchen;" "Dirty Dawg;" "Outta My Face;" "Alcohol Burnin';" Livin' On The Run;" "Bloody Chainsaw;" "Everybody Needs a Gun;" "Invader'; 'Punk Rock Outlaws;" "Kicked in the Teeth;" and "All American Boys"—great!!!!!!

The night before the Las Vegas Confederacy of Scum extravaganza is the "Meet and Greet," held Thursday night at the Double Down Bar. Lots of great rock 'n' roll was sprinkled in with the fraternizing. THE VERMIN turned in a stellar set and prepared the crowd for the DEVILTONES from Richmond, Virginia. These guys kicked butt with good rock 'n' roll such as: "I Know I'm Dying", Fire Blood Motor;" "Goddamn;" "Cockpit" and "Belligerents." This is good stuff with a southern spin on a rocket-fueled 50s-inspired garage trash. Notorious rocker Steve Baise (THE DEVIL DOGS) has captured this raw energy on the DEVILTONES' self-released CD. He even adds some guitar on "I Know I'm Dying." For the *Cursed with Firepower* CD get in touch with THE DEVILTONES at www.deviltones.com.

The whole weekend was a smashing success! Thanks goes out to Widowmaker and everyone involved for their tireless efforts—until next year, may the Confederacy of Scum live well and prosper!

RUPTURE has a new EP out for you fucks! This new product is called "Spontaneous Simian Combustion." This material was recorded in 1994 and contains barn stormers like: "731 Squadron;" "Peace Punk;" "Interrupture;" "Left Behind;" "Eyes in the Sky;" "Bomb Awanda;" "The Punk Conspiracy;" "Your Life = Zero;" "Cot Death = Rape;" "Braindeath;" "Life Metal Death Metal;" "The Weak Need a Crutch…While the Strong Can't Be Touched;" "Protracted Torment;" "Duplication Ceremony" and "Whateva 'Appened to Poonk?" RUPTURE were then, as now, known for their cutting lyrics. Read the words to "Inter Rupture": "Don't you feel so alone / Pressure from the outside hammering in your skull / Been dropped in the nullified zone / You're trapped in your mind it's where you're most at home / Someone's screaming and looking down at you / You've been fucked up from being told what to do / You're not alone coz there's plenty more like you / Helpless cowards that populate this world / The angel of death's wings are unfurled / Apocalypse gonna happen for you / Gonna stamp out your flame and maybe real soon." Brutal!!

One of the most ambitious double seven inches released in recent memory is called *Kobenhavn I Ruiner* and this compilation reads like a Who's Who of Danish punk rock. Look at this list of bands and some of the outrageously great punk rock that they provide: THE SNIPERS doing 'The Howling;" the great AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ doing "Truslen Fra Det Ydre Rum;" PARAGRAF 119 doing "Tofrontskrig;" INCONTROLLADOS doing "Sieg Halleluja;" GORILLA ANGREB doing "Kobenhavn (Ligger I Ruiner)" and "Soldat Til Leje;" URO doing "I Dag Dor Staten;" LOKUM doing "Cementrytter;" AKTIV DODSHJAELP doing "Malgruppe," "Ingen Facder," and "Forventninger;" YOUNG WASTENERS, (part of AMDI PETERSEN ARMÉ), doing "Stained Circle;" NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS doing "Angels of Destruction;" SLAVE doing "Krig" & "Nazi-Polizei;" and last, but not least, ASBEST doing "Dodskontrol" and "Spil Dod." Fucking amazing! Write to Kick n' Punch Records, PO Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen N., Denmark.

Haunted Town Records has a blistering CD compilation available for you punks and skins. Midwest Rules II features great material from THE DAGGERS doing "You're Weak, We're Strong;" THEE ALMIGHTY HANGOVERS, from Lexington, Kentucky doing "Jaded" and "Beer Drinkin';" BUMP-N-UGLIES doing "Fed Up", "Plastic Bomb" and "At the Local Bar;" THE ROUSTABOUTS, from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma rocking out with "This Town" and "No Surrender;" the fabulous TANKA RAY with their songs "Six Month Skin" and "Last One to Run;" the BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS ripping on their song "Our Little Secret;" plus selections by the PHENOMS, GRENDEL, NINE POUND HAMMER, the MASHERS, the GOTARDS, SOUTH PAW MANNERS, and FORGOTTEN FOUR. This is a good compilation! Write to Haunted Town Records, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave., #169, Chicago, IL 60647; www.hauntedtownrecord.com.

The CHAOTIX from Japan have a screaming new EP for you chaos punks! The EP is called "Broaden Your Horizons" and this shit punks out hard! After the lead off tune '"Broaden Your

Horizons," CHAOTIX crash into "Judge For Yourself," "Circle of Friends," and "Destructions"—Great! The guitar player feeds you lots of metal riffs real fast! Side two continues the first rate punk explosion with "Fuckin' Poisute Smoker," "Act of War." with its great sing-along vocals, and "Existence." Fucking raging, raw, shouted punk with frenzied guitar! Very Good! Write Crew for Life Records, 5-4-58 5-402, Fujimi-Cho, Higashimuray, Tokyo, 189-0024, Japan.

Veteran Japanese punk band, GRIFFIN has an interesting 7" available for you punks. It's called *Flabby Bastard,* and on this release GRIFFIN has taken a page out of the COCKNEY REJECTS book of punk. The "B" side is "The Laughters and the Tears" and this is melodic punk rock circa 1983 in the UK. Quite good! Contact the GRIFFIN official website at www.griffin.ne.jp.

Until next month—
See you around.
I'll be seeing you.
See you in hell.

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

It is great for suspense, but the long distance thing can be hard. It's good to miss somebody, as long as you don't have to wait too, too long.

So I showed up at the club after J Church's set and said, "move over, Lance, make room for one more. I'm tired and sick, but I'm going with you up to Portland. I have a date."

J Church was touring with a baby (see the "Screaming Babies!" article in this issue). Eva was generally more of a chatty type, but that night she screamed for all she was worth. Fortunately, I was so knocked out on Nyquil, I slept like a baby is supposed to sleep, myself. When we showed up the next morning at the boy's house, I was just refreshed enough to go back to bed.

But I had another agenda for the weekend, too, not such a nice one. That night I spent hours talking to a friend who had been accused of rape. My friend described the sexual encounters, denying the rape. I didn't know the woman who had accused him, and didn't have a way to talk to her. I *wanted* to talk to her, though I also understood why she might want to stay anonymous. But it was impossible to mine the truth—the truth of her experience—from his version of events. On the one side, as it so often happens when sexual violence comes up in the punk scene, you had him—in full color, loud and clear, known and connected. On the other side, you had her—but not her—only her accusation, floating on the wind, unattached to a face, name, or voice. I wanted her to have those things; to cast off the shadows, even the scales, to bring her story to life too.

The questions had been coming up a lot recently, and they weighed heavily on my mind. How can we, as punks, address rape fairly and seriously? What is the difference between accountability and punishment? How can we determine guilt, when the stories differ? How can we ever know What Really Happened?*

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That was back in August, the weekend of the annual Portland Zine Symposium. I didn't get the new *Ration* done in time, and I didn't have *Maximums* to peddle either. But I went on down anyway, still sick, but happy to be incognito, tagging along after Chris as she made the rounds with *Slug & Lettuce.*

When I saw the *Razorcake* table I went over to meet the editors, excited to talk to somebody who wasn't selling homemade soap. Sean (Carswell) and Todd (Taylor) were nice guys, and we had a nice chat about image bleeds and paper stock—topics most people don't seem to find quite as fascinating.

Later in the afternoon, sick of schmoozing, I was hiding (not very well, it turns out) on the balcony, deliciously alone with the latest *Snakepit* anthology. *Razorcake* Sean came out to talk to me. After a little this-and-that, he asked me what I thought about the Rich Mackin thing.

Rich Mackin. That guy who writes wacky letters to corporations and tours around with Against Me. He also had a column in *Razorcake,* and books out on Gorsky Press, their publishing wing. What Rich Mackin thing?

There were fliers being passed around the zine symposium, apparently, denouncing Mackin, but I hadn't seen them. There was also a sticker in the girls' bathroom, which said, I think, "Rich Mackin is a rapist." The story was that he had been accused of sexual assault and rape by three women, two of them in a zine called *Baby, I'm a Manarchist,* which was distributed at Beantown Zinetown, a zine fair Mackin organized in March.

Sean pointed over the balcony to where Mackin was sitting, alone on a bench outside the symposium. He had been asked not to come, but had decided to anyway—just not inside the building. They were going to have a discussion there later—did I want to go talk to him? I told Sean I wasn't really up for that, but that in my opinion, pretty much always, when accusations came up, something had Really Happened. I agreed with him that there should be dialogue, and that we needed to find better ways than fliers and stickers, outings in zines, and so on, to deal with it. Sean and I only exchanged a few words, but my sense was that we were on the same page, that he was interested in approaching the situation fairly.

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Then, back home, a month or two later, I picked up the new *Razorcake* (#16).

Baby, I'm a Manarchist had included a list of demands for Mackin, one of which was to publicly acknowledge his actions in detail. He does so in his *Razorcake* column. Here's the short version: he was hanging out with one of the women, who he knew had a history of being sexually assaulted. He started rubbing her back. Somewhere in the course of conversation, she told him that breast contact was off limits. Nonetheless, in the course of massaging her, he pulled up her shirt and kissed her breast, after saying, "I am going to do something." Another woman spent the night in his bed, telling him she wanted to "non-sexually cuddle." They both got sexually charged, and the issue of sex came up. She told him that she didn't think it was a good idea. Nonetheless, he was "a bit touchy-feely"—his hand found its way down her pants sometime during the night. The third woman, a friend who Mackin "had a sexual history with," ended their friendship after *Baby, I'm a Manarchist* was distributed, claiming that she had often felt pressured into having sex with him. She described the tone of the relationship as "coercive."

I mean, what a creep. The first two women he was with made their boundaries absolutely clear, and Mackin marched right over them. This is a violation of sexual trust in the simplest sense. It's reprehensible. It's gross.

But do you know the thought that first flashed through my mind? *Big deal. That happens all the time.* It's happened to me. I've spent the night with my clothes on in bed with a trusted friend, one with whom I thought the issue of sex had been brought up and put aside. In bed I turned him down, again, only to wake up in the middle of the night with his hands all over me.

Did I make an accusation of sexual assault? No, but I didn't feel as vulnerable as these women probably were, at that time; I didn't feel wrecked. I was lucky not to be haunted by assault or rape. But I was upset, and I felt betrayed.

It happens all the time. It's telling that my first impulse was to dismiss Mackin's behavior—women have to excuse, tolerate, and absorb minor (and not-so-minor) violations from men all the time, just in the daily course of things. Strange as it may seem, we can get used to it, and this is dangerous, because the more we learn to accept it, the less able we are to hear each other.

Mackin's column, for a public confession of wrongdoing, sure does a lot of rationalizing, whining, and nit-picking. He talks a lot about taking full responsibility for what he did, but there's always a "but…" trailing off the end. He takes nearly every available opportunity to point out the shortcomings in his accusers' stories, the understandable "misunderstandings," like, "'Didn't think it was a good idea' isn't a 'yes,' but it isn't a 'no,' either."

A public accusation of this kind in the punk scene is a serious, difficult business, but I resent Mackin's attempts to arouse my sympathy, and I resent his plea for people to call him, and others, on their sexist behavior. Yeah, OK, I know, but is it so outlandish to expect men to take responsibility for their own actions? I mean, *I* don't need anyone to restrain me from touching people in unwanted ways—why should he? Even the sometimes conciliatory tone of his column is discredited by the single, large graphic—a drawing of a screaming guy surrounded by fragmented pieces of comic book sexy girls, with accusing fingers pointing at his head—the poor, tempted, tormented male.

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But Rich's column in this issue, it turns out, is just the beginning. Sean also devotes a long, detailed column to the controversy. He plays angry guy to Mackin's sorry guy, with a belittling and defensive tone that makes Mackin's apologies sound even flimsier.

Sean writes about being pressured by various people to stop publication of Mackin's new book, which had already been printed. Rather than deciding to publish the book regardless of Mackin's guilt, Sean and Todd decide that they "would be very hesitant" about publishing an assaulter. They ended up deciding to continue with publication, after they "reckoned that, based on what (they) knew, Rich had not committed sexual assault…No charges had been filed. No hard evidence had surfaced for us to convict Rich."

Off the bat, here, they dismiss the validity of any *subjective* measure of physical violation—by the women themselves or by any other community–based assessment. They reach, instead, completely out of the punk scene to establish truth—to the legal system, which many of us mistrust intrinsically.

From the start, I was struck by Sean's spiteful, condescending attitude toward the women who accused Mackin, and toward anyone else who attempted to confront the issue. The pull quote at the very beginning of his column is a typical example: "If you're going to ask Todd, Felizon, and me to stop publication on a book that has already been printed," he writes, "the least you could do is point to the spot where the bad man touched you." Because they choose not to go into detail in their zine, he frames these women as children, unable to articulate their injuries.

Over and over, Sean disengages the accusing women from a sense of verbal power. Toward the end of the column, for example, he ostensibly expresses concern for one of the women who published the zine, saying, "we have a woman who is asking for help." The idea is that by accusing Mackin, she is "acting out" some deeper and older injury that she is unable to articulate. By invoking this "cry for help," Sean distracts us from what she *actually* asks for—support from her community. He writes that "she won't feel like herself again until that injury undergoes therapy," but that Mackin, on the other hand, though "he has been injured emotionally somewhere along the line," "doesn't need therapy to curb his non-existent violent tendencies." Interestingly, Sean uses the same argument—that they've been hurt—to argue that she does, and he doesn't, need therapy.

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Sean writes, in Mackin's defense, "You can't call kissing a breast or feeling up a woman who chooses to sleep in your bed sexual assault."

The message, in case you didn't get it, is that we as women can *never* expect physical comfort from men—cuddling, massages, laying in their arms—without being expected to "give it up," even against our will, even in our sleep. I wish I could say it was different from the lesson we learn the hard way when we're young—that if we let men touch us at all, or if we're there in the first place, dressed like that—then we forfeit our right to be defended or protected. But to see this sentiment echoed in the punk scene is particularly depressing for those girls who came into punk in search of a better, deeper autonomy, a place where our bodies are our own terrain, no matter how sexy we dress or where we choose to sleep.

Sean is tired of hearing about women who are victimized by men, he says. He is tired of women who have to "heal." He says he wants to hear from the "opposing female mentality," "where women take control of their lives," "where sex becomes a liberating act and a way of empowering women." The message: you can't be sexually "liberated" and still refuse a man's sexual attention. You can't be empowered and still need time to heal. I wonder how the three women I know who have been raped at knife- or gunpoint would feel about being excluded from the "opposing female mentality." Oh, but wait, that's *different*. If rape is violent enough, the male world is happy to grant a woman victimhood.

Once again, the art illustrating this column is particularly insulting—one piece is a comic from the 70s in which two seemingly male pirates are revealed as hot-n-horny lesbians. The caption reads: "a 70s underground zine that celebrated sex as an empowering act for women."

It's interesting that Sean conjures that old specter of "sexual liberation," that wild, free time in the 60s and 70s when women were made to feel bad about themselves for not giving it up to any hip dude with a hard-on. If a woman makes a claim of sexual injury, he implies, it means she is sort of repressed, unable to recognize or enjoy good sex. But who the fuck is he to tell us what female sexual empowerment is, anyway?

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Personally, I don't care so much whether they publish the book. There is more at stake here than Mackin, his reputation, or his book sales. What angers me is that the scrawled sticker in the bathroom, the photocopied zine, the fliers—these problematic, hasty things—are the women's vehicles for telling their stories and for garnering support. Mackin's vehicle is *Razorcake*, a respected, widely read, well-distributed major punk zine. While the accusers have a paltry, scattered defense, Mackin benefits from the loyal, fatherly defense of his editor. The women in this story remain fuzzy, sketchy, ready to be colored in by Mackin and Sean, while Mackin, on the other hand, can present himself as a whole person, someone you might feel sympathy for. It's not an isolated thing, this set-up. The same scenario has played out in *MRR*, for example, more than once.

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It's not like feminism was ever really intrinsic to punk, but these days it definitely seems to be out of fashion. More and more often, recently, serious, blatant incidences of sexism get brushed aside, not to mention the subtler stuff. Where four or five years ago, even, you might have expected a punk boy to say something about this controversy, for example, now you can expect silence. Or worse, irony and dismissal.

Why is that? Why are punks these days, even ostensibly political punks, so quick to turn their heads from accusations of assault and rape? That's too broad a question to answer here, but I think that partly, this hands-off attitude is a reaction to the play of events in the scene in the early and mid-90s.

Personal zines hit a boom cycle. They became important vehicles, especially for girls, who were (and, of course, still are) underrepresented in bands, the traditional realm of punk rock power. One use of that new space was as a badly needed forum to talk about sexual assault—often in extremely personal narratives. This was empowering for women (and men) who hadn't felt safe enough to discuss their experiences, and who now had an attentive, interactive audience.

But another thing that grew out of these narratives, in some cases, was a sense of identity built on victim-status, which became associated with power in the scene. Definitions of victimhood, and of aggression, became increasingly distorted. Some people who were called out by name were socially condemned for infractions that might not be looked at as severely now. And perpetrators, sometimes, were essentially blacklisted.

I wasn't a part of that scene, but I remember it enough to feel like it went too far. It's these uglier aspects of that time that leave a bad taste in people's mouths, and women calling someone out now have to face a subtle kind of backlash to it; among other things, the assumption that they are in it to gain status as a victim.

It's terrible to watch people repeat all the same mistakes—making unfounded or unnecessary accusations; calling for blacklisting, or for scene trials without the right of the accused to speak. But I also get angry when men use these examples of misguided community action to veer attention away from the issue at hand. I get angry that they never seem to propose better solutions. Public accusations of rape make me really uncomfortable, and I think I speak for most of us there. But the fact remains that no one has come up with a better way, outside of the legal system, for women to publicly identify an assaulter. How *can* a woman speak out without getting singled out and condemned as a liar, or as crazy?

We're left, after these episodes fade away, with the feeling that the whole process was diseased. We remember the shaky convictions, and man's victimization by a "reactionary mob." But the story of the assault itself, the story of What Really Happened, is rarely chronicled, barely remembered.

••••

Language is important here, too.

Sean writes, about Mackin's detractors at the zine fair, "They argued that we need to broaden the term sexual assault. I argued that 'sexual assault' already has a definition. You can't start assigning new meanings to words. You can't start calling cats 'elephants'…" But this isn't an argument; it's a distraction. It misleads us (intentionally, I would venture) from looking very closely at What Really Happened. In fact, "sexual assault"—and also "rape"—do *not* have definitions that we are confident about in normal speech; when we use them we are *not* secure about a common meaning, as we are when we use "cat" or "elephant." The only exact meanings these terms share are their legal definitions (which both Mackin and Sean tap into, again, in their defense). But "sexual assault" has no clear definition in the ordinary sense; it isn't very helpful in trying to understand how people have been hurt, and why, which is what we should really care about.

This discussion is complex, and loaded, because of the ways language serves both the victims of and apologists for sexual trespass. We use the word rape to describe a physical action or actions, but we also rely on it to carry a certain emotional burden. To make the seriousness of rape known, we need this word to hold a sense of the horror of physical invasion, of something sacred defiled, of the core self deeply violated. This meaning, because of its obvious power, is much coveted; people call on it when they talk of the "rape of the earth," and so on. But instead of extending the sense of horror to other things, the result is that it becomes diluted.

The problem is that we are asking too much, from this word, rape. We ask it to tell us What Really Happened, and also to tell us how terrible it felt and feels. A woman who needs to explain that being unwillingly touched in her sleep felt deeply, terribly hurtful is practical in her decision call it rape—there is no other language that will be taken seriously enough. If we had a word that carried that sense of deep violation, but could apply it to a range of particular actions, then we might get somewhere.

We need a vocabulary that's more expansive, but to develop it we need to trust each other's motives in a way I don't think we can—as a larger society, or even, as we're reminded over and over, in the punk scene.

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I've tried to look at this thing from a number of angles. I even tried to walk around in Mackin's shoes, which is sometimes an illuminating exercise, but I was left in the dark. I am alienated by this acquisitive sexuality that wants to take even from those who are unsure about giving, and by the support system that considers it obvious (natural?) to want that.

I've been impressed with *Razorcake*, so far, and I liked Sean and Todd when I met them. But I am disappointed in their attitude about all of this. I'm not really interested in starting a war of words—or rather, I want the words, but not the atmosphere of war—because really this is only about me, or Sean (or Todd or Felizon), insofar as we have influence on major organs of communication in the scene. I'll admit to sometimes arguing for the fun of it, but that's not what I'm doing now. I write this because I hope this will encourage, not debate, in this case, but attempts to understand and to make things better.

I present Sean et al with a challenge—fuck it, I present everybody with a challenge—can you take on sexual trespass/imposition/assault/rape in the spirit of real concern? Can you treat justice and safety for women as priorities, *without* allowing them get confused with the botched efforts of "reactionaries" to address them? Can you argue about the real problems, here, with a sincere hope for change, without getting tangled in the scene machinery of back-and-forth, us-and-them?

There have been no triumphs of women outing men in the punk scene that I can think of—no victories, in fact, for anyone. What I'm really interested in, and I know I'm not alone—is in finding ways to talk about and ultimately stop it from happening, whatever you want to call it, this thing that comes between us.

arwen@maximumrocknroll.com
P.S. The new issue of my zine, *Ration*, is out. It's $1 ppd. to:
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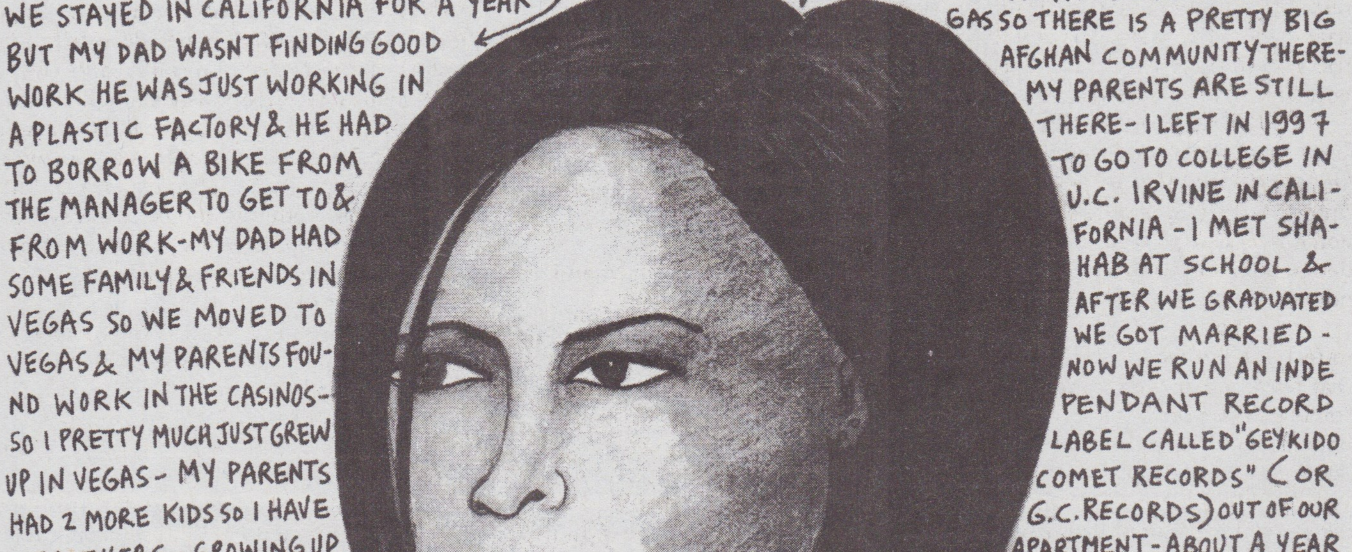
* *I am borrowning this device from Bay Area writer Dorothy Bryant, somewhat out of context. In her 1991 novel The Test, Bryant uses it to distinguish the real truth, as opposed to unreliable or manipulated half-truths of memory, in caring for a difficult, semi-senile parent.*

MY PARENTS WAITED TIL I WAS 1 YEAR OLD BEFORE LEAVING AFGHANISTAN- BOTH MY PARENTS WERE BORN THERE SO I'M FULL AFGHAN & YOU DONT SEE TOO MANY FULL BLOODED PEOPLE ANYMORE - MY DAD WAS WORKING FOR THE AIRLINES-THE MAIN AIRLINE "ARIANA" - I'M NOT SURE WHAT HE DID- HE WASN'T A PILOT HE JUST WORKED THERE - MY MOM WAS GOING TO SCHOOL-SHE ALSO HELPED OUT AT THE PEACE CORPS & SHE WORKED AT THE LIBRARY- I WAS BORN IN 1979 & THE SITUATION IN THE COUNTRY WAS GETTING REALLY WEIRD WITH THE SOVIETS COMING IN-THE SOVIETS I THINK WANTED TO INSTALL A COMMUNIST REGIME - WHEN MY PARENTS LEFT THEY PLANNED ON RETURNING THEY NEVER THOUGHT THEY WOULD HAVE TO LEAVE FOREVER- IT WAS STILL EARLY ENOUGH THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO LEAVE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE-THEY WERENT PLANNING ON TAKING ME AT FIRST BUT MY GRAMMA CONVINCED THEM TO TAKE ME IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENED & THEY COULDNT COME BACK- FIRST WE WENT TO ROME FOR A FEW MONTHS WHILE THEY GOT THE PAPER WORK IN ORDER-THEN WE FLEW TO NEW YORK & FROM THERE LOS ANGELES - MY DAD'S UNCLE LIVED IN LONGBEACH-SO WE STAYED IN CALIFORNIA FOR A YEAR BUT MY DAD WASNT FINDING GOOD WORK HE WAS JUST WORKING IN A PLASTIC FACTORY & HE HAD TO BORROW A BIKE FROM THE MANAGER TO GET TO & FROM WORK-MY DAD HAD SOME FAMILY & FRIENDS IN VEGAS SO WE MOVED TO VEGAS & MY PARENTS FOUND WORK IN THE CASINOS- SO I PRETTY MUCH JUST GREW UP IN VEGAS- MY PARENTS HAD 2 MORE KIDS SO I HAVE 2 BROTHERS- GROWING UP IN VEGAS WAS PRETTY NORMAL CUZ ITS ALL I KNEW & SINCE MY FAMILY WORKED IN THE CASINOS THEY DIDNT REALLY WANT TO GO THERE WHEN THEY WERENT WORKING- OVER THE YEARS WE HAD A LOT OF RELATIVES MOVING TO VEGAS SO THERE IS A PRETTY BIG AFGHAN COMMUNITY THERE- MY PARENTS ARE STILL THERE- I LEFT IN 1997 TO GO TO COLLEGE IN U.C. IRVINE IN CALIFORNIA - I MET SHAHAB AT SCHOOL & AFTER WE GRADUATED WE GOT MARRIED- NOW WE RUN AN INDEPENDANT RECORD LABEL CALLED "GEYKIDO COMET RECORDS" (OR G.C. RECORDS) OUT OF OUR APARTMENT- ABOUT A YEAR AGO WE PUT OUT A RECORD TO BENEFIT AFGHANI WOMEN - I GOT TO MEET SOME AMAZING PEOPLE & WORKED WITH SOME COOL ORGANIZATIONS THAT HELP AFGHAN WOMEN- MY PARENTS WERE VERY HAPPY WITH THAT RELEASE...



Heela Naqshband - 07/04/2k3 - Orange County, CA

I met Heela with her husband Shahab while traveling with the Primate Freedom Tour back in 1999 - they run a cool punk record label called Geykido Comet Records & they got me to do artwork for some of their compilation CDs plus they put my band Zero Content on the CD too! - They also put together a benefit CD for the women of RAWA (Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan) & AWM (Afghan Women's Mission) - the latest news is that they are anxiously expecting their first bambino in May 2004!!

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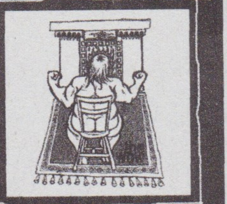

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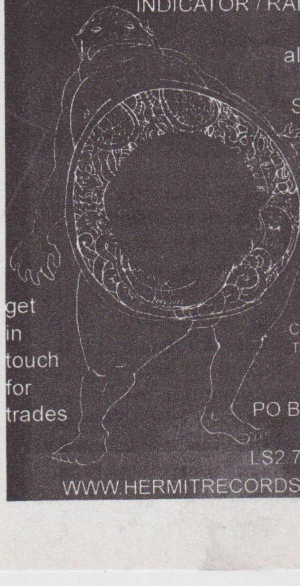

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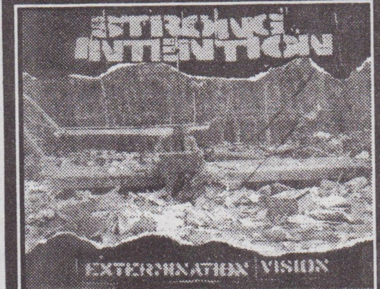

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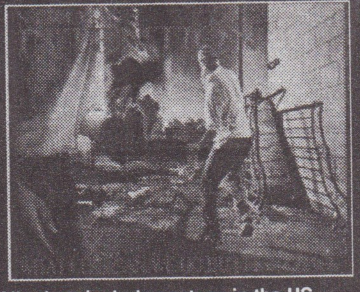

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MRR NEWS

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Dec. 2003
compiled by:
Arwen Curry

OAKLAND VS. WAL-MART

by Ruth Rosen

Wal-Mart doesn't take no for an answer. When Contra Costa County passed a ban on "big box" super-centers, which combine general merchandise and full-service grocery departments, the largest corporation in the world parachuted in paid workers to gather enough signatures to place a referendum on the ban on the March ballot.

Now, Wal-Mart faces another foe—the city of Oakland, which passed an ordinance Tuesday night that bans the building of super-centers that include full-service supermarkets and exceed 2.5 acres in size. Smaller big-box stores (including Wal-Mart) and supermarkets would not be affected.

Not everyone agrees with the city council's decision. Wal-Mart officials, for their part, view their intention to build 40 new super-centers in California as providing "consumer choice."

Council member Desley Brooks, who cast a "no" vote on the ban, told me, "We're always saying Oakland wants to court retail business and increase jobs, but then we put up these obstacles. People in Oakland will just drive to another city." Instead of paying $5 for a box of cereal at Safeway, for example, a shopper could buy the same item for $1.97 at Wal-Mart. So, say opponents, isn't the city council acting against the interests of the poor, who want low prices and desperately need low-skilled jobs?

In the short term, yes. But the city council, especially council President Ignacio de la Fuente and council member Jane Brunner, who introduced and fought for the ordinance, were looking at the larger picture.

"Superstores like Wal-Mart" Ignacio de la Fuente told me, "have a detrimental impact on the local economy. They wipe out mom-and-pop stores and discourage other supermarkets from coming into the neighborhood. They also cause greater traffic congestion and air pollution because people frequently drive across town to shop for groceries at super-centers. Most importantly, they depress the wages of workers and offer unaffordable health benefits so that taxpayers have to pay for those workers' health services."

He's right. Wal-Mart, for example, has already pushed some two dozen national supermarket chains into bankruptcy during the last 10 years by paying poverty-level wages, offering unaffordable health benefits and underselling other big box stores by importing goods made by cheap foreign labor. The average Wal-Mart grocery worker earns $8.50 an hour, which results in a below poverty-level annual income of $14,000. By contrast, a union worker at a supermarket earns $17 an hour, plus health benefits, which allows working families to share a slice of the American Dream and keeps taxpayers from picking up the tab for their health care.

Richard Benson, President of the United Food and Commercial Workers, AFL- CIO, knows what Wal-Mart super-centers do to workers, their families and neighborhoods. To the council, he argued that "The combined negative effects on the community far outweigh consumer savings that can be realized at a super- center. . . . It is important to remember that the lower prices offered by stores like Wal-Mart are in large measure a function of labor costs more than 20 percent lower than supermarkets and other competitors, which in turn result in lower community standards."

Oakland now joins a few dozen cities and counties—from Stratham, N. H., to Bozeman, Mont.—who have banned such super-stores by convincing their residents that if they pay less at a super store, they end up paying more taxes when workers land on the public dole. With $245 billion in revenues, however, Wal-Mart can easily afford to fight off unions that try to organize its workers and cities that try to ban its stores.

Stay tuned: The Wal-Mart wars in California have just begun.

ISRAEL TO KEEP BUILDING BARRIER DESPITE UN CENSURE

by Matt Spetalnick

JERUSALEM - Israel vowed Wednesday to press on with construction of its vast barrier cutting into Palestinian territory in the West Bank despite a U.N. resolution demanding it be torn down.

"The fence will continue being built and we will go on taking care of the security of Israel's citizens," Deputy Prime Minister Ehud Olmert told Israel Radio, reaffirming the position of Israel's right-leaning government.

Late Tuesday, the U.N. General Assembly overwhelmingly passed a resolution calling the sprawling network of fences and walls a "contradiction to international law" and ordering Israel to "stop and reverse" its construction on Palestinian lands.

Olmert said the Israeli government would defy what he called "the dictates of an automatic, hostile, inconsiderate and misguided (U.N.) majority that always acts against Israel."

Israel says it is a security fence to keep out suicide bombers. Palestinians call it a new "Berlin Wall" that cuts deep into territory they want for a state. The United States, Israel's chief ally, has expressed misgivings about the project.

The U.N. resolution said the barrier could imperil efforts to reach a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, as called for in a U.S.-backed peace plan, which has been stalled by persistent tit-for-tat violence.

Two days after deadly air strikes in Gaza, Israeli forces killed three militants in the West Bank Wednesday, including a local leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). It vowed a "painful response with bombs and bullets."

Palestinian chief negotiator Saeb Erekat told Reuters: "The Israeli statement reflects an Israeli determination to continue violating international law and continue the path of occupation and settlement rather than peace and reconciliation."

Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said in an interview last week that Israel would complete the barrier—which will eventually run 350 km (210 miles) -- despite a U.S. threat to reduce $9 billion in loan guarantees to the Jewish state.

Washington is concerned the project prejudges borders that should be decided in negotiations.

U.N. VOTE

Arab states took the dispute to an emergency session of the 191-nation General Assembly after the United States last week vetoed a similar measure in the 15-nation Security Council.

Tuesday's vote on the resolution was 144-4 with 12 abstentions. The United States and Israel voted "no."

Unlike the U.N. Security Council, the General Assembly is not empowered to pass resolutions that are legally binding and acts more as a bellwether of world opinion.

The vote capped six hours of haggling between European Union and Arab governments over the text of the measure, which initially had been drafted by Palestinian U.N. envoy Nasser al-Kidwa and took a harsher line against Israeli actions.

U.S. Ambassador John Negroponte said last week the measure he vetoed was biased against Israel.

EU diplomats said Tuesday's resolution was far more balanced since it condemned a suicide bombing that killed 21 people in the Israeli city of Haifa on October 4. It also criticized Israeli settlement building and land confiscation.

Wednesday, Israeli forces focused on the West Bank after air strikes in the Gaza Strip Monday in which hospital officials said 10 Palestinians were killed, most of them civilians. The Gaza attacks drew international criticism.

Soldiers shot dead a PFLP member in Hebron and another militant in Qalqilya, the army and Palestinian sources said. Military sources said troops later shot dead a gunman after he wounded two Jewish settlers in an ambush in Hebron.

Israeli tanks and troops also rolled into the West Bank city of Ramallah overnight, encircling a mosque and firing at stone-throwers before withdrawing several hours later. Medical officials said 16 Palestinians were wounded.

COURTROOM DRAMA: PEASANTS SUE MAJOR US OIL FIRM

by Jim Lobe
photo by REUTERS/Lou Dematteis

A landmark class-action lawsuit by 30,000 Ecuadoran peasants and Indians against ChevronTexaco, which bounced around U.S. federal courts for nearly a decade, finally got underway this week in a small courthouse in a remote area of Ecuador.

But a U.S. federal appeals court will be playing close attention to the case. The U.S. Second Circuit Court of Appeals in New York ruled last May that it will enforce any judgment rendered by the Ecuadoran court against the company, or send the case to a trial court in the United States, if it believes that the plaintiffs do not get a fair hearing in the Ecuador courts.

JUSTICIA
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At stake is a $1 billion complaint by the 30,000 plaintiffs, who claim that the oil company systematically destroyed the local environment and damaged the health of area residents and stock animals through massive dumping of toxic fluids and crude oil over a 21-year period that ended in 1992.

The case may also establish a procedure whereby multinational corporations that frequently exploit weaknesses in the judicial systems of poor countries to escape liability for their actions abroad are held accountable by courts in their home jurisdictions.

"This case has the potential to establish a new accountability for U.S. oil companies that think they can operate abroad without adhering to responsible environmental practices," according to Cristobal Bonifaz, the lead attorney for some 88 named plaintiffs.

ChevronTexaco has repeatedly called on the courts to dismiss the case on the grounds that its subsidiary, Texaco Petroleum Company (TexPet), paid $40 million in 1998 to clean waste pits and other polluted sites that it left behind after it ceased operations in 1992.

It has also contended that TexPet was a minority partner in a consortium led by PetroEcuador, the state oil company, and that its clean-up was certified by the government as satisfying its obligations in 1998. It argued as well that it did not violate any laws that were in force during the period of operations and that a new law—under which the case has been filed—requiring mining companies to clean up their pollution, cannot be applied retroactively.

However, in the view of plaintiffs' attorneys, TexPet's performance in the region was particularly egregious.

Over the 21 years, it dumped almost 500 million barrels of wastewater containing crude oil and cancer-causing heavy metals. It also left behind nearly 350 open waste pits—some just a few feet from the homes of residents—that sickened and eventually killed hundreds of people and animals over the past three decades.

The waste pits now blanket much of the northern Amazon region, and their contents have leeched into groundwater and rivers that residents rely on for drinking water and bathing, according to the complaint, which cites a study by the London School of Epidemiology of one small community in the affected area where cancer rates were found to be many times higher than historical norms and the incidence of larynx cancer, in particular, was 30 times higher than the norm for males.

Three indigenous tribes—the Cofan, Secoya, and Siona—were especially hard hit. Many members have contracted cancer and died, and most of the rivers in their ancestral lands are so polluted that many of the survivors have moved elsewhere. The Cofan, who in 1971--when the consortium first began operations on their lands—numbered 15,000, have seen their population in the area plunge to less than 300 today.

"We believe that what ChevronTexaco did in the Ecuador rainforest was not only negligent, but might rise to the level of reckless behavior," Joseph Kohn, another of the plaintiffs' attorneys, told IPS.

"The company claims it was fine because it did not violate any of Ecuador's laws at the time, but, at the time, Ecuador had no environmental laws governing oil extraction because it had no oil industry," he said. The complaint alleges that the company failed to adhere to accepted clean-up standards followed by the industry at the time, even though those standards had not been incorporated into local law.

The major issue making the case controversial in the United States, where it was originally filed, was whether U.S. courts could appropriately assert jurisdiction, given that the alleged behavior took place in Ecuador and the plaintiffs were all Ecuadoran.

The Second Circuit's ruling to essentially retain jurisdiction while the case is tried in Ecuador appeared designed to ensure that the plaintiffs would get their full day in court.

Multinational corporations frequently prefer to have cases of this kind brought against them in local countries, where they can use procedural delays, and, in some cases, even bribery to avoid unfavorable judgments.

In those cases where judgments have eventually been rendered against them anyway, companies have claimed they did not receive due process and then refused to pay, counting on their economic weight in the country where they were sued to prevent enforcement.

The frequency with which such maneuvers have taken place apparently played a key role in persuading the Second Circuit to retain jurisdiction over the case and pledging to enforce any judgment against the company.

"The United States court has leveled the playing field by ruling that a small court in a remote town of Ecuador has the same power over a $99 billion multinational corporation as a federal court in Manhattan," said Bonifaz after the appeals court decision was handed down last May. "This alone is a breakthrough."

The case is being pursued at a time when U.S.-based energy and mining companies operating in Latin America are coming under growing attack for the environmental and social damage their operations have caused. Some projects—such as the Crude Oil Pipeline (OCP) in Ecuador, and the Camisea gas project in neighboring Peru, financing for which was denied by the U.S. Export-Import Bank last summer—have proven so controversial that underwriters have had difficulties raising funds to complete them.

In addition, Latin American courts are increasingly permitting "class actions" by workers against multinational corporations for environmental and health damages caused by their operations.

In January, for example, a Nicaraguan court ordered Shell Oil, Dole Food, and Dow Chemical to pay nearly $500 million to 450 workers exposed to a pesticide that rendered them impotent. To date, however, the companies have refused to pay.

Some of the plaintiffs in the Ecuador flew to the San Francisco Bay area, ChevronTexaco's home base, to mark the trial's opening. Amazon Watch and several other non-governmental organizations (NGOs) that support the plaintiffs held a small demonstration outside the company's headquarters Monday, on the eve of the opening of the trial.

Human Rights Watch Documents 20 Civilian Deaths in Postwar Baghdad; Dozens More Reported

by Karen Matthews

A human rights organization says it has confirmed 20 civilian deaths under questionable circumstances in Baghdad since May 1, when President Bush declared an end to major combat operations in Iraq, and has received credible reports of dozens more.

In a report released late Monday, Human Rights Watch also accused the U.S. military of failing to conduct proper investigations into excessive or indiscriminate use of force in the Iraqi capital.

"It's a tragedy that U.S. soldiers have killed so many civilians in Baghdad," said Joe Stork, acting executive director of the Middle East and North Africa division of the New York-based group, which monitors human rights abuses around the world.

"But it's really incredible that the U.S. military does not even count these deaths," Stork said. "Any time U.S. forces kill an Iraqi civilian in questionable circumstances, they should investigate the incident."

Lt. Col. George Krivo, a spokesman for the U.S. command in Baghdad, said Monday that he had not seen the report, but added that "we do take investigations very seriously."

Human Rights Watch said it was able to confirm 20 civilian deaths caused by U.S. forces in Iraq's capital between May 1 and Sept. 30, based on interviews with witnesses and victims' relatives. The organization also said it received "credible reports" that U.S. forces killed another 74 civilians under questionable circumstances during the five-month period.

The organization recommended better language and cultural training, as well as more accountability for soldiers who now operate "with virtual impunity in Iraq."

In compiling its report, Human Rights Watch said it conducted more than 60 interviews, reviewed police records and media accounts, and collected information from the military and human rights groups.

As of Oct. 1, the organization said, U.S. forces had acknowledged completing five investigations above the division level into alleged unlawful killings of civilians. In four of those incidents, soldiers were found to have operated within rules of engagement. In the fifth case, a helicopter pilot and his commander face disciplinary action for removing a Shi'a banner from a tower, which led to an altercation with demonstrators in which one or more civilians may have been killed.

Krivo said investigations are ongoing into two fatal incidents. One centers on the Sept. 12 killing of eight Iraqi police officers and one Jordanian guard by soldiers of the 82nd Airborne Division. The other involves the killing of an Iraqi, he said, but no other details were provided.

The deaths Human Rights Watch documented fall into three categories: those that occurred in raids; those in which the group alleges that soldiers responded disproportionately and indiscriminately to attacks; and those of Iraqis who failed to stop at checkpoints.

"U.S. checkpoints constantly shift throughout Baghdad, and are sometimes not well marked, although sign visibility is improving," the report said. "A dearth of Arabic interpreters and poor understanding of Iraqi hand gestures cause confusion, with results that are sometimes fatal for civilians."

The report's author, Human Rights Watch consultant Fred Abrahams, said the report was limited to deaths in Baghdad because it was "the natural place to begin."

AP Special Correspondent Charles J. Hanley in Baghdad contributed to this report.

On the Net: www.hrw.org

SOLDIERS RIPE TO RESIST?

by Ruth Rosen

President Bush is busily trying to convince Americans that the war in Iraq is a phenomenal success. Meanwhile, a recent survey conducted by the military newspaper Stars and Stripes found that half of the troops described their unit's morale as low and a third complained that their mission had little or no value. Many viewed themselves as sitting ducks, rather than soldiers engaged in war.

Last year, I heard a historian describe the Iraq war as Vietnam on crack cocaine. It was an apt comment. It took years, not months, before large numbers of civilians and soldiers questioned the sanity and cost of that war.

This time, the anti-war movement started before the invasion of Iraq. It may not be long before GIs refuse to follow orders or ask for discharges based on their conscientious objection to the occupation.

Many groups are supporting such dissatisfaction among the troops, including Veterans for Peace and Veterans for Common Sense. Some of the most anguished opposition appears on Web sites created by "Military Families Speak Out" and "Bring Them Home Now."

Also drawing attention is an "Open Letter to Soldiers Who are Involved in the Occupation of Iraq" posted Sept. 19 on the Internet by two men who know about refusing military orders.

James Skelly, now a senior fellow at the Baker Institute for Peace Conflict Studies at Juniata College in Pennsylvania, was a lieutenant in the Navy during the '60s. Rather than serve in Vietnam, he applied for a discharge based on his conscientious objection to the war. When the Pentagon refused his application, he sued Defense Secretary Melvin Laird for being illegally held by the military and became a West Coast founder of the Concerned Officer Movement.

Guy Grossman is a graduate student in philosophy at Tel-Aviv University who serves as a second lieutenant in the Israeli reserve forces. He is one of the founders of "Courage to Refuse," a group of more than 500 soldiers who have refused to serve in the Occupied Territories for conscientious reasons.

"We write this letter," the two begin, "because we have both been military officers during conflicts that descended into a moral abyss and from which we struggled to emerge with our humanity intact." Addressing the terror and moral anguish faced by soldiers who cannot distinguish friend from foe, they write, "From time to time . . . some of you may want to take revenge for the deaths of your fellow soldiers." But they urge soldiers "to step back from such sentiments because the lives of innocent people will be placed at further risk, and your very humanity itself will be threatened."

They explain how soldiers can legally express their moral objections, but also warn of the physical dangers and social consequences that can result from open opposition to the occupation.

Knowing the cost of war to the human heart, they end with these words: "Regardless of what you decide, it is our fervent desire that. . . you ultimately return to your homes with your humanity enriched, rather than diminished."

Reached in Denmark, Skelly told me that although soldiers have not yet responded to the letter, some family members have replied quite favorably. One mother thanked him and wrote, "We are passing it around and surely many copies will find their way into Iraq." The sister of a Navy weapons officer explained why, after nine years in the service, her brother resigned his commission after his application for conscientious objection was denied. "Because of all the reasons you describe; I hope some soldiers will hear you and Guy Grossman—and their own consciences."

"These families know their loved ones are fodder," said Skelly. The question is: What will happen when soldiers say the same thing?

Poor vs. Profit in Bolivian Revolt

by Keith Slack

When the government of Bolivia collapsed Friday, the development highlighted a series of fundamental questions that are bedeviling much of South America, where globalization has led to a dramatic increase in foreign investment — but where the benefits have largely failed to trickle down to the poor. President Gonzalo Sanchez de Lozada resigned after impoverished indigenous groups, which make up the majority of the population, took to the streets to protest the government's plan to export natural gas to the U.S. and Mexico. The protests were met with violent repression by Bolivian security forces; scores of people died during the last week of rioting.

But the issues raised by Bolivia's "gas war" will not go away; they will only become more important throughout the region as plans to further liberalize trade and investment move inexorably forward. Bolivia is a stark illustration of the damage caused by unchecked economic liberalization in Latin America.

In the mid-1980s, at the behest of the International Money Fund, Bolivia slashed its public payroll and opened up its natural resource sectors, the traditional basis of the country's economy, to foreign investment. Inflation, which had once run as high as 24,000%, plummeted and economic growth surged as state-owned enterprises were privatized. But Bolivia's poor, indigenous peoples were left behind. Profits from oil, gas and mining sectors either exited the country or ended up in the pockets of its minority white elites.

Bolivia's experience mirrors that of Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. According to the World Bank, Latin America has the highest level of inequality in the world today. This entrenched inequality has contributed to a crisis level of conflict between indigenous populations and transnational oil, gas and mining concerns and the governments that court them. Examples abound. In Colombia, the U'wa strenuously oppose the presence of Los Angeles-based Occidental Petroleum on their land, going so far as to threaten collective suicide. In Ecuador, Shuar and Achuar communities have taken legal action to prevent Houston-based oil company Burlington Resources from dividing their communities. In Peru, communities across the Andes have united to press Canadian, Australian and American mining companies to better respect their rights.

As bad as this situation is, it may get worse. Next month in Miami, the U.S. will be pushing nations to join the Free Trade Area of the Americas agreement — referred to derisively by some critics as "NAFTA on steroids." If it goes into effect, the FTAA will greatly reduce the ability of governments in the region to regulate the effect foreign mining, natural gas and petroleum concerns have on local communities and the environment. A Canadian mining company is threatening to use a provision in NAFTA to sue the U.S. government over environmental regulations imposed on its operation in California. Such actions would only become more pervasive with the enactment of the FTAA.

In order to reverse the dangerous trend toward civil strife and state instability in the region, a number of urgent changes must be made in how South America manages its natural resources. International agencies must not force countries like Bolivia to open their resource sectors to foreign investment in exchange for aid. They should instead help governments better manage the social and environmental effects these investments have on poor, native populations.

The United States and other developed nations must help South American governments strengthen their accountability and responsiveness to the needs of all their citizens. Companies benefiting from liberalized investment regulations must become more transparent in declaring how much money they are taking out of the country and how much they are paying to their host country governments. These companies must also respect the basic rights of indigenous peoples and protect the environment.

Bolivia and its neighbors should be allowed to protect certain sectors, especially agriculture, that can provide more direct benefits to the poor than resource extraction can.

Rich countries like the U.S. must end the blatant hypocrisy of providing subsidies to their own farmers while not allowing poor countries to subsidize theirs. They must also open their markets to imports from poor countries.

The tragedy unfolding in Bolivia is clear evidence that the global economic rules made in places like Washington and Geneva have real and often very painful effects in poor countries. It is squarely within the interest of the U.S. and other highly industrialized nations to finally put the basic economic, social and cultural rights of the Southern Hemisphere's poorest above sheer profit alone.

Keith Slack is a senior policy advisor at Oxfam America.

BARBOUR'S RACIST LINKS TAR BUSH TOO

by Derrick Z. Jackson

At the Asian economic summit in Bangkok, President Bush condemned the recent anti-Jewish tirade of Malaysia's Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad. Bush said it was "wrong and divisive" and "stands squarely against what I believe."

When Bush gets home, there is more wrong and divisive politicking he should stand squarely against: The good ol' boy antics of Haley Barbour.

Barbour is the former chairman of the Republican National Committee who is running for governor of Mississippi. In mid-September Bush spoke at a fundraiser for Barbour in Jackson, Miss., that attracted 1,100 people and raised at least $1.2 million.

At the luncheon, Bush said he was "proud to be on stage with the future Mississippi governor."

Bush continued: "I know him. This isn't just your typical hot air. I know him well. He recounted some of our history. We've been friends for a long time. . . . he never forgot his roots."

Some of Barbour's roots were exposed this month when it was reported that a photo of Barbour is on the home page of the Council of Conservative Citizens, the racist group that is an offshoot of the old segregationist white citizens councils that tried to hold back the civil rights movement. The photo was taken at a county political barbecue. Barbour is pictured along with five other men, including CCC field director Bill Lord.

The CCC gained notoriety in the mid-1990s when it became known that Trent Lott, the former Senate majority leader, also from Mississippi, had spoken before it. Nothing has changed about the CCC. Its website is full of direct links to blatant racism, anti-Semitism, and homophobia.

The home page features an article titled "In Defense of Racism." The article maintains that "certain racial groups show a marked proclivity for physical violence. Generally, those racial groups possess lower IQs. . . . No amount of learning, welfare, affirmative action, or socialization will interfere with the behavioral response of lower IQ races. . . . Blacks, who are given to physical violence at a rate 50 times that of whites, Mexicans, and certain Pacific Islanders, are among these groups."

Among the things that Mohamad said that White House spokesman Scott McClellan condemned as "hate-filled" was that "Jews rule the world by proxy. . . . they have now gained control of the most powerful countries."

You can find almost exactly the same notions in the "Defense of Racism." The article says, "Even the seemingly amenable Jew carries the DNA which will cause his progeny to want to control our offspring."

Particularly galling is that Barbour has refused to ask the CCC to take the photo of him off its home page. "I don't care who has my picture," Barbour was quoted as saying in an Associated Press article. He continued: "Once you start down the slippery slope of saying 'That person can't be for me,' then where do you stop? Old segregationists? Former Ku Klux Klan like Robert Byrd?"

That tired reference to the Democratic senator from West Virginia, who, like President Johnson, matured out of his racist roots to support policies meant to overcome the effects of racism, cannot mask the fact that Barbour is in bed with today's segregationists. It cannot mask the fact that the Republican Party, at its root, cannot kick today's racists out of bed.

Barbour has reportedly invited Bush to come back for another rally on Nov. 1, three days before the election. If Barbour remains pigheaded about the photo and what it represents, it puts Bush in the position of continuing the cowardice he displayed in the 2000 campaign, where he spoke at Bob Jones University in South Carolina without any reference to its ban on interracial dating, its threats to kick gay alumni off campus, and its anti-Catholic history.

At his September speech, Bush acknowledged several luminaries in the audience, including Mississippi's Senator Trent Lott, who was forced to step down as majority leader after glorifying former senator Strom Thurmond's segregationist past. Bush said of Lott, "We both love our country."

Lott long ago made it clear that in his mind, "our country" was a white-run country. Barbour has defiantly picked up Lott's mantle. In the September fundraiser, Bush said that Barbour is "a fellow that when he picks up the phone, the president might just go ahead and answer it." If Bush answers the phone to come to Mississippi, he has to first condemn Barbour's tacit support of the CCC's use of his photo. Otherwise he has hung up on millions of Americans. Once again, the compassionate conservative coddles hate.

Palestinian Scholar Edward Said Dies in New York

by Mark Egan

Palestinian intellectual Edward Said, a prolific author and literary critic who wanted Israelis and Palestinians to live in an integrated democratic nation, died on Thursday after battling leukemia. He was 67.

“Over the past three decades he was the most eloquent spokesman for the plight of the Palestinians,” said Hamid Dabashi, chairman of the Middle East and Asian Languages and Cultures Department at Columbia University, where Said worked.

Said died in a New York hospital, Dabashi said.

A comparative literature professor at Columbia, Said was a literary critic and theoretician and a prominent Palestinian activist. Arab commentators said he would be remembered as a Palestinian patriot and a towering intellectual who broke ground in the theory of literature and Orientalist studies.

While Israel and its supporters attribute the Israeli-Palestinian conflict to Arabs’ refusal to accept the Jewish state, Said portrayed the problem in terms of atrocities by that state against Palestinian victims.

A longtime Palestinian National Council member, Said broke with Yasser Arafat, believing the 1993 Oslo peace accords were “a Palestinian Versailles” that further eroded Palestinian human and national rights. He opposed a segregated two-state solution to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, proposing an integrated, democratic country instead.

“I see no other way than to begin now to speak about sharing the land that has thrust us together, and sharing it in a truly democratic way, with equal rights for each citizen,” Said wrote in The New York Times in 1999.

Arafat said in a statement his people “mourn with grief and pain the international intellectual and son of the Palestinian people, Professor Edward Said.”

The Palestinian Authority representative in the United States, Hassan Abdel Rahman, told Reuters that Said’s attacks on Arafat did “not in any shape or form take away from his place in Palestinian history and society.”

Said’s books include “Orientalism,” “A Question of Palestine” and “The End of the Peace Process.” His theory of Orientalism said that false and romanticized images of the Middle East and Asia were used to justify Western colonialism and imperialism there.

Said was born in Jerusalem, a Palestinian Christian, but spent most of his childhood in Cairo. Educated at Princeton University and Harvard University, he also taught at Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Yale University.

ABANDONING HUMAN RIGHTS PRINCIPLES

by James O. Goldsborough

Charges against the Bush administration for human rights violations keep rolling in. Last week the International Red Cross – which rarely comments – added its voice to the list.

It is a new role for America, accustomed to the moral high ground from which it launches arrows at nations such as China, Russia, Cuba, South Africa, Iraq, Iran, Burma for denial of civil and human rights.

As if to signal that even civil disobedience is no longer tolerated, last week Attorney General John Ashcroft indicted the environmental group Greenpeace for a harmless act of civil protest already punished 18 months ago. Prosecutors conceded the indictment could have “a chilling effect on First Amendment rights.”

America is rooted in human rights, inalienable rights derived from natural law and embodied in our founding documents. In adopting practices America long has condemned, President Bush squanders our moral authority. When the Red Cross joins Amnesty International and the Justice Department’s own inspector general in criticism, it is a sign we are perilously close to joining those nations where a knock on the door at night means to disappear.

More than 5,000 foreigner have disappeared since Sept. 11, 2001, with only a few charged with any serious crime. Most are held in secret with no access to lawyers or the outside, a procedure that has drawn the complaint of the Justice Department’s inspector general – who is independent of the attorney general.

Immigration violators are being held indefinitely, denied access to lawyers, their names kept secret in violation of the Constitution’s requirement that persons (not just citizens) be given a speedy and public trial.

The 600 Guantánamo prisoners (who are not Americans although two Americans, Yasser Hamdi and Jose Padilla are being held in similar conditions of isolation), are the most egregious cases of violations. The Red Cross – the only independent group with access to them – broke its policy of no comment to condemn unacceptable conditions and complain of “a worrying deterioration” in the mental health of the Guantánamo prisoners. It reported numerous suicide attempts and cases of sedation.

Three staffers (two in the U.S. military, including a chaplain, all Muslims) are being prosecuted for contacts with the prisoners. One is accused of “expressing sympathy for the detainees, including providing unauthorized items of comfort.”

Guantánamo is Arthur Koestler’s “Darkness at Noon,” with Americans replacing Soviets (except that even in the gulag one found friendly guards). What once distinguished U.S. justice was the rights of the accused – to counsel, to hear charges, to obtain a speedy and public trial.

The prisoners will be held “until the war on terrorism is over,” says Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, an impossible condition since there will never be a peace treaty. If war determines their status, why are they not classified as prisoners of war? None has been able to present his defense against detention before a court or military tribunal.

Rumsfeld is in charge in Guantánamo, but Ashcroft has custody of Hamdi and Padilla, the two Americans held in secret as “enemy combatants.” A federal trial judge has ordered Ashcroft to give Padilla’s lawyer access to his client. Ashcroft is appealing. Hamdi is in similar limbo.

Under Ashcroft, these Americans are protected neither by the Geneva Conventions, which protect prisoners of war, nor by the Constitution. If the lower court decision is reversed, Ashcroft can lock them up without trial and throw away the key. We don’t know how many more Americans may be in similar situations.

Throughout our history, courts have granted government legal leeway in war denied to it in peace. Only in retrospect, do we come to terms with our excesses, as we did with the internment of Japanese-Americans. Even this leeway, however, must pass through the courts: The right of habeus corpus requires judicial review if it is to be suspended.

We are not Soviets. Bring the prisoners before a judge. Present the evidence against them. Make it legal. That is what distinguishes our nation from the totalitarians.

Ashcroft’s current campaign to intimidate the courts by telling prosecutors to report judges deemed “lenient,” is an attempt to neutralize the judiciary, weaken habeus corpus and enhance police powers. Now Ashcroft has asked Congress to amend the so-called Patriot Act to let federal agents obtain private records (for example, library reading lists) and compel testimony without court approval.

The move against Greenpeace is the latest violation. Two activists served time for trying to unfurl a banner on a cargo ship they said was illegally importing mahogany from the Amazon. Ashcroft, having found an obscure 1872 law intended to keep boarding house proprietors from preying on sailors, now seeks to disable Greenpeace itself.

Bush has admitted that Iraq was not connected to Sept. 11. Now let him allow our courts and tribunals to determine if the thousands arrested after Sept. 11 had anything to do with those events, in accordance with our laws.

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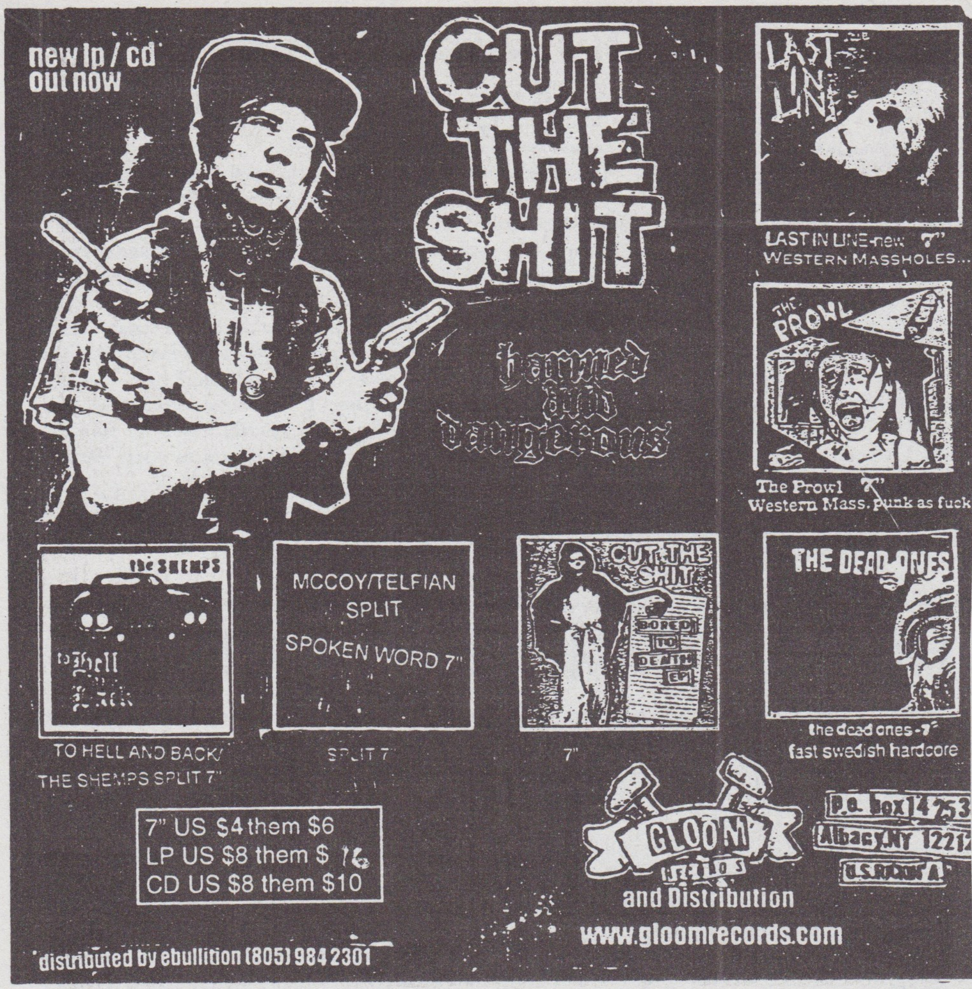

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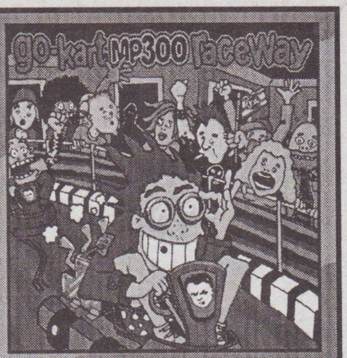

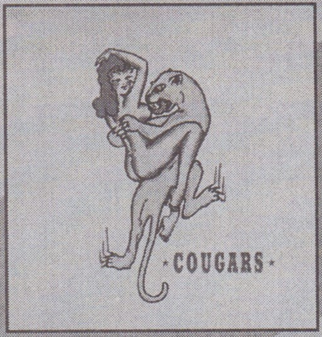

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SCREAMING BABIES!

When I was four months pregnant, I jumped at the chance to go on a four-week tour because I knew that would be it for me touring for an undetermined amount of time.

Not until my girl was 18 months old did I leave her for four days so that I could go play a few out-of-town shows. Taking her with me those four days seemed impossible and besides, I felt like I deserved a mini-vacation, although I did have a lot of anxieties about being away from her for the first time.

But after it was done, although I did miss her, I have to say that it was great to have a full night's sleep for the first time in a year and a half, and it was hella fun to be able to have some drinks because the worry of passing my girl any alcohol through my breast milk was removed. Instead of nursing her with my milk, I was making DIY White Russians at the bar. Yum! Yum!

Those four days gave me a lot more than a hangover and some sleep, though. It showed me that I could reclaim the parts of myself that had been put on hold. How to do that with her instead of leaving her behind was what I needed to figure out.

Luckily, I had been tipped off about a band that were getting ready to tour with their kid who was a bit younger than mine. I immediately felt hopeful and excited to hear all about how they did it. The first thing I learned sounded like an advantage that I wouldn't have; both parents are in the band together. And they brilliantly thought to bring a nanny as a roadie because someone's got to be with babe while mom and dad rock!

And soon after, I found another punk mom on the punk-parent email group I subscribe to that brought her baby girl on tour. Another advantage emerged; she wasn't actually in the band, just dad was, so no nanny was needed.

So after milling the possibility of touring with my tot around and around in my head thanks to the aforementioned inspirations, I decided to go for it. I did have anxieties about it. I thought it perhaps wasn't the most wise of decisions. I rationalized that at worst, we'd have to cancel the rest of the tour if it started to suck and that at best, it would just be do-able.

I'm glad to say that the experience was way better than I ever imagined it could be. It was more than merely do-able; it was nothing short of amazing, and I can't believe it took me nearly three years to attempt it.

And I'm also glad to say that all three (the other two bands I mentioned above and mine) of our experiences were so good that all of us are going to do it again, or have already done so.

So here we have attempted a three way conversation / interview to hopefully shed some light on the whys, whats, and hows of touring with a kid in tow and that our experiences will give a nudge to others who want to be able to do it, too.

PUNK PARENTS & THEIR KIDS GO ON TOUR...

It's so much extra work and worry to tour with a child, so why even bother? Why not just leave your child with a trusted friend or family member?

ANDY: Touring is great and my kid is even better, so the two together could only be the best. Seriously, we didn't think twice about bringing Sam on tour. In fact, this was one of the things we'd planned on doing when Jen was still pregnant. If we were going to have a kid, he was going to be part of our whole lives, not just our lives as "parents." If we were going to have a kid, our band was going to have a new member. I think it's important for our children to see that we still do things that are important to us, see us take chances and fulfill our dreams, see us fail and fall on our faces too. I'd hate to stop doing this and resent my kid for it. I'd hate my kid to feel that he was the reason I abandoned my dreams.

ROSAMARIA: Well, since Eva is very much still attached to my breast, if I wanted to go, she had to go with me. And we like it that way. Instead of us dropping out of the scene or whatever to be parents, we try to incorporate her into our lives, making adjustments as necessary. Also, Eva thrives among people. In groups, she likes to stay up late and entertain. We have family and friends speckled across the country that want to see her and meet her. So, tour is perfect for her and think of how much cooler her baby book is going to be because of it.

JESSICA: It was a little different for me than for Andy and Rosa-Maria. They had an advantage that I didn't and that was having both parents touring together with child. I would love it that way, but it's just not happening. I bothered to finally take the plunge to tour with my girl because if I didn't bring her with me, then there couldn't have been a tour and I was just not going to accept that reality. That would lead to resentment I think, like Andy mentioned. I actually considered leaving her with a friend for a few days, who would then have to drive her a hundred miles to my parents for a few days who would then drive her back to another friend. They would have had to juggle her around because they all have work or other commitments. I didn't think juggling her around like that would be very good for her. She and I are a pretty attached team.

Where did you go and for how long? How old was kiddo?

ANDY: When Sam was 9 or 10 months old, we went for three weeks through the western US. Then a couple months later we went to Europe. Sam had his first birthday on tour in Germany.

ROSAMARIA: When Eva was 4 1/2 months old, we did a two-week tour through the east coast with David's "band" DFI. It's just him and a drum machine, so it was just us three on the road. We wound our way from Austin to Connecticut where she met her grandmother and great-grandmothers for the first time (Details of this tour are in *Placenta #2).* We just got back from a month long tour of the US and one date in Canada with J Church, Storm the Tower, and DFI, all in one van. Needless to say, the J Church tour was quite a bit different. She turned 15 months the day before we got back.

JESSICA: We did a week-long tour around the Southeast US: Gainesville, Pensacola, New Orleans, Athens, Asheville, Valdosta, St. Augustine. We could only go for a week because all of my bandmates were in school at the time and that week was their spring break. The last show of the tour was just two days before Emma-Joy's third birthday.

Before tour, what special preparations did you have to make before hitting the road? For example, packing more food and snacks than usual?

ANDY: Lots of dried fruit and stuff like that in the van. We've always been pretty food-minded on tour, stocking up at health food stores and stuff, so that didn't change much. We just got Sam stuff when we got ourselves stuff.

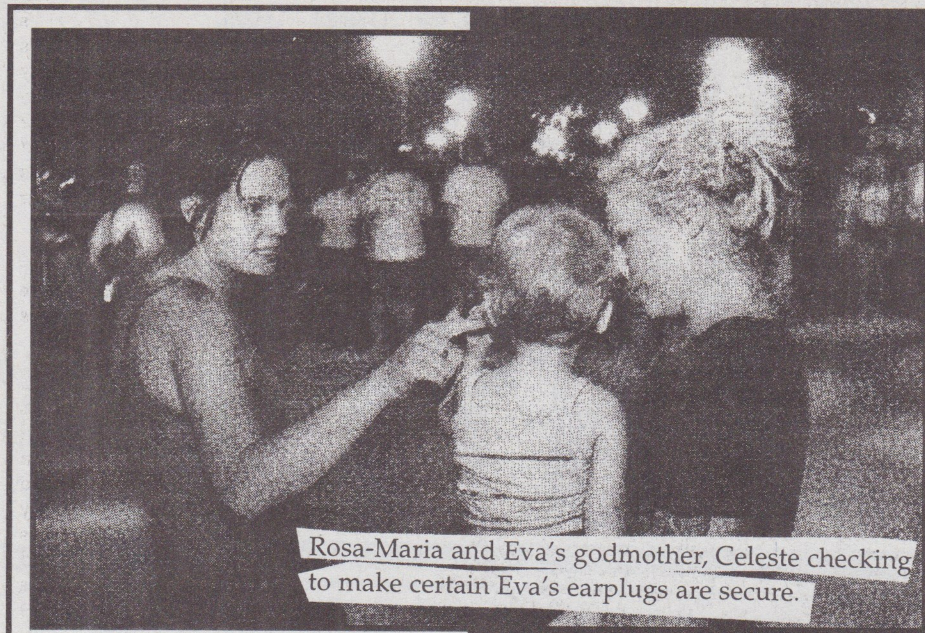
ROSAMARIA: The first tour was pretty easy, considering she was completely breastfed, so I didn't have to worry about bringing her any snacks or anything. As long as I was eating, she was doing fine. This last tour was a bit more difficult, since she's a toddler now, and eats a lot of real food. I had delusions of grandeur when it came to snacking. She was going to have all the healthy stuff she has at home. I brought her a cooler and was going to keep it stocked with perfectly balanced meals, blah blah blah. Yeah right. I kept forgetting to get ice for the cooler and the soymilk kept going bad. She ate Taco Bell late nights more regularly than I would ever care to admit. And she got cheap cookies to keep her occupied.

JESSICA: I brought a whole crate of food for the road. I could not stock up that much once on the road and out of state because then I wouldn't be able to use my food stamp card. Canned soup. Little cereal boxes and little individual boxes of soymilk. Juice boxes. Peanut butter, jelly and bread. Granola bars. Fruit leather. Basically anything healthy, non-perishable and that she would eat. My mama preparation was a big hit with my hungry bandmates. We also had a cooler and like Rosa-Maria, were not too good at keeping it iced.

Other things that had to be packed that were never packed for tour before?

ANDY: We had to arrange a stroller and a little bed thing for Europe. We'd never brought diapers on tour before. Actually, the first tour forced us to stop using cloth diapers for obvious reasons. We brought some toys and lots of books, but we also stopped at thrift stores along the way and replenished the stocks.

ROSAMARIA: I was really nervous about forgetting things before both tours, but per usual, things turned out fine. We used cloth diapers on that first tour, so it was funny packing the amp and guitar and such in the trunk with the nylon bag for dirty diapers on top of it. But she didn't require much at all. For example, I didn't bring a stroller on the first tour, I just brought the sling. But on this last tour, because she's older now, she needs more activities to keep her occupied. We also brought the stroller this time around which turned out to



Rosa-Maria and Eva's godmother, Celeste checking to make certain Eva's earplugs are secure.

be a life-saver, and I admit it was pretty cute to see the trailer all packed up with the last thing loaded in being the stroller.

JESSICA: Actually, I packed mostly the same stuff, just doubled. Clothes for me, clothes for her. My books, her books. But more art supplies and toys than usual. I could have used a stroller, though. A 37-pound child gets a bit heavy using only a sling. After Athens, we had to pack in an inflatable Hello Kitty chair that someone at that show dumpstered for Emma-Joy.

Nanny?

ANDY: On the first tour we had our friend Hollie come along to hang out with Sam while we played and give us some time away if we needed it. Hollie had been our roommate for years and hangs out with Sam when we practice, so he was super-comfortable with her. In Europe, since we couldn't afford to fly Hollie over with us, we asked our friend Caley, from London, to come along.

JESSICA: We brought our friend Friedel as a nanny-roadie. We couldn't have done the tour without her! She did double duty and was more than awesome. She really planned ahead and thought to bring daily surprises and crafts to do. She gifted Emma-Joy with books that were hers when she was a little girl, a present a day leading up to Emma-Joy's third birthday. She brought socks and yarn and needles for making sock puppets. And she was instrumental in keeping us organized and where we needed to be—made phone calls, read the maps, etc.

Prearranging a kid friendly/kid safe space to stay? Please define or describe what a kid friendly/kid safe space is to you.

ANDY: When we booked shows, we told folks that our kid would be coming along and we'd need a semi-quiet, smoke-free room at or near the venue. Most places bent over backwards to accommodate us and me and Jen and Sam ended up with some pretty plush digs at times. A couple venues didn't have anything for us, though, which was a bit of a drag. Gilman Street in Berkeley, for example. The night of our Gilman show, it was pretty cold so me and Sam spent the majority of the night in Richard's van. For us, kid friendly/kid safe meant pretty much a place where his ears wouldn't get damaged and he wouldn't have to breathe secondhand smoke.

ROSAMARIA: On the DFI tour, the clubs were primarily 21+ and not smoke-free. It was also cold out, so that was really sucky for Eva and me. It was hard finding places we could be while David was out playing shows. For this last tour, almost all of the shows were all-ages and most of them until the East Coast were smoke-free. But the venues that weren't smoke-free more often than not had some sort of room that they would offer us to chill in, or, since the weather was nice, we could take turns taking Eva for strolls while someone else watched the merch/played.

JESSICA: If we didn't know where we were staying ahead of time, it would be arranged while at the show. In asking for a kid safe place to stay, I'd explain that meant a smoke-free room, no super loud partying that would wake her up, and no forgotten / misplaced drugs on the floor or some other place that'd be within a toddler's reach. Like Andy mentioned, people more often than not went out of their way to help Emma-Joy and I have a comfy, suitable spot. We scored two walk-in closets, an apartment whose tenant was out of town, a basement bedroom, a friend's floor, and one hotel room.

Special attention given to routing so as to minimize really long stretches of driving?

ANDY: Both tours were way more compact than previous tours. Our times in Europe before Sam was born, we'd play from Sweden to Portugal to Bosnia and anywhere in between. Likewise, a US tour could mean 12 or more hours in a stretch. But now we just pick a small area and really concentrate where we book the shows.

ROSAMARIA: I didn't really have any say in booking them. But this last tour, the drives... ouch.

JESSICA: I was really involved in the routing because I knew that too much in-the-van time wouldn't be fair to Emma-Joy and I knew that a drive that usually takes 6 hours would take more like 8 hours with a toddler. We still ended up having a few long hauls, though.

Life in the van: how was it dealing with a child who might have a tough time being stuck in a car safety seat during long drives? (Did you anticipate it happening? If so, what preparations did you make so that you'd be able to deal with it? Did it happen? Was there lots of nursing while driving?)

ANDY: Lots of books and toys and rest stops. We tried to coordinate naptime with drive time. The US tour was easier for that because we had two vehicles—Me, Jen, and Sam in a little car and two bands and assorted others in the van, so we didn't have to rely on everyone being ready to go when Sam was ready or vise versa. Europe was a bit more frustrating in that regard because we only had one vehicle and not everyone realized the value of a good nap. Also in Europe, Jen often had to hide up in the loft because Sam would freak out some if Jen was around. Perhaps he could smell the breast milk.

ROSAMARIA: It was rough on all of us, although Eva did pretty well most of the time. There was a time on the way to Portland in the middle of the night when she cried for over an hour straight and nothing I could do would make her stop, which was probably

Sam packs the van.

extremely stressful on everybody; I know it was on me. There were times that were really frustrating to me when decisions were made about driving that pretty much meant she would wake up in the van, take a nap in the van, wake up in the van, and only really get out of the van when it was time for her to go to sleep again. It's hard for people who don't have kids to understand how maybe driving at night in these instances might be less stressful. It was hard on David and me to try and keep her occupied for such long stretches. Also, if I was next to her, she wanted to nurse, which is really uncomfortable to do while they're in their seat, but if David was next to her and she caught a glimpse of me she'd get pissed off. Things that kept her occupied: snacks, those amazing mess-free markers that only draw on certain paper, bubbles, books, some sort of shape-sorting toy, and a bounty of boys willing to make goofy faces at her or scream when she screamed. I did occasionally take her out of her car seat for short periods of time, which of course she loved and of course made me extremely nervous.

JESSICA: There is no such thing as coordinating naptime for Emma-Joy, ever, so that was not on my side like it was for Andy. She is the one who does not recognize the value of a good nap! Emma-Joy handled the 6 to 8 hour drives a lot better than her past history of car travel suggested that she would. Everyone in the van is to thank for that I think, for taking shifts with her. Lars would break out the banjo and sing. Todd would read her books and indulge her crush on him. Matt would play toys with her. Friedel would make sock puppets or color with her. The 12-hour drive was uncomfortable and difficult for her, although something unusual got her through it. She weaned at two-and-a-half years old, so at tour time, she had been off the boob for six months. She was really trying to hang in there towards the end of that long drive but was too uncomfortable in her car seat to fall asleep soundly. After a lot of squirming, irritation, and whimpering, "I just wanna go to sleeeeeeeep," she asked if she could nurse. I obliged her request, though it was tricky maneuvering on my part because of her car seat, and she nursed herself to sleep for the first time in six months. It was so sweet and I was really proud of her actually, knowing exactly what she needed and asking for it.

Band relations: How did the other non-parent band members fit into the picture? Any special requests made of them? Did they cooperate with childcare so you (the parent(s)) could have a break?

ANDY: All our bandmates are crazy about Sam and Sam loves them like the family that they are. There was never any problem with anyone in the band. Maybe sometimes they were more into partying than helping out with Sam, but this is understandable. It never became a big deal though.

ROSAMARIA: Everyone in the bands was great. Of course at certain times they didn't got frustrated with watching her, but most of the time were a great help and she really enjoyed hanging out with them. I felt like she was riding with 7 or 8 uncles, which was an awesome feeling. It was also nice to see them interact with her, pick her up and play with her, just have fun with her, without thinking twice about it. I didn't really expect any help, and never expected anyone to watch her, since it was our decision to bring her on tour with us, not theirs, but they would watch her occasionally while I watched the merch table, and I felt really good about building Eva's community. At the end of tour though, a few of them did state that they would never be having kids. So you never know.

JESSICA: The only special request that was made was no smoking in the van. Suddenly, grown boys were having to take as many out-of-the-van breaks as Emma-Joy needed! I already mentioned the shifts to entertain while driving. Lars also took a shift one night to be the one to go to bed early and not stay up partying. That way, I could stay up and enjoy myself after the show for a while instead of hurrying to bed to get enough sleep to be refreshed enough to wake up early with Emma-Joy. He woke up with her, dressed her, took her out for breakfast, and played with her at a playground until the rest of us woke up. He was also amazing when I needed to take Emma-Joy to the emergency room for a pulled elbow. While I comforted her, he was on the phone getting directions to the closest hospital. He drove and waited with us, too, making paper dolls and coloring. Yup, her first tour and her first visit to the ER. Evidently, it is not OK to swing a child who is under the age of four around only holding them by their hands. Their connective elbow tissue is not yet fully developed, so swinging to pull out of place. It's called Nursemaid's Elbow. The doctor spent less than 30 seconds to get it back in place and Emma-Joy was fully recovered within ten minutes. Friedel felt terrible about the whole incident because she was the one who had done the swinging and Emma-Joy never fully forgave her, which is too bad because Friedel really was the tour lifesaver overall.

Jessica & Emma outside the gig...

At the venue: please describe the typical scenario while you were at the venue. (Where was baby while you were playing? Who was baby with?)

ANDY: Typically there was a room we could use to hang out in, or if not, we went for walks around whatever town we were in, or kicked it in the van. Nine times out of ten, Sam would fall asleep with Hollie or Caley as soon as we started to play. We must be his lullaby music. He'd stay sleeping until the show was over, wake up for a while afterwards and then sleep until nine the next morning like clockwork. It was uncanny, you could set your watch by him, he didn't even get jet-lagged.

ROSAMARIA: Get to show, I sling her while loading in merch and David loads in equipment with everyone else. I or someone else watch her while David sets up, then David or somebody watches her while I set up merch. (Do you know how much stuff J Church has? Well, it's a friggin' lot!) I plug up her ears and tape the plugs in. Bands play, Eva dances and claps at the end of the songs and plays drums in between sets. Load up, that's it. Sometimes Eva would get cranky and someone would take her for a stroll. It was predominantly David and I watching her, but sometimes others would take her. Sometimes we would get lucky and she'd nap during a set, and we could just sit back and breathe a little.

JESSICA: If we were lucky enough to know before the show where we would be staying that night, we'd go there before going to the venue. I'd get Emma-Joy settled in with some dinner and a bath and Friedel would stay with her and put her to bed while the rest of us would go to the show. But typically, Emma-Joy would hang outside the show with me because she didn't like how loud it was inside, even with earplugs. When I'd go in to play, Friedel would stay with her outside or in the van. (I couldn't believe how many people thought I had just left Emma-Joy in the van all alone!) She was always asleep in the loft by the time I finished playing. We got a smooth routine down where we'd do all the loading out before opening the doors to re-load the van. Then, I'd carry Emma-Joy from the loft to the front seat and hold here there until everything was in place and we were ready to pull out. I'd then get her into the car seat. This would wake her up and she'd usually stay awake for the whole drive to the place where we were staying, but she'd fall right asleep as soon as I got her inside and snuggled her.

Judgments: did anyone before the tour or during the tour have criticisms of your par-

enting or reservations about your decisions to tour with your child? If so, did you bother defending/explaining yourself?

ANDY: We've never gotten anything but support for the choices we've made regarding Sam. It's been great, sort of unbelievable really. The most we'd hear is from people who thought it would be crazy to take a baby on tour, but after talking with us and meeting Sam, they understood.

ROSAMARIA: Just, "You brought your baby on tour?" accompanied by a disgusted look, or, "Do you have earplugs for her?" both of which were answered with an eye roll and "Yes." More often than not though, people would be stoked that she was there and everyone was really into her. So, we got more positive stuff than negative stuff.

JESSICA: Lots of friends were very supportive. If others had criticisms, they kept them to themselves just like they should have. My Dad said something about how I shouldn't be taking her around "that" environment, how she's just an impressionable young girl. My mom was more supportive and even offered to help with the care juggle if I chose not to take Emma-Joy on tour with me. To echo both Andy and Rosa-Maria, overall, people tended to give more props and admiration than negativity.

Afterthoughts: compared to tours without a child along, what was the same and what was different? Can you judge whether you prefer one way over the other? Are you planning on touring with child again?

ANDY: The US tour with Sam was the best time Jen and I ever had on tour. Europe was slightly more tiring because the shows ran so much later and I'd get up with Sam every morning. But that was OK too because we were able to get some time together to hit the cobblestones and search out the local cafe before everyone else got up. I love touring with Sam. We're going out again in September, this time to the eastern US. Sam will be two.

ROSAMARIA: Life is different when you have a kid. Parts of it are easier and parts of it are harder. It's the same with tour. Having a kid is our reality now. David is going on tour for a week to Japan this December and I'm staying home because we can't afford it for a week, but if we were to do another tour, Eva would certainly come with us, especially if it were for more than a week. She's just a part of our life now.

JESSICA: The two biggest differences for me are eating healthier and sleeping more at night after shows and less during the day while in the van. It was also pretty different having to evacuate everyone from the van so somebody could take a shit in the van. Emma-Joy was potty trained for peeing but she still demanded a diaper for pooping. So when she felt one coming, she'd let us know and we'd pull over. I'd get a diaper on her and she'd demand that we all get out and leave her alone. It was pretty funny when she'd be waving at us from inside and yelling out the window, "It's not done coming out of my body yet!" Now that I do have a kid, it's a pretty silly question really whether I prefer to tour with her or without her because even if she were not physically on the tour, I still consider myself with her in some way. She's a part of me and I carry that wherever I go. I will jump at the chance to tour with her again.

All of us have only children. What do you think about touring with two or more kids?

ANDY: Before we went on the first tour, we tried to contact a band called Gunspiking who apparently toured with two kids, but we couldn't get a hold of them. Touring with two or more would be a challenge, I'm sure. I got "fixed" after Sam was born so perhaps I'll never know what that would be like.

ROSAMARIA: I want to have another kid at some point and I'm still not ready to throw in the rag. I think, though, if we were to do it with two kids, it would have to be less than a month long, because a month felt too long sometimes. And we would have to have a separate car, not all be in the van.

JESSICA: For the next tour, I've been thinking it would be a good idea to bring a fellow parent (and his or her child) as the nanny-roadie. I think two older kids are easier to take care of than one. My experience has been that kids want to play with each other more when they are four to six years old than when they are younger than three years old. Kids aged three and under tend to want and need more attention from a primary caregiver. Also at age three, this magical thing happens and they can all of a sudden play and share with another child without constant guidance.

Schooling is always a hotly debated topic among non-mainstream parents. What have you thought about your schooling options for your child and how that would compliment or effect touring or not being able to tour?

ANDY: We'll probably put Sam in some sort of hippy-dippy alternative type school and drag him out occasionally to go on tour. Home schooling from the tour van or something like that. But who knows, there may well come a time when he doesn't want to go on tour. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, I suppose.

ROSAMARIA: It really just depends on the kid. I have examined my options and I still am waiting to see how Eva develops to see what kind of schooling she'll need/want, and I imagine I will adapt that to the road if we travel when she is school-age. There are opportunities for learning everywhere anyway.

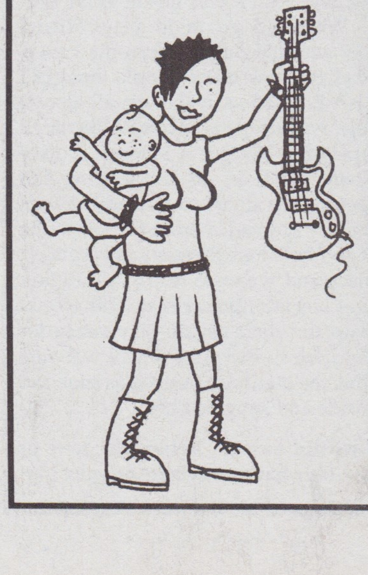
JESSICA: Ditto what Andy and Rosa-Maria already said.

Anything else?

ANDY: People think it's a big deal to go on tour with your kid, but really, how many punk tours have you heard of that didn't involve crying jags, temper tantrums, and inappropriate bodily functions?

ROSAMARIA: Uh, so, yeah, I do this zine and stuff. It's a punk rock/vegan parenting zine called *Placenta*. I'm working on an issue all about taking your kids on tour, so if you know anybody else who has done it, send me an email. I'm also always looking for submissions about punk and parenting. Oh yeah, and I have pins, one says "Rocker Mom" and the other says "Punk Parent," both in tattoo-style banner hearts. If you'd like either of these, send me a SASE with a note saying which one you'd like. Copies of *Placenta* #1 & #2 are also available for $2 + postage.

JESSICA: I hope this interview inspires and gives useful information to others who would like to take their kids on tour. It's easier and more worth it than you may think.



Contact information

ANDY: Andy from the band Submission Hold. PO Box 21533 / 1424 Commercial Dr. / Vancouver, B.C. / Canada / V5N 5T5. Or email: subhold_100@yahoo.com

ROSAMARIA: *Placenta* zine, c/o Rosa-Maria, 4412 Avenue A #207, Austin, TX, 78751. Or email: placentazine@yahoo.com

JESSICA: As always, punkparents get in touch. PO Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32064. Or email: yardwideyarns@hotmail.com

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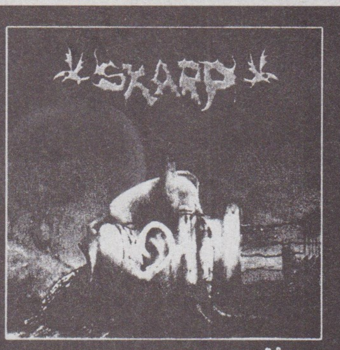

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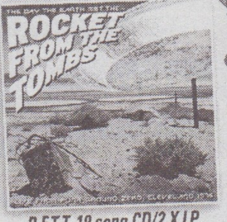

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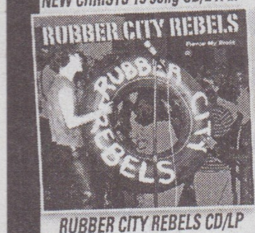

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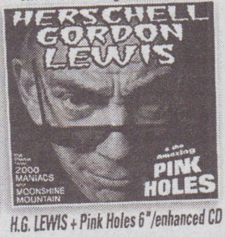

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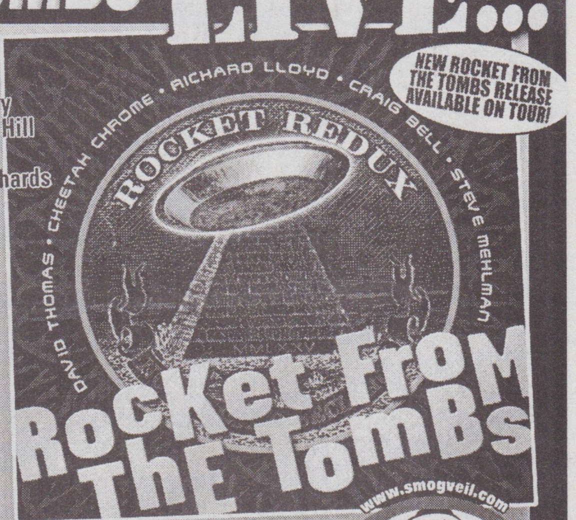
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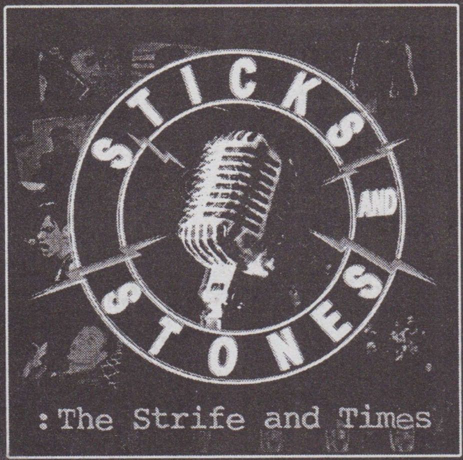
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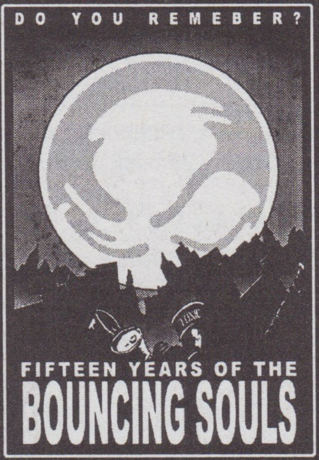
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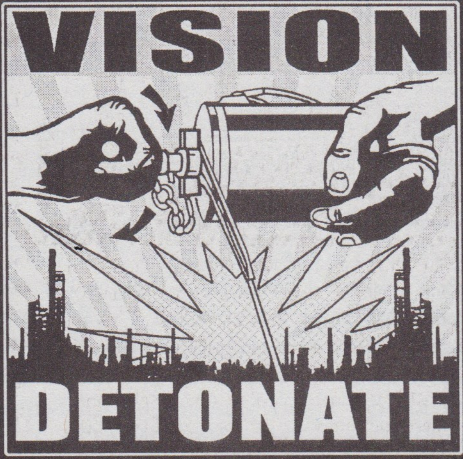
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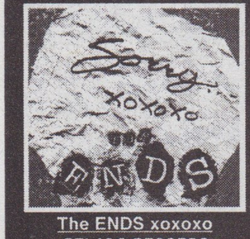
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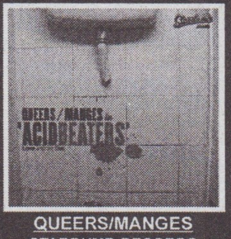
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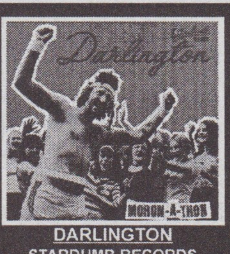
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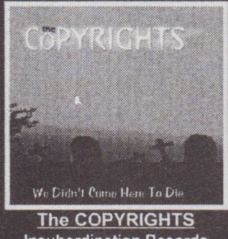
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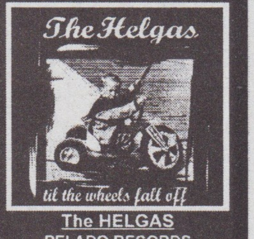
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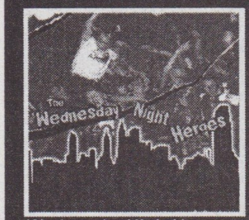
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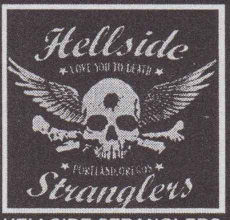
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scene reports

PENNSYLVANIA

For those of us who've been active in Pittsburgh's punk/hardcore scene since the late 80's and early 90's it is obvious that the scene is the strongest it has ever been since that time. I would guess that even those who remember the days of HALF LIFE would be hard pressed to pinpoint a time where such a diverse group of local bands and individuals were as active as they are now.

A lot of what happened in this scene went undocumented for one reason or another. A lot of really great bands went unnoticed. Only a handfull of the now defucnt bands like WORMHOLE, AUS-ROTTEN, NECRACEDIA, and THE BAD GENES toured exstensivly within the U.S. and in some cases Europe and Japan. All the while numerous other bands played their hearts out in basements and shitty clubs and gave those of us who were around a lot of really great memories. Unfortunately I don't have the time or space to attempt to document the past, so I'll focus on the here and now.

The current Pittsburgh scene is a mix of young and old. Fully integrated, the result is a weird chemistry where circle pits, thrash pyramids, and other forms of ridiculousness have become the norm. Musically it is incredibly diverse, a mixture that represents punk's many possibilities. Shows often feature a nice mix from various corners of the scene. One of the benefits of living in such a small city is that we share the same resources and support each others efforts. To some this may seem like a rose colored view of reality. But, I think that it holds true for the most part. A certain amount of schism between the various styles is natural. Not everyone will be as open to different approaches and takes on the punk form. However, the people that are making this scene happen: the bands, labels, and various projects that I mention below, as well as the zine writers, the people that book shows, and even the ones who show their support by showing up have moved beyond the bullshit. These are the ones that make this scene so fucking incredible.

This is Pittsburgh Punk.

Probably the only hardcore band in Pennsylvania that could give FLAG OF DEMOCRACY a run for the money in terms of longevity is SUBMACHINE. For 13 or 14 years these drunks have been cranking out some really good punk in the vein of POISON IDEA mixed with early DWARVES, and along the way they've developed a pretty distinctive sound. Their latest LP, 'Live Fast... Die Dumb!'was released on Six Weeks Records. Next up, CRUCIAL UNIT have earned the distinction of being Pittsburgh's first cross-over inspired, iced tea fueled punk band that I almost electrocuted. There new LP entitled, 'These Colors Get The Runs' is so insane that bald eagles will cry tears of shit. I kid you not.

CAUSTIC CHRIST are without a doubt one of the best hardcore bands to have ever come out of Pittsburgh. Featuring ex-member's of AUS-ROTTEN, THE PIST and SUBMACHINE, these guys continue to tear shit up live playing some of the sickest breakneck hardcore. If you haven't checked out their s/t 7" on Havoc Records or their two split 7"s with R.A.M.B.O and INTENSE YOUTH you better move fast. A new 12" titled, 'Can't Releate' was just released on Havoc Records in September. INTENSE YOUTH just finished a short tour of the East Coast in support of their new s/t 7". The band's aptly titled record, 'Self Destruct,' was officially released after the tour. While you're at it check out their self-released demo and afforementioned split with CAUSTIC CHRIST.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES also features ex-members of AUS-ROTTEN and THE PIST. Dave's lyrics and vocal delivery pick up where AUS-ROTTEN left off. Musically, their sound is much faster, thicker and more metal tinged. A second LP called 'Global Cannibals' is in the works on a new label ANTAGONY MUSIC. For more details, conatct the band.

ANTI-FLAG are still very active - touring, releasing records, etc... They've built up quite a following among those who favor catchy punk sing alongs. Myself, I like a little more distortion and random acts of stupidity with my hardcore, thank you very much.

APHASIA play crust inspired punk not unlike DETESTATION. They've built up quite a strong following in the last year, including a Richmond, Virginia fanclub chapter. Check out their 7" and demo. KROOKED GRIND have just recorded songs for a 7". They statred out playing pretty fast hardcore but their newer songs have a slightly more metal, almost epic feel to it. You can usually catch KROOKED GRIND and APHASIA sharing the same bill.

SUBURBAN DEATH MACHINE, fronted by the mighty Red Dawn features members of CRU-

CAUSTIC CHRIST

THE FUCK'n PUNX

CIAL UNIT, APHASIA, and KROOKED GRIND. Their demo captures SDM's fast, bleak anthemic HC style. It is the true soundtrack to Red Dawn's bitterness and frustration.

CONELRAD are two piece machine that have managed to blow us all away. Picture, if you will: the MINUTE MEN doing blast beats. They just recorded an LP but there are no tentative plans for release at this time.

Speaking of grind, FREE BARABBAS are an amazing trio of brutality. A 4 way split CD with VULGAR PIGEONS, DROGHEDA, and ALL IS SUFFERING for Crucial Blast Records is in the works. If they could just get their shit together and make it to a show on time... or at all.

Speaking of brutality, CORPSE GRENADE, a band born of madness, stupidity, and uh... brutality, recorded a demo before two members split for Europe. If you see CORPSE GRENADE stickers floating around Denmark and Germany you'll know why. Europe, beware the Mantooth.

Possibly the most brutal thing in store for this city is NOCTURNAL HELL. Members of CRUCIAL UNIT, FUNERAS, and FATE OF ICARUS playing old school German thrash metal. One can only imagine.

HE TAUGHT ME LIES, or HTML for short, have releaed a CD on the HARD TRAVELIN' label. They play emotive hardcore in the mid- 90's tradition. MARY CELESTE are relatively new band featuring some of the kids in FORWARD MOTION playing some DC influenced post-punk.

The PAY TOILETS offer some pretty spectacular in-your-face antics. They strip the punk sound down to its most basic form and fuck shit up in the process. Watch you don't get hit with a bone or the singer. An LP is in the works.

The MICROWAVES have released two CDs How would I describe them? Imagine DEVO as a really creepy power trio. Another local power trio, sort of, is (THE) ALPHA CONTROL GROUP (C), or THE ACGC for short, are an odd mix of punk, prog and no-wave. They feature former members of HUMAN INVESTMENT and PRESSGANG. The band has released one CD and most recently a 7".

The gods of rock 'n' roll have given us SILVER TONUGED DEVIL. And SILVER TONGUED DEVIL have given us MOTORHEAD inspired punk rock 'n' roll anthems. After a slew of releases, including the 'Red-Eyed Tongued-Tied' LP on Get Hip, and two trips to Europe these guys took a brief hiatus. Now, they're back playing out every now and again.

Speaking of rock 'n' roll, we also got the MODEY LEMON. Currently playing as three piece these guys have traded the primitive rock 'n' roll of their early material for a much more gutar driven sound. Apparently, the English loved them. Who knew!?!

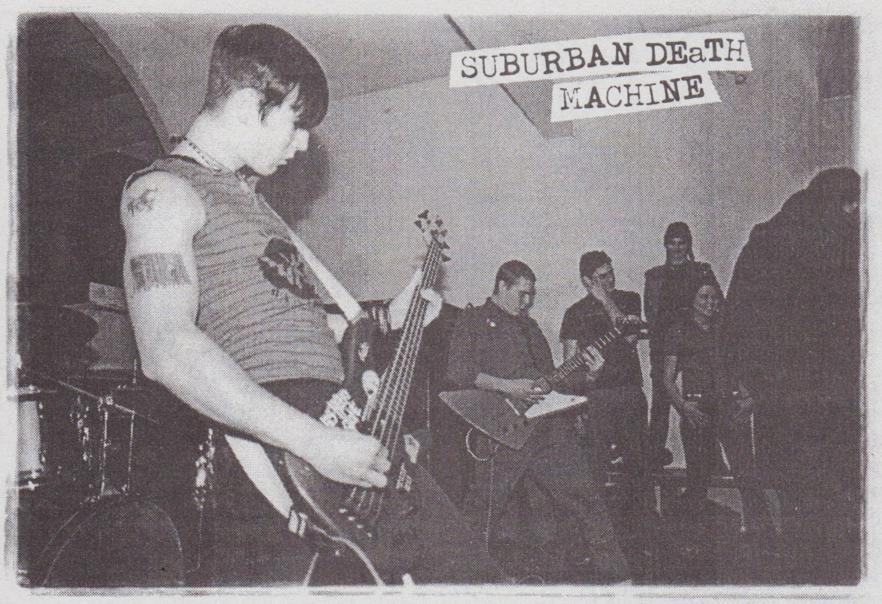
Here are some other bands you might be inclined to check out: The HUMAN BRAINS, THE SILVER THREAD, TABULA RASA, THE MUD CITY MANGLERS, FACE DEATH, ZOMBI, VOICE IN THE WIRE, MUD CITY MANGLERS, and THE CHEATS.

There have been a couple of bands that have called it quits in the last year or so that deserve a mention. CORPUS CHRISTIE left us with a demo and some songs that have gone unreleased, at this point. These four women were cranking out some really great punk rock and will be missed. TEDDY DUCHAMPS ARMY called it quits. IO went out with a bang. INTENSE YOUTH self-destructed. Most of the people in these bands are working on other projects so keep your ears open.

There are a few labels that work really hard to support the local scene. BEHOLD! THE YOUTHQUAKE has released records for INTENSE YOUTH and CAUSTIC CHRIST. HARD TRAVELIN' has done an incredible job of documenting the local undergound with the 'Go Down Fighting, Come Up Smiling' and most recently 'The West Coast of the East Coast' compilations. These are both really great because they capture a lot of the bands that have played around Pittsburgh in the last couple years, a lot of the bands I mentioned plus many others can be heard on these compilations. Other releases include IO, (The) ACGC, and HTML. HOPE RECORDS has collaborated with HARD TRAVELIN' on several releases. They've also released CDs by PIKADORI and TEDDY DUCHAMP'S ARMY. DE LA MENTE has released a 7" and discography CD for CRUCIAL UNIT. AF RECORDS, ANTI-FLAG's label, works pretty hard to help out local bands. They've done releases for several Pittburgh bands. BRAVE NEW WORLD RECORDS released the third installment of the IRON CITY PUNK series. STAB WOUND RECORDS released its first CD, a collection of early recordings by Pittsburgh punk legends, HALF LIFE. There are rumors that this label will be working to unearth some other early Pittsburgh punk gems. CENOTAPH AUDIO focus on more avant/noise/ style projects and has released both CDs by MICROWAVES. NO TO DOWN TOWN released the APHASIA 7".

Aside from bands there are quite a few projects and places of interest to mention. As far as spaces, THE MR. ROBOTO PROJECT is the longest running D.I.Y. show space in Pittsburgh. It has been the back bone of this punk scene over the

CRUCIAL UNIT



KROOKED GRIND

last several years. You may have read about in these pages or heard about it from touring bands. A lot of bands who have come through town have had some really great things to say about the space. It is a great model for scenes all across the United States, and a great example of what can be accomplished.

Whereas THE MR. ROBOTO PROJECT is a show space first and a community space second, PROJECT 1877 is more of an actvist/community space that has the occasional show. Both spaces work very hard to support the DIY community.

There are several art galleries and bars throughout this city that work with and support local bands. THE 31st STREET PUB, THE BREW HOUSE, and MODERN FORMATIONS GALLERY are good examples of such places.

A number of community related projects have developed out of the local scene. THE MULTI-TOOL is a multi-use art and activist space, the space currently houses The BIG IDEA, FREE RIDE, and the Roboto Zine Library and a practice space for bands. THE BIG IDEA is a local infoshop/book store that shares a space with a local bicycle recycling program, FREE RIDE. Both of these are housed next door to THE MR. ROBOTO PROJECT. PITTSBURGH INDYMEDIA has an office at PROJECT 1877.

If you're in town to play a show and you're looking to sell or buy records you may want to visit BRAVE NEW WORLD. This is the best record store in Pittsburgh for punk music. They are very supportive of the local scene and touring bands. Their release of IRON CITY PUNK III on the store's label does a nice job representing the scene's diversity. The compilation is a bit dated at this point, as many of the bands have since broken up. Still, it is worthwhile since it captures the Pittsburgh scene at a certain point in time. If you're at ROBOTO try the BIG IDEA. In addition to books they have a small selection of records. If you're staying longer you should definetly check out PAUL'S CD and JERRY'S RECORDS.

A good way to find out about what's going in Pittsburgh is to visit ROBOTO's web site. It has an up-to-date calendar and a message board. If you don't mind wading knee deep in good-natured stupidity the message board is actually a great place to find out about our scene. If you want to know more send me an e-mail.

Ryan Hughes: punkrocklibrarian@hotmail.com
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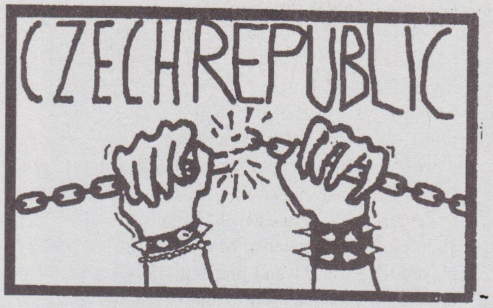


Scene report from Brno {Czech Republic}

Brno is the 2nd biggest city in Czech located in South/East part of the country, north from Wien/Austria and West from Bratislava/Slovakia. It has around 350 000 inhabitants and a rich hardcore/punk history.

BEFORE…

It all began back in 1987 in the dark times of communist regime's rule, when all the unofficial activities were banned. The very first punk band in Brno was ZEM??LU?, who played basic three chord punk, but in a quite raw and distorted style. It should be noted that members of KRABATHOR – a later, quite famous Czech death metal outfit – and INSANIA also played here. They played mostly in Brno's youth club on Krenova street, simply called Krenka, which was the home of only punk gigs in '88/'89 in this part of the country. Two demo tapes were released, and in '90 {after the regime's change in 1989 it was finally possible} they self-released a full LP, "Fajn, bezva, prima." They continue to play until today, more abou them later. VZOR 60 played between '88 and '89, crazy punk-as-fuck with a good studio tape, split up when two members immigrated to the West, also friends of Goran Lind from Swedish S.O.D. who joined them on one gig when he was here and sang a few songs with them.

INTENSE YOUTH

INSANIA {later – after a Secret Police intervention in early '89 - SKIMMED} and S.R.K. were among the pioneers of hardcore in Czech. SKIMMED played thrashcore at blazing speed {sometimes compared to VOIVOD at 45 rpm!}. Their "New Insanity" mini LP from 1990 is a classic - receiving raving reviews in MRR and being one of the first d.i.y. vinyls in Czech. They also took a part in "Son Of Bleargh!" comp. EP on Slap A Ham. Recently {in 2001 I guess} there was discography CD put out with all SKIMMED material on Czech label St?flek Records in cooperation with some label from Argentina. In 92 they went back to their old name INSANIA and changed the style to some crazy original metal/HC with mythical lyrics/image. S.R.K. played chaotic punk at first, and later grind/noisecore in the A.C., BRIGADA DO ODIO or MEAT SHITS style. They worked hard to put out their own CD - and the compact disc "Only For Extremists!" became reality in spring 1990. It was one of the very first CD's released in Czechoslovakia ever and as also the normal listeners {who wanted to be "hip" with purchasing the new format} bought it. It brought them pretty shocking experience - not only the music was pretty unlistenable for an average consumer, but also the lyrics attacked everybody on the right and left. The good documentation of the bands's evolvement is the "Maniaci extrémního noise" {"Extreme Noise Maniacs"} tape released by ?ot. The band slowly drifted out during '92/'93.

MORE BAD NEWS

In mid 90's from Brno came LOS SOMMROS - playing raw, but still somewhat melodic hardcore, later with more crust influences {they also covered bands like DOOM, E.N.T. or DISCHARGE}. Active from '92 till '96, did tons of shows all around Czech, touring with Polish masters of crust S.O. WAR and playing few gigs in Germany as well. Again only few live recordings left, even there was a talk about doing split 7" w/DISCLOSE on Otto Itkonen's {SELFISH, FOCA MACABRA etc.} label for which DISCLOSE even recorded their side {and if you wonder why some Czech bands ended up on Otto Itkonen's label...well, he used to live here for few years, his bands often played in Czech and he even found the wife here}. There were also 2 side projects of LOS SOMMROS - NO PASARAN {melodic HC w/female vocals and militant antifascist lyrics} and DOGS ANTICOPS {raw punk, Otto used to sing for them}. Drummer of LOS SOMMROS Be?o is now playing w/SEE YOU IN HELL.

MRTVÁ BUDOUCNOST coming {partly} from Brno played between 1994 and 2000 and at first did some raw sounding crustpunk, which later after the major line up change in early '96 turned into more extreme kind of hardcore/power violence. Dual vocals tornado with chainsaw guitars and machine gun drums as described from time to time. Split LP's w/LEFT IN RUINS on Six Weeks and w/GRIDE on Insane Society and 3 split EP's released + few foreign tours took the place w/bands like GRIDE, PANGS OF REMORSE or TELEFON. Well, I played guitar here, so it's not very objective to write about my own band. Two discography tapes scanning the band's history have been released, the second one called "Best Shots 97-99" is available from Papagáj?v Hlasatel Records.

Speaking about gigs in Brno, around half of 90's it used to be probably the most active city away from Prague. Great places like Rock Cafe {'92-'93}, Svatoboj {'93-'95}, Bumerang {'94-'95 – previously in late 80's/early 90's called simply "Krenka"}, ?edá Litina {'96} or THC {'97-'98} hosted dozens of gigs of bands like DROPDEAD, LOS CRUDOS, DISKONTO, AMBUSH, DOOM, HIATUS, FINAL WARNING, M.D.C. {Chris Dodge's wife Lydia sang one song with them here and falled down the stage during the show!}, OI POLLOI, KURORT, MIOZAN, MISERY, TUOMIOPAIVAN LAPSET, WARCOLLAPSE, WOUNDED KNEE, IN/HUMANITY, PALATKA, CRIPPLE BASTARDS, BATTLE OF DISARM or FLEAS AND LICE, many political activities took a place here. One of the many demos against Mc Donald's turned into full scale riot ending with the Mc Donald's windows broken and the restaurant covered by red paint - it happened in July '94 right in the afternoon before the DOOM gig for which people from all over Czech, Slovakia and Poland traveled down here {and when DOOM came to Brno again in '96 there were no less than 800 people in the attendance!}.

FESTA DESPERATO

TODAY…

Just few years ago I was pretty skeptical about local scene – I didn't believed that anything interesting will happen here anymore – after the golden age of mid 90's when both the K?enka {also known as Bumerang} and ?edá Litina {also known as Slévárna} clubs closed the doors and the main organizer of local shows moved to Prague to work for Prague Nomads {company driving punk bands all over the Europe} it became so fucking boring here. But luckily since around 2001 it gets all better and better. Few good places for shows were secured and new bands started to emerge. In my opinion the best two places for gigs in Brno right now are the Yacht Club and U Babi?ky Pub. Yacht is located in the north part of the city {Královo Pole quarter} – pretty far away from the center in the area of University campus, but it means also no hassles because of noise and similar bullshit. It is very close to the place where in early 90'already for long years gone club was located – Machina Club. NAUSEA played there in '91 and pretty good live tape from this show was released. Most of shows in Yacht Club are organized by Loser Crew booking mostly emo/metal bands for few years already {they did concerts for bands such as CHILDREN OF FALL, BURN HOLLYWOOD BURN, ROBOCOP KRAUS or WITH LOVE}. You can contact Loser Crew through jirza@email.cz.

Another group booking shows there are people from SEE YOU IN HELL – so far we did concerts for BORN DEAD ICONS, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE or (9 SHOCKS TERROR and plan some more. U Babi?ky Pub host mostly street punk shows organized by different people/groups. One of them did shows for ARGIES, SICK ON THE BUS, FLESHIES or PAWNS and you can contact it through Papagáj?v Hlasatel label. This place is smaller, hotter and wilder than Yacht, the only drawback being sometimes a bit fucked up sound and the curfew at 22:00. It's located near city center at D?eva?ská Street. Another collective booking shows there is called Uncle Albert Crew and they do everything from ska through HC to folk-punk. Contact through TERRA RIOT adress.

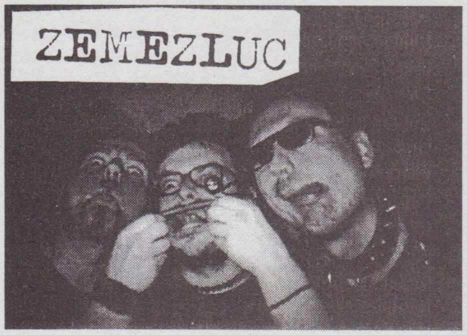
Bands? There are few. The veterans of Czech punk rock ZEM??LU? are still active {celebrating 15th anniversary last year} – one of the very few old times bands not ending up totally ridiculous… they still put out their records in a d.i.y. way and play for affordable price. On their last "Systém Kanibal" {"System Cannibal"} LP their music went in the faster and harder than before {if you don't count their classic demos from '89 and '90}, but basically they still play energy driven punk w/great socio-political lyrics. They put out 4 full LP's, lots of singles {also split 7"'s w/BEERGUT 100, CRANKY KIDS and DAVOVÁ PSYCHÓZA} and soon there should be a new CD called "Permanent Freedom" out. ZEMEZLUC also toured UK several times already – each year with bigger success {www.zemezluc.zde.cz, zemezluc@email.cz}.

Then there are few bands sharing the same rehearsal room house at Kraví Hora area near the city center. There used to be also illegal gig place in one of the nearby buildings in 2000/01 called Hangar 16, which hosted few killer shows of bands like BALACLAVA, OLD TESTAMENT or DIVIDE AND CONQUER, but sadly it got closed quickly by the owners. In this abovementioned rehearsal room PAZI SNAJPER {melodic HC w/female voc} used to rehearse – split up this spring after 5 or 6 years of activity incl. full tape on Bass Riot label and 2 foreign tours hitting Germany and Poland/Baltic states in 2002. Some ex-members already started new band, I have heard that it is something in LA FRACTION style. Also another band from here stops its activities now – MY DEAD CAT w/ex-M.B. singer Rosi, who have played hysterical emo w/keyboards and did few shows last year mostly in Brno. But they also plan to continue under different name and maybe w/some changes in the line-up. MORE BAD NEWS plays since 2001 – it is heavy hardcore/metal like CATHARSIS or ZEGOTA w/screaming vocals. Ex-SEE YOU IN HELL drum-

VZOR 60

SEE YOU IN HELL

mer Martin behind the drum set, full 7" out last year in cooperation of more labels, split 7" w/SHEEVA YOGA and Scandinavian tour planned {gaschamber@email.cz}. And finally my band SEE YOU IN HELL also rehearses here – active since '99, split 7" w/MINDLOCK, full 7" and split 7" w/THE PUBLIC out, musically we switched recently to more crusty/thrash/Japanese HC direction after we required ex-LOS SOMMROS drummer. Several tours around Europe and Czech finished w/bands like GRIDE, ANTICHRIST, MINDLOCK or QUATRO STAGIONI, the most recent one hitting Spain, Italy, France etc. in April 2003. Few compilations {incl. comp. LPs on 625 and another on RUIDO's singer own label w/NEGATIVE FX covers} and full LP in the works {www.seeyouinhell.cz, contact also through Hluboká Orba and Satan's Punk labels addresses}. There was also side-project w/SYIH members and ex-M.B. drummer called TUZEX playing exclusively covers of old Czech HC/punk bands {H.N.F., A 64, TELEX, SERIOUS MUSIC, etc.}- we did 2 shows only in 2002 and there are no big plans to continue.



Few other bands coming from Brno or from the area around: TERRA RIOT {political folk-punk, lots of tours around Europe, full tape out soon, omnicida@centrum.cz}, FESTA DESPERATO {ex-RAZIE, noisy raw punk massacre in the vein of 80's hardcore bands – they do covers of RATTUS and REAGAN YOUTH, full tape out now, split 7" w/SICK TERROR in the works, Mirek from Ultima Ration sings there, so contact through his label}, ?KODA 120 {grind/noise, few tapes and split tapes out, also split CD w/FUCK THE FACTS on Beer In Not Drink Rec., skoda120@post.cz} and few young punk rock bands in classic 77 style.

Speaking about labels pretty active {and also pretty new} is the Ultima Ratio Records label focused mostly on the high quality stuff coming from the Vrah Club area. Most of its records are in cooperation with other labels {often w/Malárie}: AD CALENDAS GRAECAS LP, CO-CA 10", HOMO CONSUMENS/V.V.B. split 7", FLYING ENTERPRISE 7", professionally copies tapes of FOOLOCRACY, RAZIE, FESTA DESPERATO and HOMO CONSUMENS/SEE YOU IN HELL split tape, future plans include KONFIDENT full tape, comp. 7" w/BALACLAVA, SEE YOU IN HELL, DREAD 101, HOMO CONSUMENS, etc., and also some tape reissues of foreign band's vinyl {Ultima Ratio, Mirek Kokavec, Spá?ilova 11, 618 00 Brno, ultima.ratio@seznam.cz}. Papagáj?v Hlasatel Records is another pretty active label releasing mostly street punk stuff from Czech, Poland and UK. Some of the recent releases include HOUBA CD, ZEM??LU? "Systém Kanibal" and "Live in UK" LP/CD {also lots of their older records were released on this label}, ZEM??LU?/SOCIAL INSECURITY/LEFT FOR DEAD 3-way live 7", tapes of VARUKERS, IN THE SHIT, ILEGALITY etc. Going strong since early 90's in my humble opinion the best label for this kind of music in Czech Rep. {Pavel Friml, Mr?tíkova 393, 664 82 ?í?any u Brna, ph_records@seznam.cz, www.phr.cz}.

When it comes to places to check out/hang out, there are few – very cheap vegetarian bistro near the city center called "Oaza" {Slovakova Street} and 2 pubs where punx and other alternative kind of people usually drink – "Dlouhy bar" {J. Uhra Street} and "Sklenena Louka" {Kounicova Street}. There are also 2 shops with street punk fashion, one is called "Punktura" {Janska street, in "Spodni trakt" cellar} and another "Lumbers Shop" {Tabor Street}. There are also few army-shops which are a favorite location for foreign bands visiting Brno {Felix bought trousers there when coming here w/9ST and Jack from SHOS bought cool Czech tank-brigade jacket}, I guess I should start ask for a discount there as I often drive US punx to shop there… And also I would recommend a "U Kapucinu" church which has mumified skeletons of priests {who are dead for several centuries already} exhibited in it's underground cellar.

Thanx for your attention, thanx for MRR for being here, you can write to my address:

Filip Fuchs
Grohova 39
602 00 Brno
Czech Rep./Europe
www.seeyouinhell.cz

Hi! My name is Yegor. I'm from Saint Petersburg (a city which is situated in the northwest part of Russia and used to be a capital of the country before the 1917 revolution) and together with my friend Julia, I do a zine called *Voice*. I will tell you a bit about hardcore scene in Russia.

You know that Russia is really huge country, but the scene here compared to other countries is rather small. Hardcore activities are concentrated mostly in Moscow, Saint Petersburg, and in few other cities which are not really far from central regions of country. One of the main obstacles which prevents development and growing of our scene is isolation of the state that still exists. You know, we must have visas for going nearly anywhere in Europe. The same is for people from European countries who want to visit Russia—they all must have visas which are rather expensive. And they also have to deal with Russian customers, who I think are the worst in Europe. Another thing which prevents people from coming to Russia is the negative image which is created in Western mass media. Yeah, life here is much harder than in Europe, and we have an authoritarian and oppressive government, but being in Moscow or Saint Petersburg is not more dangerous than being in Warsaw, for example. Also the distances between different towns and regions in Russia are rather big, so traveling through Russia takes much time, but not that much money, 'cause gas and transportation are

cheap compared to western states. Only few foreign hardcore bands have played in Russia, and a lot more gigs and tours have failed. Another problem is the lack of independent spaces to play. The only 100% punk club is Jerry Rubin in Moscow. The administration of other clubs often pushes their rules or opinions on people who organize shows. Also there are just a few people who are really active and organize something (shows, labels, distros). I think in time the situation will change and all these things will improve. But still there is a lot of work to be done. Also I have to warn you that all Russian zines are written in our native language and the bands almost all sing in Russian as well. Maybe it's because not everyone here speaks English, even among the younger generation. And please remember one thing: when sending a letter to someone in Russia, do not write the name of the label/distro/band on the envelope, just address and name of the person. PO boxes are registered to persons, not to organization (which is way cheaper), so this may cause some problems with post agency.

I'll begin with Saint Petersburg and the Northwest area because it's where I live. The most well known band here is **Pyat Uglow** (Five Corners), they play tough mix of NYHC (in vein of Madball and metallic era of Agnostic Front) and Hatebreed/Buried Alive styled mosh-metal. Their vocalist Igor Ribson used to sing in a legendary band in the early 90s called Dolphins (alternative music with post hardcore background). Pyat Uglow have toured Germany with Commin Correct. They've got a demo tape and another tape with four songs out, both are sold out, and now they are recording a full-length which will come on the German label Core-Tex Records. You can try to contact them through their e-mail address: 5corners@mail.ru.

In the beginning of 90s, the independent scene in Saint Petersburg seemed to be like melting pot of different types of music. Some interesting and strange bands appeared at that time. One of them was **Chimera**. They played something like chaotic hardcore punk, with some metal and even jazzy influences and abstract poetic lyrics. They split up after their singer Redt committed suicide in 1997. They've got a CD, a split 7" with the Swiss band S.F.D.F., and a couple of tapes out. **Dolphins** also were quite interesting band. They played something crazy like Chimera, but in their own post-hardcore style. The vocalist of Five Corners used to sing with them. They split up a long time ago. Another band that comes from this period of time is **Bondzinski**. They still exist but are not really active (they play about two shows in a year!) The music they do is something in a style of contemporary Dischord Records bands mixed with NoMeansNo. One of the first hardcore bands in our city was **Marrodyory** (Marauders). They played hardcore punk in the style of early 80s mixed with DRI-type crossover. They have a few albums out. The latest of them came on the fucking big Russian rock label called Hobgoblin Records, which also put out some nationalistic bands and is boycotted by people from independent/DIY punk scene. Now they are busy attracting young girls with their pop-punk project Port 812.

There are also some new bands appearing in our city. But most of them have played just a few shows or haven't played any and do not have any records yet. One of them is the band called **Till I Die.** They got together with a purpose, to play old school hardcore, but they sounded more punk and dirty, and after three shows, finally formed into something more like Kill Your Idols-type hardcore punk mixed with some pop-punk tunes. Another young band is **For The Cause.** Most members live in Pushkin (a small town near Saint Petersburg). The music they play is mix of early 80s hardcore-punk, youth crew, and Cro-Mags-type metallic hardcore (email them: in-use82@yandex.ru). **SVK** (Svinyi v Kosmose: Pigs In Space) from Vyborg, (a beautiful town not far from SPb and near the Finnish border) also represent Northwest area. This band has existed for a couple of years and features very young members (16-17 years old). They first started like a Discharge/GBH type punk band (they sounded this way on the demo tape) and then transformed into fast hardcore punk with good political lyrics. They are a little bit influenced by a local political pop-punk band **PTVP** (Posledniye Tanki V Parizhe). SVK has got a couple of new songs recorded which are supposed to come out on a split tape with **Contra La Contra** (an anarcho hardcore band from Byelorussian town Grodno).

As for the zines, the oldest in Saint Petersburg is ***Nozhi & Vilki*** (Knives & Forks). This is zine covers all styles of DIY non-commercial music and lot of political stuff. But the main focus is on punk and hardcore music. Issue #7 came out few days ago. One of the guys who is doing this zine also runs **ShxSxS** distro—a lot of stuff from Russia and ex-USSR and mostly crust and powerviolence records from other countries. ShxSxS also works as a label. The latest releases are Skafandr/Tri Kresta instrumental split tape, a Page 99 tape, and Costa's Cake House/Secretos Del Corazon split tape (Dmitrij Ivanov, PO Box 30, 195009, St. Petersburg, Russia iq0@pisem.net).

Another label/distro formerly known as NotLG tapes is now called **Karma Mira Records** (mostly punk and ska/punk music, Kirill Mikhailov, PO Box 51, 198332, St. Petersburg, Russia). This is also address for Till I Die, 'cause this guy is playing guitar with them. There is also a zine called ***Voice*** which we are doing. It's concentrated more on hardcore music and animal rights. We have three issues out. The latest of them features interviews with Bane, Reaching Forward, Endstand, Children Of Fall, American skater/designer/artist Ed Templeton, brief history of Anarchist Black Cross, Pyat Uglov tour, Vzvod (band from Kirov) and lotsa scene reports, columns and reviews (Yegor Rogalyov, PO Box 165, 191025, St. Petersburg, Russia, voicezine@mail.ru). And from now on we are also running a new hardcore label, **Z-Day Records**—the first release is the *Tomorrow Will Be My Day* tape compilation (featuring bands somehow mentioned in our zine: Strength Approach, Hope Dies Last, Reaching Forward, Unconform, Newborn, Yage and some more), and another one which came out about two weeks ago is the Not For Me/xEnvisionx/In Our Hands three way split tape. We also have plans to put out huge benefit compilation for animal rights movement: so if bands are interested, please, get in touch.

Guess that's all for Saint Petersburg and Northwest.

The hardcore scene in Moscow (our capital) is the biggest, most active, and most developed one here. The first hardcore appeared there in late 80s. And in '94, one of the first Russian sxe bands, called Step Back, was founded. They played hardcore/punk in the vein of Minor Threat/7 Seconds, with lyrics in English. Then they changed their name (to Skygrain) and music as well, and began to write lyrics in Russian. I guess Skygrain were one of the best bands ever come from Russia. At the beginning their music was mostly new school influenced, but then they turned to hard-hitting and somehow melodic old school hardcore with touch of Integrity. Their only four-song demo was released on the tape compilation *We Are All Positive* by ShxSxS. After changing their music once more, and changes in line-up, they started to play under the name **Tri Kresta (XXX)**. Their music became something like chaotic hardcore with some emo influences, screaming vocals, and great political and personal lyrics. They recorded a great demo, but their singer was not satisfied with how the vocals sounded, so it hasn't come out. And I guess never will. Pity. They split few years ago. **Unconform** is another positive hardcore band. They started in '98, one year after the recorded 8-song demo. First they played more typical old school hardcore, but after changing a singer, turned more into melody. What they played on their last shows I can describe as melodic and emotional old school mixed with Stretch Armstrong-type metallic hardcore. They have recorded and put out a CD (self-financed) a year ago called *Pursuit Of Happiness.* Actually, the band doesn't play shows now. Their singer is more concentrated on his other project, so they are looking for another one. But as I heard they will make a final record soon with this lineup soon. Their website www.unconform.net, email: unconform@mail.ru. **Not For Me**—this band was founded by ex-singer of Counterstrike (this was old school typed sXe band which split up some time ago) they played youth crew hardcore with aggressive vocals and some melodic parts, they've got 7-song demo out which will be released on our split tape (with xEnvisionx from Canada and In Our Hands from Germany). Now they changed their lineup a little bit and changed the name to Once You Will Cry And Call Me. Their also music changed more in emo/metal direction and became more structured and technical. **Breakwar**—this band is originally from Volzhski (suburb of Volgograd) but all members moved to Moscow. They play mosh metal with some Buried Alive/Hatebreed influences. Changes they play energetic, rocking, and melodic old school HC in the Scandinavian style (Section 8, Amulet, Endstand, and the likes). The first release, called *1,* came out a week ago on Old School Kids Records. This band features ex-members of 095 (NYHC band from Moscow, not active yet). Another active band is called **Dilemma** (ex-

Mass Media Proof) they play metal in the vein of Undying/Caliban but more chaotic. As they say demo will be out very soon. Check out www.dilemmametal.net. On the emo side there are: **Marschak**—screamo (Andrey from Unconform sings there), **De-Volume** energetic emo/post-hardcore. **Metchty Sbyvayutsa** (Dreams Come True) is a melodic punk band featuring the bass player from Unconform. They've got a four-song demo which came out on Old School Kids as split with the American band Alli With An I. Also there is a new band called **Loa Loa** featuring people from Marschak and Dilemma. They play crazy power violence in Guyana Punch Line style. The only one remaining Russian 100% sXe band, **B 67** (they took part in worldwide *More Than X On Our Hands* compilation), split up about a year ago.

The most well known zine from Moscow is ***Vzorvannoye Nebo.*** The first issue was mostly sXe-hardcore-oriented, but lately it became more into emo and experimental stuff. If think it does not exist anymore, 'cause after three years, the third issue still is not out (115569, PO Box 1, Moscow, Vitaly Baranov blownupsky@yahoo.com). ***Old School Kids*** (founded on the basis of small bulletin called *Punk/Hardcore Magazine*) was a very good zine. #1 included Ten Yard Fight, Pitboss 2000, Samiam, Posadil Derevo interviews + Dutch, New Jersey and Moscow scene reports, articles and tons of reviews. Now Sergey is more concentrated on the label/distro which exists under the same name, so I guess they (together with Kirill from Skygrain/Tri Kresta) also quit doing the zine. (Sergey Voloshin, PO Box 64, 109147, Moscow, Russia, swingbro@yahoo.com). The new youth crew/sXe zine from Moscow is called On The Edge (30-8-41, ul. Krylatskiye holmy, 121614, Tchumakov Ivan, xvanyax@yahoo.com). The first issue is featuring In Control, Know Your Enemy, Champion, SSD, Not For Me, Slapshot, scene-reports, reviews. I guess next one will come out very soon.

Another city where hardcore was somehow active is Volzhskiy (near Volgograd). It's the hometown of **Wheel Of Dharma** (also one of the first Russian sXe bands). They started around '93-'94 and played raw punk/hardcore in vein of Teen Idles and Minor Threat, with angry political lyrics. They have some recordings out—the latest one is more hysterical and somehow reminds me of Born Against. Now their vocalist lives in Finland, but band still exists although all the other members now are Finnish. After the other band from this city called **Breakwar** (it features some original members of Wheel Of Dharma) left the city and moved to Moscow, I don't know much about what's happening there.

Also there is a quite active scene in Kirov area (central-east Russia). The oldest band from there is called **The Unsubs.** They play typical NY-style HC, but also have some more melodic songs in style of H2O / Vision. Now they are probably the only HC band in Russia that has English lyrics. They have put out three cassette releases so far: *Mind Frustration* (1993), *For The Strong Youth Only* (1998) and a live tape, *In My City* (1999) (The Unsubs: 610021, Kirov, Vorovskogo 110-173, V. Rednicov). **Vzvod** is a new band from this town, featuring some members of The Unsubs. They play NY-style HC too, but faster and more aggressive with some influences of old school HC bands such as Ensign and For The Living. Also there are a lot of new bands appearing there but I haven t heard any of them. *Play Hooky!*—one of the oldest Russian punk/HC zines, has nine issues out (*Play Hooky!*: 610011 Kirov, Sverdlova 15-14, Eduard Kireev). Another zine from that city is called *Bumazhniye Uzhasy* (Paper Horrors). I do not have their post address now, try reaching them through this e-mail dw@rip.kirov.ru.

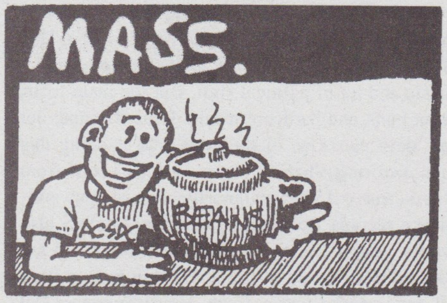
Another city where hardcore scene is somehow active is Krasnodar which is located in a very South of Russia. The band called **Zasrali Solntse** comes from there. They play NYHC with some mosh metal touch.

I guess that's all for this moment. If you want to learn some more about our scene, feel free to write me and I will always try my best to help you. Take care!

Yegor

x x x

(Yegor Rogalyov, PO Box 165, 191025, St. Petersburg, Russia, voicezine@mail.ru)



The summer is long gone and the fast aproaching winter signals the need for a new flight jacket, a new scarf and a new pair of boots.Soon I will be treading through snow and sleet to see shows. Usually the winters here suck, but I'm hoping for an eventful season of punk shows and house parties.

The EPIDEMIC are a great young band and have just had their first full length LP released by Mike Second Coming Records label Welfare Records. For a band that has just appeared out of nowhere, the records is just fucking incredible! They are playing shows about once a month here in Boston, and also play allot in Albany, which they say is their home away from home. They share similar styles with another up-and-coming punk outfit, STATE CONTROL, who have a CD EP out on our (reliable and always involved) local label Rodent Popsicle, and will be appearing on Charged Records next *Punk Unite* compilation. Rodent Popsicle will also be putting out a new compilation that will feature tracks from over 50 local Boston area punk/hardcore/grind bands. Off hand I can guess at some of them. It will probably include MOURNINGSIDE, The DEAD PEDESTRIANS, The PROFITS, The MIDNIGHT CREEPS, TOXIC NARCOTIC, who just returned from a tour with UK legends Discharge and leave anyday to do a month and a half tour with UK legends the UK Subs, TOMMY AND THE TERRORS, The SARCASTICS, RED INVASION, CZOLGOLSZ, A GLOBAL THREAt, and lots more! It will also have a new track from Mike and Doug from A Poor Excuses new band FOR THE WORSE, which also has a new CD out on RP Records. Boston's newest media darlings The STREET DOGS, who are made up of members from The Bruisers and fronted by ex-DROPKICK MURPHY'S front man Mike McColgan, just released a full length CD on Crosscheck Records named *Savin Hill* . DIRTY WATER, which is made up of ex-Ducky Boys members, also just released a new CD and both bands seem to be leaning twords a more "rock" sound. I hope this trend is not contagious. Boston has always been a "rock" town and when it infiltrates the punk rock scene, it pisses me off. DIRTY WATEr played earier this month with The USM, who I guess have a new line up. I sure hope the new line up is better than the old one. SWAT is a three piece punk-rock-n-roll outfit, that was featured in the September issue my punk zine, No13, just came back from a short tour to promote their new CD *Daze Of Our Lives*. SWAT also kept a tour diary during their short jaunt and it will be published at the end of November in *In The Van*… a 96 page zine filled with tour diary's, due out at the end of November, from SWAT, The ESCAPED, The Virus, A GLOBAL THREAT,The PHOTON TORPEDOES, The PROFITS and more! All profits will go to Regeneration to pay them back for all of the money they lost trying to start an all ages venue

THE EPIDEMIC AND STATE CONTROL

Scene reports

BOSTON PUNX

THE PROFITS

here last year, that unfortunatilly was shutdown way too soon. The cover price will be $1 and I'm currently seeking sponsors (not advertisers) to help cover cost of printing. You can get a full page for only $50!!!!!!! This includes all sorts of fringe benefits too.Check out my website for more info! I also kept a tour diary of sorts on my trip to The Beer Olympics with The BLUE BLOODS who, after finally finding kick-ass permanent drummer Jym, will be leaving on October 14th for a 2 week tour of Europe with long time Boston hardcore favorites BLOOD FOR BLOOD and SLAPSHOT. There was a "send off" show a couple of weeks ago in Stoughton (a Southern suburb of Boston) with The STREET DOGS, The RIVER CITY REBELS, and local ska-punk favorites The STRAY BULLETS who will have a new CD out soon on Boston local punk/ska label Fork In Hand. In the last month I have seen some bands go from good to great. The STRUGGLE from Haverhill (a northern suburb) are really getting their sound down and have started to impress not only yours truly, but rooms full of spikey haired punk rockers. I'm really hoping they get some of their stuff down on some vinyl soon. The CHAOTIX, also from Haverhill, are all between 15 and 17 years old and have been playing shows every month. Every time I go to see them you can hear people say "Wow The CHAOTIX were awsome. I'm glad they showed up this time. Last time they couldn't make it cause they got grounded." For a young band they are really good. As a matter of fact they are better than some bands that have been playing for 10 years.

Unfortunatilly, there is a huge separation between the punk scene and the hardcore scene here. I understand the hardcore kids disgust of the fashion and general skrubbiness involved in the punk scene and I understand the punk kids discust of the meatheaded, Nike wearing hardcore scene. But, I love 'em both and I do my best to stay abreast of what is going on in both. Boston has a great hardcore scene as well. Lockin Out Records is a young and up coming label that has put out records by MENTAL (who played Posi-Fest this year), Stop and Think, the recently broken up DUMPTRUCK and Boston Straight Edge crew band CRUNCH TIME, who's new 7" is incredible and (as rare as it may be)...positive. New releases by Lockin Out include a demo by THE JAGUARZ, and a new 7" from Righteous Jams. A couple of nights ago I went to The Central Square Elks Lodge (a venue that has been hosting shows all summer) and saw SHOT DEAD who were celebrating the release of their new s/t 7" on Moo Cow/Amonia Records. It's a good release and these guys should be touring in the summer on 2004 so look for them! Also playing were The BONES BRIGADE, who went on a short tour at the end of the summer....they kick so much ass. They also have a tour video available and it's fucking hilarious. Get it! Think I Care also played. Thought they don't really do much for me, they've been playing for three years and are a local treat. The show was also a good bye to BRANDO, a band that I've enjoyed seeing many times over the past years and their couple of releases will be a nessesary part of any Boston hardcore collection. I'm still waiting on the release of R'NR's new full length, thought The PROWL's, a local thrash band who also went on tour with The BONES BRIGADE, newest 10" on Deadalive records might have to hold me over. Stab And Kill Records, another local hardcore label has put local releases on the back burner for the moment and, for now, has slated a number of releases for out of town bands like a new 7" EP for Vancouver's Blue Monday, a new 7" from N. Carolina's Over and Out, and 2 releases for 2 New York bands, Subzero and Bottom Line. Stab and Kill's first release was by The A-TEAM. Word on the street is that The A-TEAM will be no more in a matter of months. That's too bad cause these guys rule! They put out one 12" and 2 7"'s. They're all great so...good luck on ebay!

The club situation is really getting to me. Promoters (even our beloved Bill Toxic) have been putting on shows in Providence, RI as of late due to the lack of available all ages venues. We do have one club that still allows all ages shows with a bar, The All Asia Cafe. Of course some people in this city don't fucking care about keeping these places available. Case in point: last week I went to see Last Target (Japan) at the All Asia. Twords the end of the night some stupid fuck, who, of course, is wasted, just starts punching people for no reason and just being an all around dooche bag. The owner almost stopped the show because of it. It's people like this that can ruin it for the rest of us. No other club, aside from Axis, who only do "big" punk shows, allows punk shows in this fucking city. Luckilly there are some people who open their homes for shows. In Brighton, The House Of Suffering Sucatash is putting on shows, La Fraction just played at 122 Armory St in Jamaica Plain, and Crusty Craig is also hosting shows in his house in Brighton, though I have not been there to check it out yet.

If you are not included in this scene report, I either forgot you or didn't know you exist. Drop me a line or send me your new release. If you are interested in the Boston punk/hardcore scene check out my publishing company's website and order monthly issues of No13 Boston Punk Zine for $1. Also if you are interested in contacting any band/label included in this scene report, all of them with websites are linked at the FNS Homepage. Thanks and until January...Up The Punx!

Pat -The FNS Guy-
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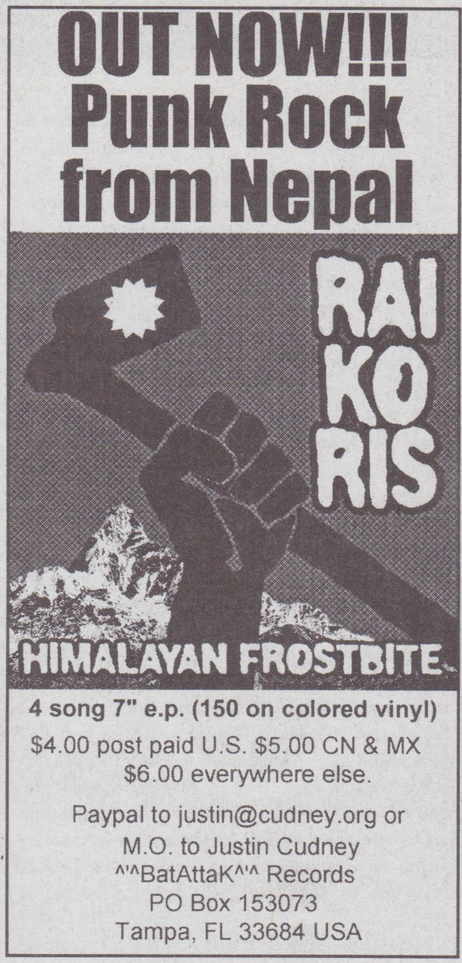

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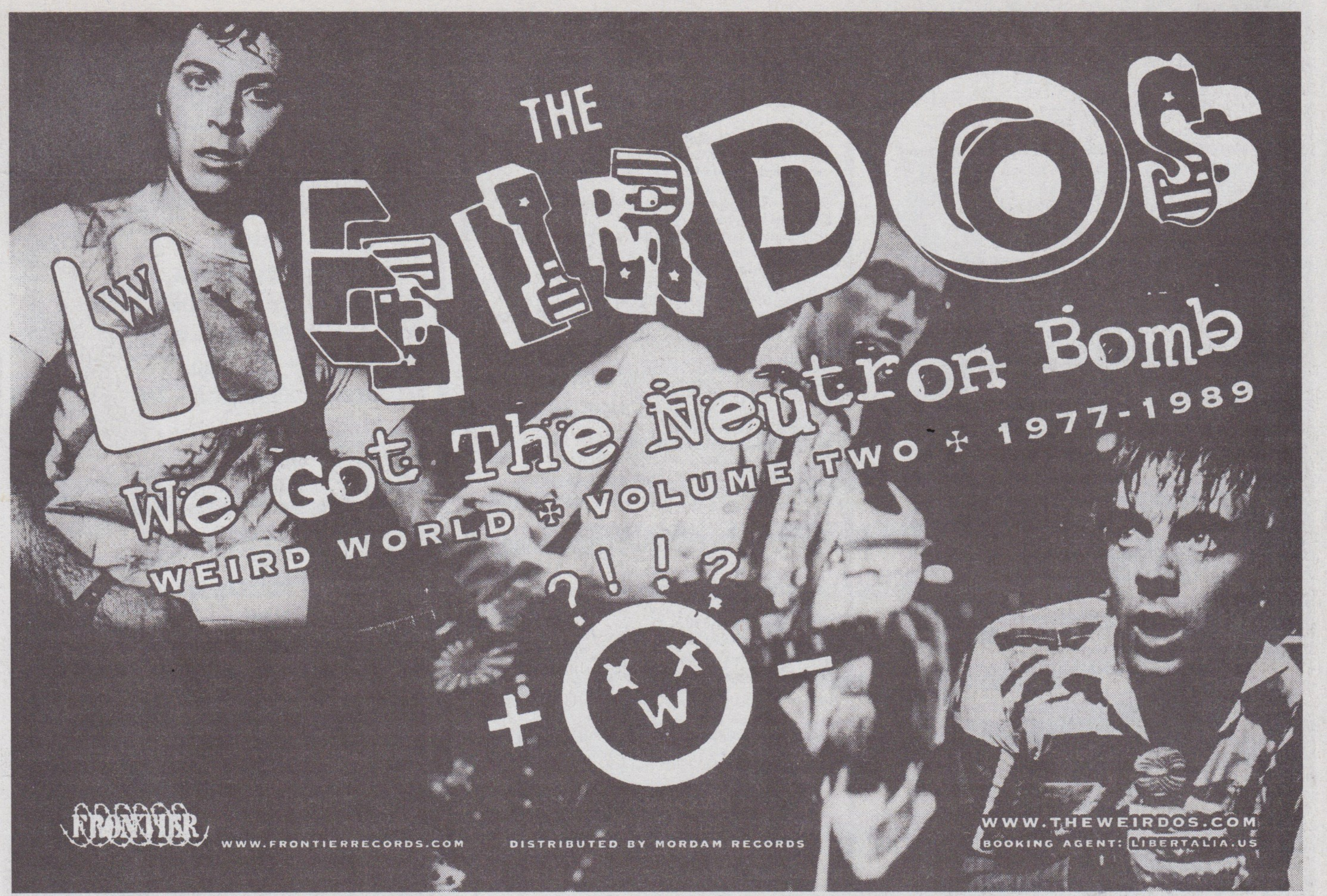
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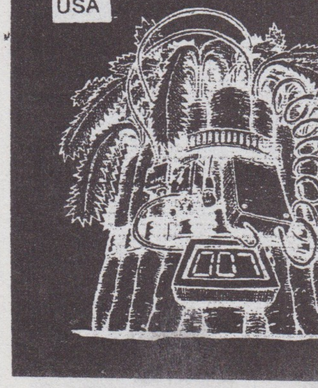

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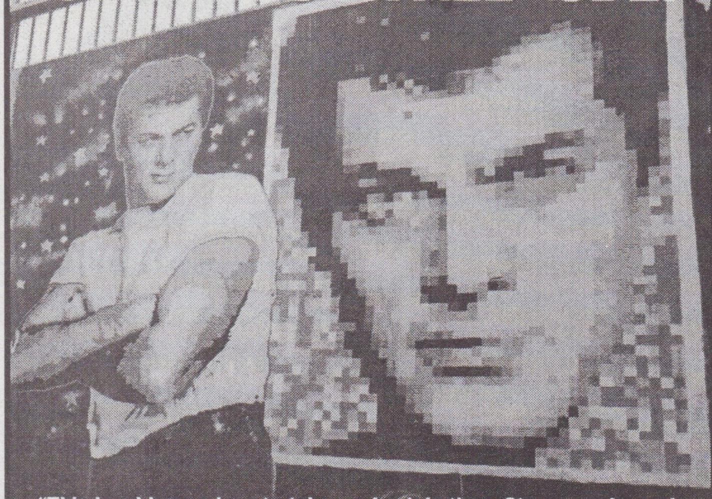

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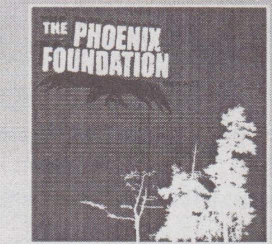

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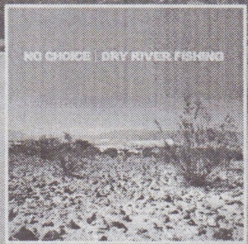

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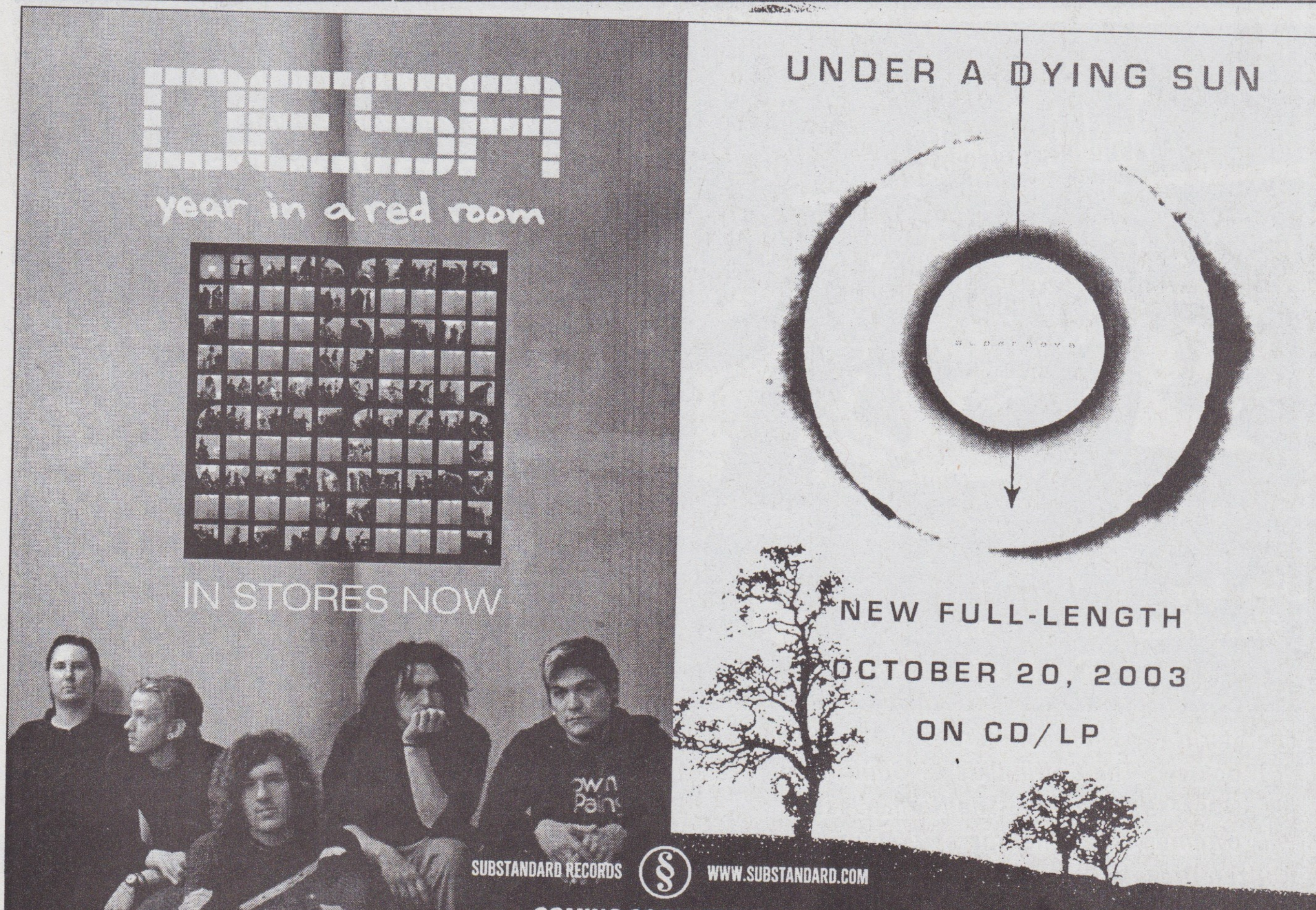

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DSB

DEFIANCE OF SHIT BASTARDS

DSB's music and attitude is powerful enough to make the words fall flat when attempting to describe it. What else is there to say? Those who saw them on their recent West Coast tour's cheeks are still sore from all the smiling and radical sharp shouting, and for those who weren't lucky enough to, you owe it to yourself to witness DSB live on the East Coast November 21-23.

Interview by Johnny Underage
Photos by Dave HyDe & Shanie Ruest

MRR: Otsukare DSB!

Otsukare!

MRR: What is the history of Defiance of Shit Bastards?

DSB: In 1990 spring, DSB was accidentally formed by Kazu and Yo who were high school classmates.

MRR: How did you arrive with this present band lineup?

DSB. Except bass, unchanged members (but special members joined when accident happened). BBT joined in 2001 summer.

MRR: On the *One Shot Kill* compilation LP, the lineup is different, why?

DSB: Some members were in jail.

MRR: Defiance of Shit Bastards must be one of the best punk band names ever, how did you decide on this name?

DSB: This name DSB had no meaning. But many people asked the meaning, so we made to answer. We just wanted to give the name that suggested hardcore punk band. (like "deformed sound bop," "die sod bigot," etc.)

MRR: From the first demo tape to the first EP *No Fight No Get*, DSB changed its sound style from Discharge raw punk to the ram-charging radical punk you currently play. Why the change in style in this time period?

DSB: Music trend in us changes the sound. (extension of music that we listen to and influence of shows that we see) We are influenced to all rebel music like reggae, hip-hop, funk, soul, blues and jazz. However we just want to be straight punk band. In the range of hardcore punk, we continue to change.

MRR: What influences and inspires DSB's music/lyrics besides *Braveheart*?

DSB: Movie, fighting, novel.

MRR: Does Kazu write all song lyrics, or are they written together?

DSB: Kazu writes mostly.

MRR: Who designed the collapsed peace sign? What is the meaning behind it (if it can be explained in words)?

DSB: Kazu designed. Ruin and fashionizing of peace mark.

MRR: Could you explain a little about your song lyrics and what they mean to you?

DSB: Awaking us!

MRR: Does living in Japan where your job is so important carry over into your attitude towards music?

DSB: We can see the fundamental of distortion and hatred in Japan that makes despondency and rebellious spirits, when we are members of vertical society and economic system in Japan.

MRR: What is the Yamato Damishii, and how does this come into your radical rocknroll attack?

DSB: It might not exactly mean Yamato Damishii, but all result in the scene of Wallace's last cry "Freedom" in *Braveheart*.

MRR: Could you tell what Yamato Damishii means to you or should we watch *Braveheart*?

Eiji: It means striving spirit with unchanged mind, carrying out their original purpose.

MRR: DSB's live show is very crazy! What are some of the wildest/best gigs you've played?

DSB: Gig on pedestrianized street that was like hardcore terrorism attack to the unspecified people who stayed accidentally in the park on Sunday.

MRR: You've just played the "DSB vs. GAUZE" gig at Antiknock where you performed for one hour each, who won? Haha!

DSB: There was no score. Decide as you like.

MRR: Recently you came to the American West Coast to play three shows; how were they?

What is your impression of both America and the American punx?

DSB: Innocent. Good at enjoying. Culture shock.

MRR (to Yo): Your approach to playing live probably makes Jimi Hendrix get a boner in the grave; the way you worship, attack, and fuck the guitar is fucking incredible. Could you tell us about the approach you take when playing and who some of your influences are?

Yo: Since I was on the stage as a member of DSB. Nothing special influence and inspire my playing, but I love great guitarists like Jimmy Hendrix.

MRR (to Yo): when are you going to start burning guitars on stage?

Yo: I always play with the vigor that may burn a guitar.

MRR (to BBT): BBT, your *hair* in every video I see, it is always changing. Who does your hair, what's it look like now?

BBT: I make by myself. Sometimes members help me. Now black short spiky hair.

MRR: In 2002, DSB released three EPs distinguished by colors: red, white, and black. What is the importance of the colors in regards to the different attitude/feelings of these records?

DSB: Three primary colors of hardcore.

MRR: Soon, DSB will return to America to play a three-day tour of the Northeast-what do you anticipate upon your return?

DSB: Radical sharp shot!!!

MRR: I know it is difficult to get time away from work in Japan, but do you think it might be possible that a full US or European tour might happen in the future? After this November tour, where will the four burning soul warriors next display Yamato Damashii to legions of Radical Punx?

DSB: No full tour. We are just weekend killer. Holland, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Korea, West Coast.

MRR: If there is anything else you might want to add to this interview-please feel free, Big Daddy!

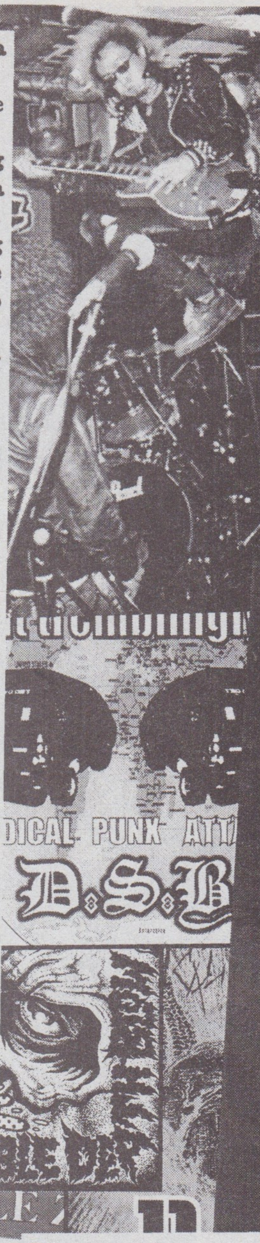
Yo: We play with one object. Each of us has his own idea, sense, attitude and life style, and has dream and object to live better. You want to lead better punk rock life, don't you? First of all, *do* to attain object. Through our show, attitude and lyrics, we inspire as many people who meet us and see our show as possible to attain their own objects. This power is our object. We continue to appeal to fundamental human feeling and connect with it, respecting each other beyond thought, sex, and race through punk rock. That's "RADICAL PUNX NEVER DIE." Even if we play fast, pop, mellow, or Discharge-style songs, all are our punk rock. We are not satisfied at all. We continue to pursue our punk rock. We continue to fight all that we should fight. FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! TOMORROW BELONGS TO US.

Eiji: Never make virtual image of Japanese hardcore just reading our interview. Each has each thought to act. Not only one way. You can't understand just from interview and record. You might have a question about our pop number, but we answer all on stage.

Tanaka/DSB staff: "Radical Punks," as you know, is one of DSB's styles. But what does *radical* mean? I think it means pure power that punk has fundamentally. You could feel this from their show.

Thanks to John (No Fucker), Shin (Framtid), Tanaka (DSB staff).

MRR: And thanks to DSB!



NO FIGHT NO GET.
Fight For Peace! Don't Have It Given To You.
QUESTION THE PEACEMARK WHICH HAS BECOME THE MEANING LESS SYMBOL.
D.S.B

Discography:
- demo tape '91?
- demo tape '93
- V/A *In Search of Space* CD '94
- *No Fight No Get* tape '95
- V/A *Seisatu Yodatu* tape
- V/A *Abikyokan Tour* tape
- V/A *Sword of Thrash* CD
- *No Fight No Get* EP '96
- *Wings Continue to Strive with Unchanged Mind* LP/CD '96
- V/A *Sanntama City Hard Core Vol. 2* EP '97
- *Radical Sharp Shot* EP '99
- *Double Death Blow* split EP with Deathreat
- V/A *One Shot One Kill* LP '01
- *Pure Cultivation* EP/CD '02
- *Battle Into Invisible Zone* EP/CD '02
- *Wait Tremblingly!!!* EP/CD '03 and some items sorry we forget them.

DSB Will be back in the States on November 21 in Providence, Rhode Island; November 22 at ABC No Rio in NYC; and November 23 in Philadelphia, PA (Philadelphia Freedom!) "I pity the fool" that stays home!

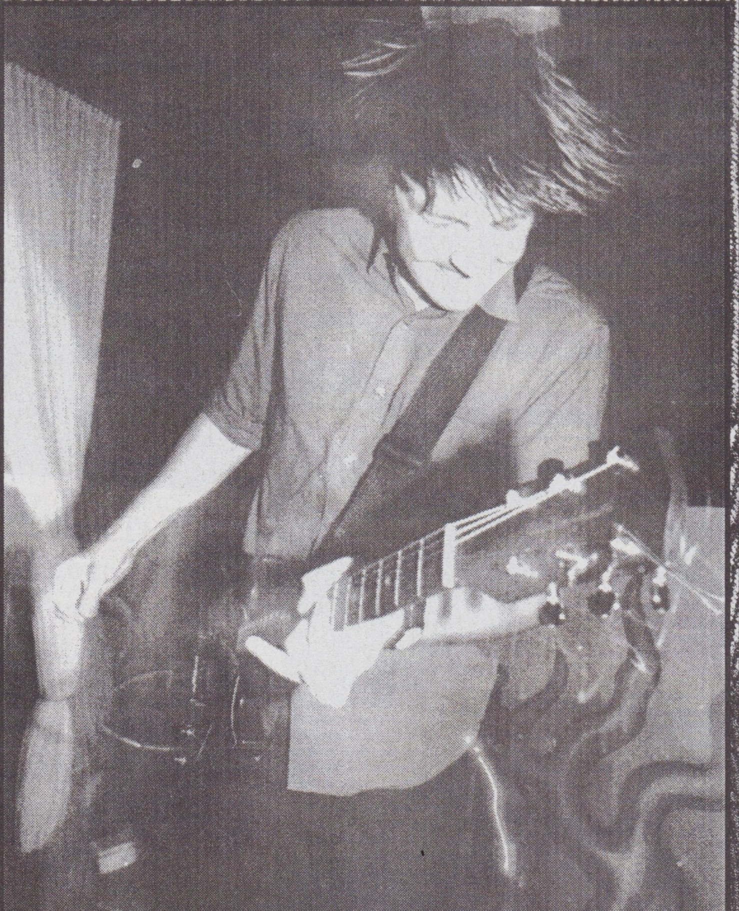
BLLLAAARRRGGGHHHH!!!!!

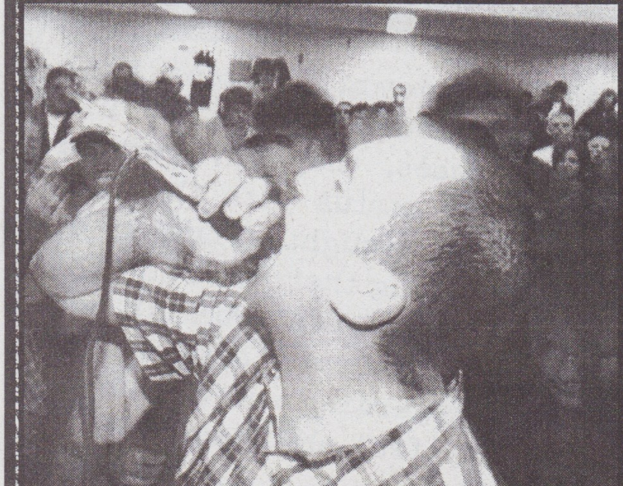
Photos by Matt Average

Chainsaw at El Taco Nazo in Pomona, CA 7.26.03. Street Trash at a house paty in Ojia, CA
D.I.R.T. at Gilman sometime in the fall of 1994.

ATE
EARPLUGS
25¢
IN STORE
IGNORE
PEACEFUL PROTEST
REW

Going clockwise: Cut The Shit at the Che Cafe in San Diego, CA 7.27.03 . Giant Haystacks in San Francisco 5.17.03. Shank at Lafayette Community Center in downtown LA 2.8.03.





THE BOILS

The Boils have been a mainstay of East coast punk rock for over six years. Through constant touring, and nearly fifteen releases, they have worked their way into a familial status with the East Coast. The past year has brought a number of changes to the band, including their debut on TKO records "Pride and Persecution". Greg (Vocals), Jeff (Guitar), Dave (Bass) and Mike (Drums) sat down and answered some questions regarding where the band is heading and how they feel about where they have been.

Interview by Matt Wilson of *No Quarter* Magazine

MRR: The Boils have never had a terribly stable lineup, however there have been some rather big changes going into this most recent record. Please explain how Mike (drums) and Jeff (guitar) have made their way into the band.

GREG: Yeah, school and jobs have cost us a few members along the way. And while Warren played on Pride and Persecution, he had to unfortunately jump ship earlier this year in order to concentrate on work and school. At that point, Mike came aboard just in time for the Japan tour. We've known him for years, as he's recorded us a number of times in the studio.

DAVE: It was going to be a temporary thing at first, but after we got home and didn't have a drummer Mike stepped up to the plate full time.

JEFF: I remember Greg and I talked about me joining the band in the winter of 2001 and he said no! He said that a second guitar player simply wasn't in the cards for them at that point. I was kinda bummed out about it. But a few months later they changed their mind and I played my first show with them in Lancaster that May.

GREG: At the time we wanted to fill out the sound with two guitars, but mid-way through the tour with oxymoron, I dumped the guitar for most of the shows and just sang. It turned out to be a lot more fun this way, we could have audience participation like never before, and I could hang onto pints and pitchers much easier this way.

JEFF: Mike is a drunk. That's why we got *him*.

MRR: With Greg putting down the guitar, how does this change the energy of the band, do you feel that you're in a better position now then you were two years ago?

JEFF: We kinda took the idea from Sucker and Oxymoron who plays second guitar on some songs and just sings on others, and it seemed to work really well for them. But we are no Oxymoron, and by the end of that tour it made more sense to have Greg just sing. Having Greg free to jump around and interact with the crowd really helps our set flow a little better. Despite the fact that my opinion is biased, I believe that a Boils live show today is a better all around show than it was a few years ago

DAVE: It really does help things out. Kids just seem to get way more into it now as opposed to before that tour. Everything on stage is a lot more freed up and you have three people going off up front instead of the person who everyone is focused on stationary in front of a mic. I think all my favorite shows to play have been after Greg put down the guitar.

GREG: Before, we had kids coming up and singing along and stuff, but if we were on a stage, even a smaller stage like CBGB's that sing-a-long part of the show just went right out the window. And to me, that's a really important part of our show. Some punk bands out there *can* get away with a guitarist/lead singer. For instance there's a definite ambience in the room when the Hudson Falcons take the stage, and you're just drawn in to what they do, and how they're doing it. The Templars are another band. They added Chet from APA to fill out the sound, but Carl still retains guitar duties as well. There's such a mystique about that band, maybe because they don't play out every other weekend, but when they're up there, it just works without the aid of a guy just doing vocal duties. We're definitely the type of band that's more reliant on audience participation to make it all work. When there's no one there, or no one participating, we suffer from it. We may look like we're getting by, but inside, we're suffering. And then I have more time to myself up there, which means I'm probably doing shit that looks stupid.

MRR: This is your first record on TKO records, what happened that made Cyclone no longer an option for you, and what made you choose TKO among the many options you had available to you? How has it been to work with Mark Rainey?

GREG: I'm not sure if it was "many" options, but there were a few choices, a few labels, some which were fun by really top-notch people, who were interested with working with us. TKO was a label that we were all huge fans of and I knew it would be something that would be really awesome for the band. Cyclone had gone kerplunk after the Pure Punk tour, and I know Jeff up there had tried to make things work, but it just didn't happen. We had hung in there with him until the end, but finally he made the call that the ship had sunk. So to make an exhaustingly long story short, I eventually started talking to Mark Rainey after we sent him a package, and he just seemed like a really good guy. Every band we knew from TKO was really happy there, and we were fans of most of those bands. It's been incredible to work with Mark; he's got a professional attitude and seems to care about the bands and the music on his label. He's come to shows of ours everywhere from Philly down to Virginia, where TKO is based now. And even with two children and a beautiful wife, he wasn't afraid to let my drunk ass crash on his couch. This is a good man, to which I forever pledge my friendship and loyalty.

MRR: Do you feel that having TKO's support has freed you to focus more on the band and touring? (As opposed to worrying about whether the tour has been promoted, record actually pressed, etc. etc. etc.)

GREG: For one thing we know our record will be out, and we know it will be advertised.

JEFF: We were just relieved to finally see ads for *Pride and Persecution* and also the Thorp records ads for *The Ripping Waters* EP. It was very refreshing to simply be involved with hardworking record labels and both have been helpful with getting our name back on the map since our last record. Now being a hard working band with a healthy attitude is still up to us. I do think that there are certain labels where people take note of a band a little more than others. We did a few weeks down through the south eastern part of the States just the other month, and I felt like playing for the last number of years and now being on a label like TKO made some kids take notice a little more than before. I believe that certain labels in different genres of punk rock and hardcore have that effect on an audience. If there's a lesser-known band coming to town on a label like TKO or GMM, I think people are more likely to perk up and come out, or pay attention more than maybe they would otherwise. Playing out now under the banner of TKO records has really helped us out, and we're really proud to be a part of that family now.

MRR: You have a song on the new record ("Stalag Days") regarding one of the most important independent punk venues in Philly, as well as an allusion to the License and Inspection division of Philadelphia city government on the cover of your new record. These are clearly references to the recent and ongoing encroachment upon independent music venues in the Philadelphia area. Being a band that has seen the ebb and flow of the Philadelphia punk scene, do you feel that the newest onslaught has presented a more formidable challenge to the "Scene"?

GREG: The "scene" has always been formidably challenged by the City of Philadelphia. All ages shows are an absolute bitch in this city. Our friend Sean does a lot of shows at the Unitarian Church in Philly, but there are barely any street punk shows there. I don't know why, maybe problems with the audience, maybe the guys who run it just aren't really into this type of music, but whatever the reason, it just isn't happening. Venues on South Street will let you do a show for a small fee (that usually encompasses an arm or a leg). Not to mention the fact that the show needs to be *done* by 8pm in order for it to be all ages. Chris from the Low Budgets was hosting shows in his basement, and for a while it seemed like we had our new Stalag 13. There was a positive vibe, and for the most part, a sense of respect and community amongst everyone in attendance. But only weeks before this interview, we were playing a show there with The Virus and Blind Society and after our set I walked upstairs to find three cop cars now in attendance. So evidently, The Pleasure Bungalow, which was a really beautiful thing, has now become a very short-lived thing as well. That leaves ya with big clubs that won't do smaller punk shows and small clubs that won't do any all ages shows. Some cities are just more resourceful. DC is more resourceful. They relied on the Kaffahouse for a while, and took a hit when it went down, but it seems like something else always pops up down there. We've never had the stability of a place as long lasting or as cool as CB's up in New York.

DAVE: I don't really think this problem is isolated to Philly though. I think we might have it a little worse around here than other places do but its been happening pretty much everywhere. Boston had probably one of the best DIY punk run clubs ever called Regeneration, but they only had what, like 6 shows before the city shut them down for some bullshit reason.

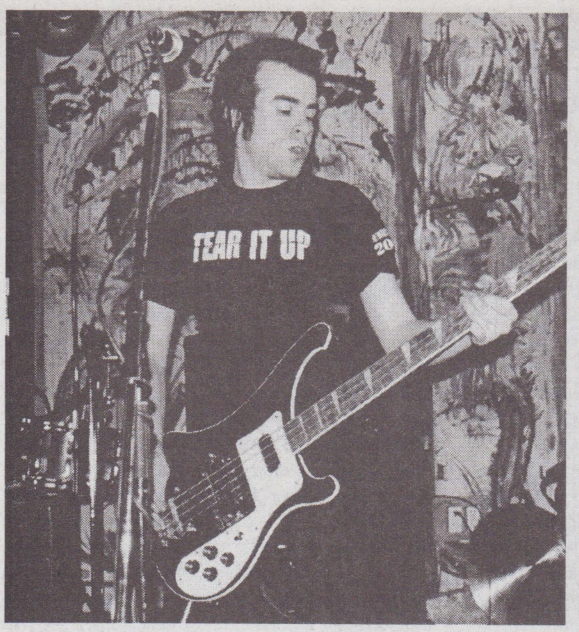
MRR: Do you feel that the FCC further deregulating media giants such as Clear Channel (Whose interests in concert promotion arguably formed the impetus for a licensing crackdown of independent venues) may have a further impact in this arena?

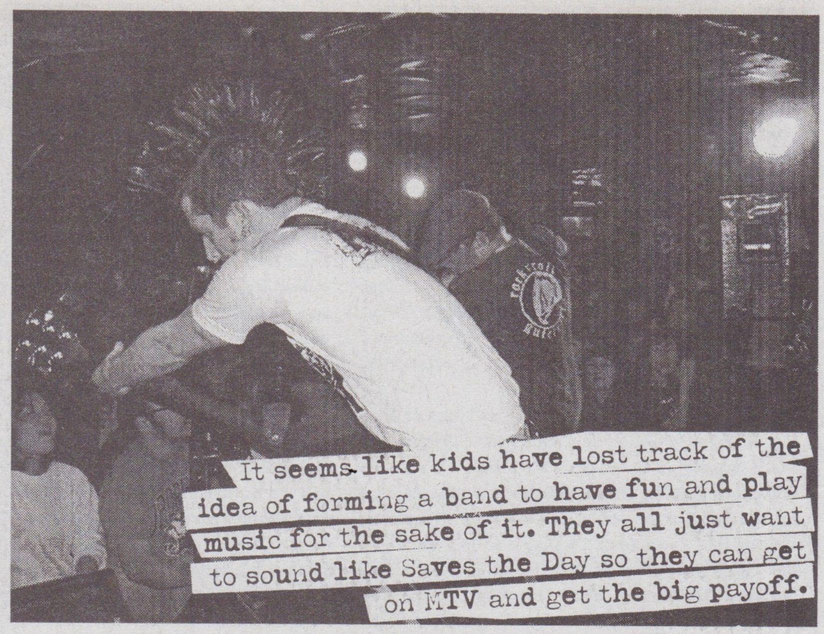
GREG: Unless you're on tour with some top 40 pop punk band, it certainly doesn't help! In other words, the more corporate end of the "Punk Rock" world has the ability to book shows leaving the rest of us desperate for even a small basement we can count on.

JEFF: Keeping independent venues alive is hard enough without having to worry about city governments shutting them down. But these media giants will obviously continue to have a direct impact simply because they are in it for business.

MRR: This winter you did your first brief tour of Japan; how was your first trip outside of the U.S? Did you find cross-cultural issues difficult?

GREG: The trip was fucking awesome! And we kinda bypassed some of the more dif-





It seems like kids have lost track of the idea of forming a band to have fun and play music for the sake of it. They all just want to sound like Saves the Day so they can get on MTV and get the big payoff.

ficult cross-cultural issues, as we were in good hands with our friends Last Target from Japan.

JEFF: The tour was unreal. We had talked with bands that had been there before like the Unseen, the Scaries, and Glenn from Reducers SF and they gave us tips on traveling over there, dealing with our merch, what to expect, and that type of shit. But as soon as we stepped off the place through to our departure, Last Target made us feel at home the entire time and we owe them the world. The shows were just awesome, the food was delicious, and the people were the sweetest. We just tried our best to talk to everybody we met, take lots and lots of pictures, eat weird shit, and experience everything we possibly could. There were nights when we would be at the after party, drinking with the other bands and the language barrier would no longer exist and we could hold conversations with them about everything from professional wrestling to current events. I think just the fact that we were able to tour over there is proof that more bands our size will be making their way over there soon and hopefully the fucking amazing Japanese bands will make their way to the US.

GREG: I can't say enough good things about the experience, from the bands to the cities, the people to the food to the beer. My eyes were open wide the entire time.

MRR: The United States scene is regrettably insulated from music outside of our borders, what new music/bands were you exposed to through the tour that people should check out?

GREG: I feel inclined to write an entire article about tall the wonderful bands and people that we met over there. The bands over there had a certain passion, and a sincerity that I felt like I hadn't experienced in a long time over here. In fact the trip was perfectly timed, as I was sort of in a discontented state with newer punk and oi bands in the states. Every night it was really difficult to get up and play following not only Last Target, but most of the other bands as well.

DAVE: They really have a better sense of community within their scene over there. A lot of different types of bands playing together which is something you don't see too often here with all our little cliques we seem set into. There were nights were we would be on a show with a samurai skinhead band, a Japanese thrash band, and a pop punk band and everyone in the crowd went off with the same intensity for each band. It was just really cool to see something like that. As far as new bands go, the standouts for me were Ampezz who are a mostly female band, The Hawks, and Youth Anthem. The trip really opened my eyes to some new stuff. It was pretty funny because driving around with Last Target, they kept wanting to listen to American bands and ask us about them, and we kept wanting to listen to Japanese stuff. It was a fight for the stereo

JEFF: Last Target of course, some nights I felt kinda weird following such great acts like Explosion Sack, Fuck You Heroes, EMPI, and Disclapties, Burl and on and on, they were all great.

GREG: EMPI was a stand out band from Tokyo, they sounded like Manowar meets Oi! with beautiful inspiring lyrics. I fucking loved this band, and Taz, the lead singer, was one of the greatest people I met over there. The Hawks from Osaka was another incredible band with incredible people; in fact a Boils/Hawks split is possibly in the works. One for All and Youth Anthem were two top notch rock and roll Oi! Influenced type bands. Explosion Sack was more of a Violent Society styled punk band. Strength was a Templars sounding Oi! Band from Nagoya, Ampezz was a female fronted band that blew me away; I could go on and on. I got on that plane with an uplifted spirit in my heart. I know I sound crazy, but imagine how I sounded jet lagged, crazy, hung over, and sleep drunk after the tour. Anyway, if anyone wants any more details on any of these bands, drop us an email.

MRR: Mike, you have been recording at Creep Studios for a number of years and have recorded the past couple of boils records as well as the Cranked Up!, Kill Your Idols, and Casualties records, in what way has your exposure to so many bands on a regular basis influenced what you bring to the Boils? Are you continuing to record now? Is there anybody that you're excited about working with soon?

MIKE: I am still recording at Creep as well as doing freelance work. I have been involved to some extent on every Boils record except for a couple of 7"s, so I was already familiar with the band and most of the material. I am also a fan of the band and friends with the guys so it was an easy decision to play with them. I listen to all styles of music, so recording those bands definitely influenced how I play with the Boils, but I like to think that I also bring other influences into it. There are usually some young bands that I get excited about, but right now there isn't anything that has really blown me away, except for Thumbs Up! I usually look for some sort of originality; everything is very derivative right now. It seems like kids have lost track of the idea of forming a band to have fun and play music for the sake of it. They all just want to sound like Saves the Day so they can get on MTV and get the big payoff.

MRR: The Boils have toured the East Coast/Dirty South near constantly in the past five years, however there has been virtually no touring done on the west coast. Is getting to that side of the country a priority to you? Somewhat unconsciously, the East Coast/West Coast scenes divide themselves, who are you excited about dealing with on the West Coast, do you feel that touring with the Forgotten on the Pure Punk tour and working with TKO has earned you a foot in the door? How has the new record been received on the West Coast?

JEFF: Yeah, it is totally a priority; its just tough to book ourselves out there and we've just had an easier time in the south and along the East Coast. We have gotten positive feedback from people out there and I just hope that we get out there sooner rather than later. This summer will be two years since we played the West Coast, but it just hasn't seemed to fall together for us since then. It would be awesome to play out there with The Forgotten or The Bodies.

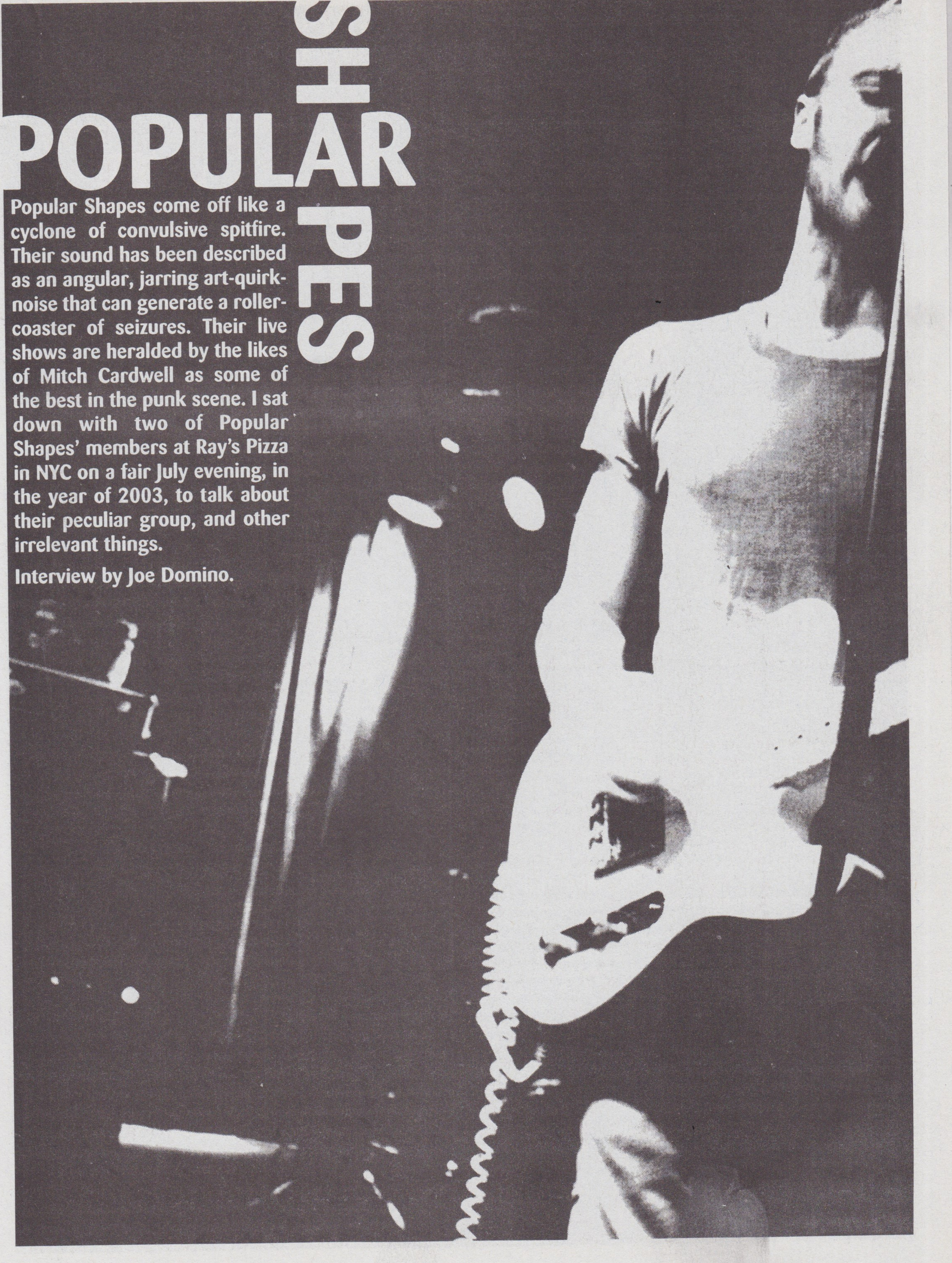
GREG: We don't know the area as well, and we know our limitations with touring. Everything we do is self-booked, so we don't have a huge guarantee or anything so, we're constantly penny pinching along the way. Making it all the way out there is harder on our time off from school and jobs, but we definitely want to make it happen, so anyone with any ideas, let us know….

Contact the boils at:
The Boils
PO Box 175
West Chester PA 19380
www.theboils.com

POPULAR SHAPES

Popular Shapes come off like a cyclone of convulsive spitfire. Their sound has been described as an angular, jarring art-quirk-noise that can generate a roller-coaster of seizures. Their live shows are heralded by the likes of Mitch Cardwell as some of the best in the punk scene. I sat down with two of Popular Shapes' members at Ray's Pizza in NYC on a fair July evening, in the year of 2003, to talk about their peculiar group, and other irrelevant things.

Interview by Joe Domino.



MRR: OK! State your name and what instrument you play.

Nicholas: I'm Nicholas and I play guitar and sing.

Lee: I'm Lee and I play bass.

Nicholas: Trent plays guitar and he's not here. We don't have a drummer.

Lee: Heavy Kevy just quit and moved to San Francisco.

MRR: So you're from Seattle, right? Washington State, home of "grunge". Do any of you have *Singles* in your video library?

All: No!

Nicholas: I did have that soundtrack in eighth grade, I think. The Paul Westerburg song, that's a good song, I don't care what anybody says.

MRR: I think everyone who was in eighth grade when that movie came out had that soundtrack. Are you enjoying NYC's sites on your visit?

Nicholas: We saw Thurston Moore's castle today! By the Statue of Liberty, that fuckin' red thing—

MRR: Dude, don't Thurston and Kim live in Massachusetts?

Nicholas: Not anymore. All the people on the boat were trying to visit him, but he was listening to the A-Frames and wouldn't let 'em in.

MRR: Okay, so how long ago did you form Popular Shapes?

Lee: Close to two years ago.

MRR: How did you guys get together?

Lee: Nicholas and I have played in a band together since we were teenagers, and Kevin used to book our band in eastern Washington. When he eventually moved to Seattle, he started a band with us. Trent was from Eastern Washington too.

MRR: Is it easy to find a practice space in Seattle? 'Cause forget about it in NYC.

Lee: I was just talking to a friend and he said it's a lot easier to do it in Seattle than here.

Nicholas: We practice at a space called the Jam Box. We practice on Tuesday nights. We've come to the conclusion that that's when every single bad band in Seattle gets together and practices in the same space. Nirvana covers going on—

Lee: Alice N Chains—

Nicholas: Haven't heard any skacore though. We don't practice anymore—we've stopped.

MRR: That's encouraging, thanks.

Nicholas: We need a drummer.

Lee: Anybody play drums who reads this fuckin' magazine?

MRR: So do you guys tour a lot on the West coast?

Lee: We toured once, a little Northern California tour, along with Reno.

MRR: And you've played Canada, right? So, that's a world tour.

Nicholas: Yeah, kinda.

Lee: We've played Portland!

MRR: Do you have plans to tour the East coast?

Lee: I'd love to come to the fuckin' East coast.

MRR: You should play tonight! I'm sure you could find *someone* in NYC to play drums and guitar.

Lee: Yeah, *someone.*

MRR: I play hipster keyboards and have a drum machine.

Nicholas: Have you *heard* the record?

MRR: Yeah, I actually listen to the CD a lot.

Nicholas: That's encouraging. If we could use a drum machine we would, cause drummers are crappy, but it would never ever, ever work.

MRR: Well, you can write some complex stuff with a drum machine.

Nicholas: It would be terrible!

MRR: As long as you're in time.

Lee: That's the key-as long as we're in time.

Nicholas: That's not the way our band works.

Lee: Kenny's the only person you know that has seen us live and he'll tell ya.

Nicholas: We're not the tightest; we don't pride ourselves on being a "tight live act."

Lee: More like the "loose live act."

MRR: Okay then. The records you've released so far are?

Lee: A little 7" with Dirtnap Records, a split with the Intelligence.

MRR: Is there a full-length coming out soon?

Nicholas: It should be released by the time this goes to print. It's being put out by On/On Switch, and they're gonna do fifty 7"s that are being pressed somewhere in New Zealand.

MRR: And they're hand-lathed, right?

Nicholas: On clear vinyl. It's gonna be hot.

Lee: I'm sorry we had to put someone through that. We have a Chemical Brothers cover on Side B.

MRR: What song?

Nicholas: I think it's called "Let Forever Be".

MRR: Who decided to do a Chemical Brothers cover?

Nicholas: There was a film festival in Seattle and a bunch of directors were in town. A local club organized a show where each band had to do a cover of a video that a director made. The deal was you get to do three of you own original songs and then you had to play your version of the cover song while the original video played in the background-so it had to be timed correctly. There was a big list full of really crappy stuff. I don't know why we chose the Chemical Brothers. I wouldn't even say it was a cover by the time we got done with it. I don't think anybody at the show knew the song in the first place. So, it just probably sounded like another original to them. It was ridiculous.

MRR: And what song is on the A-Side?

Nicholas: "Flattered You're Terrified," the only slow song on the album.

MRR: That song is on your website, right?

Nicholas: It's off now.

Lee: We have these awesome pictures on our website now.

MRR: Okay, so I've heard nothing but good things about the band. What have you heard?

Lee: I can't tell what people think. People say nice things, and people don't really say mean things, ya know? Zack at Sub Pop City had a hard time finding his "jam."

Nicholas: But he liked it.

MRR: Who writes the lyrics?

Nicholas: I do. Other people have contributed names and song titles.

MRR: I wanna know what "Our Head's in the Freezer" and—

Nicholas: That song's mostly about being sunburned and cooling off.

MRR: So your songs *do* have meaning?

Nicholas: Yes!

MRR: And some other lyric about, "Bee stings..."

Nicholas: Well, it's mostly about summer.

Lee: All our songs are about summer.

Nicholas: Yeah, the song goes, "The bees in your sandwich get you all worked up. The bees in your sandwich get you all stung up."

MRR: Are you including the lyrics in the record pamphlet?

Nicholas: No.

MRR: I think you should.

Nicholas: I was thinking if we did a vinyl one that'd be cool to do.

Lee: Do you think that's cool when people know the lyrics?

MRR: It depends on the band. Sometimes it can work against you, as with Firestarter and Teengenerate.

Lee: Dude, Teengenerate should be regarded as the best poets of the last decade.

MRR: Well, Teengenerate maybe. But back to *your* lyrics. I don't think "Florescent Bikes" are that depressing.

Lee: If you saw his florescent bike on the wrong day, you might get depressed. It always had flat tires and shit, and it was hard to ride.

Nicholas: You'd get laughed at if you rode it.

MRR: Besides Popular Shapes, what other forms of creative expression do you guys pursue?

Lee: I do films. I write scripts.

Nicholas: "I write scripts... All kinds of scripts."

Lee: He's a graphic artist. He works for the *Seattle Weekly*.

Nicholas: I like doing' stuff.

MRR: What about the other guy?

Lee: Trenty-Baby? He plays in another band called Holy Ghost Revival. They're a fantasy rock band. I think the singer will end up killing himself before too long, so go see 'em while he's alive.

Nicholas: Yeah, they're awesome. They're really young, 19-20, but they're doing fantasy opera rock. Nobody else is doing that, or even trying to do it.

MRR: Okay, back to the movie.

Lee: The movie!

MRR: How many films have you made, Lee?

Lee: I've made two. *Polterchrist* and *Benny, Marty, and Jerkbeast.*

MRR: A movie star! I have sources that say you're quite the ladies' man.

Lee: Who told you that!

MRR: I can't say. I have to protect the identities of my informants.

Lee: No comment.

MRR: So, is it because of your budding movie career?

Lee: Yes! Did you see the fuckin' movie?

MRR: Your movie's fan-fuckin-tastic! "The best $5 bucks I've ever spent!"

Lee: No. *I* don't even think that's true. Whoever told you *that*-

MRR: It was Jed.

Lee: Jed, of all dudes.

MRR: He told me, "That guy, Lee, is always with these hot chicks." And I said, "That's because he kinda looks like Leonardo DiCaprio."

Lee: Oh!

Nicholas: Oh yeah, I emailed him pictures when you had long hair and he was like, "I didn't know Leo was in your band." I liked the long hair.

MRR: Looking like Leonardo DiCaprio can only help you, Lee.

Nicholas: We saw "Catch Me If You Can" on the airplane.

Lee: Yeah, I got mistaken for him three times.

MRR: What's your favorite shape?

Nicholas: No.

Lee: The dick!

MRR: Mine's the hexagon.

Nicholas: Everyone thought we were gonna wear shape shirts for our first show.

MRR: Where *did* the band's name come from, anyway?

Lee: I think I said it one day.

Nicholas: Well, some how I think it might've stemmed off from the Population.

Lee: No, actually, what we really wanted to do, not to overstep over any bounds here, but we wanted the band name to be The Outrageous Math Test more than anything.

MRR: That's a great band name.

Lee: It is. A friend of ours came up with it though. We didn't want to steal it from him. So, we let him use it.

MRR: Did you have any other cool band name ideas?

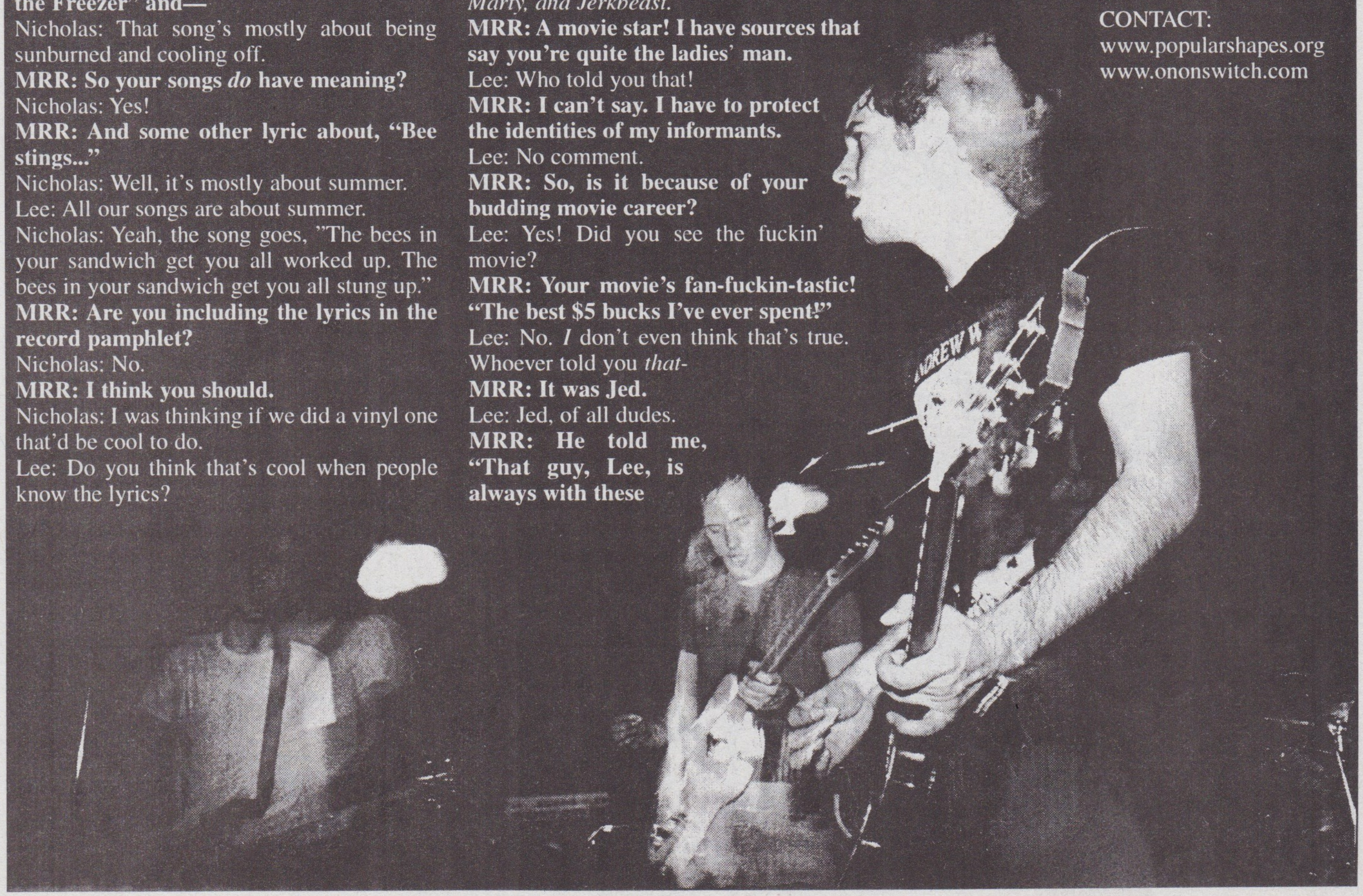
Lee: What about Night Vision Uterus.

MRR: That's equally good.

Lee: Well, I don't know if it's equally, but-

Nicholas: Please stop there.

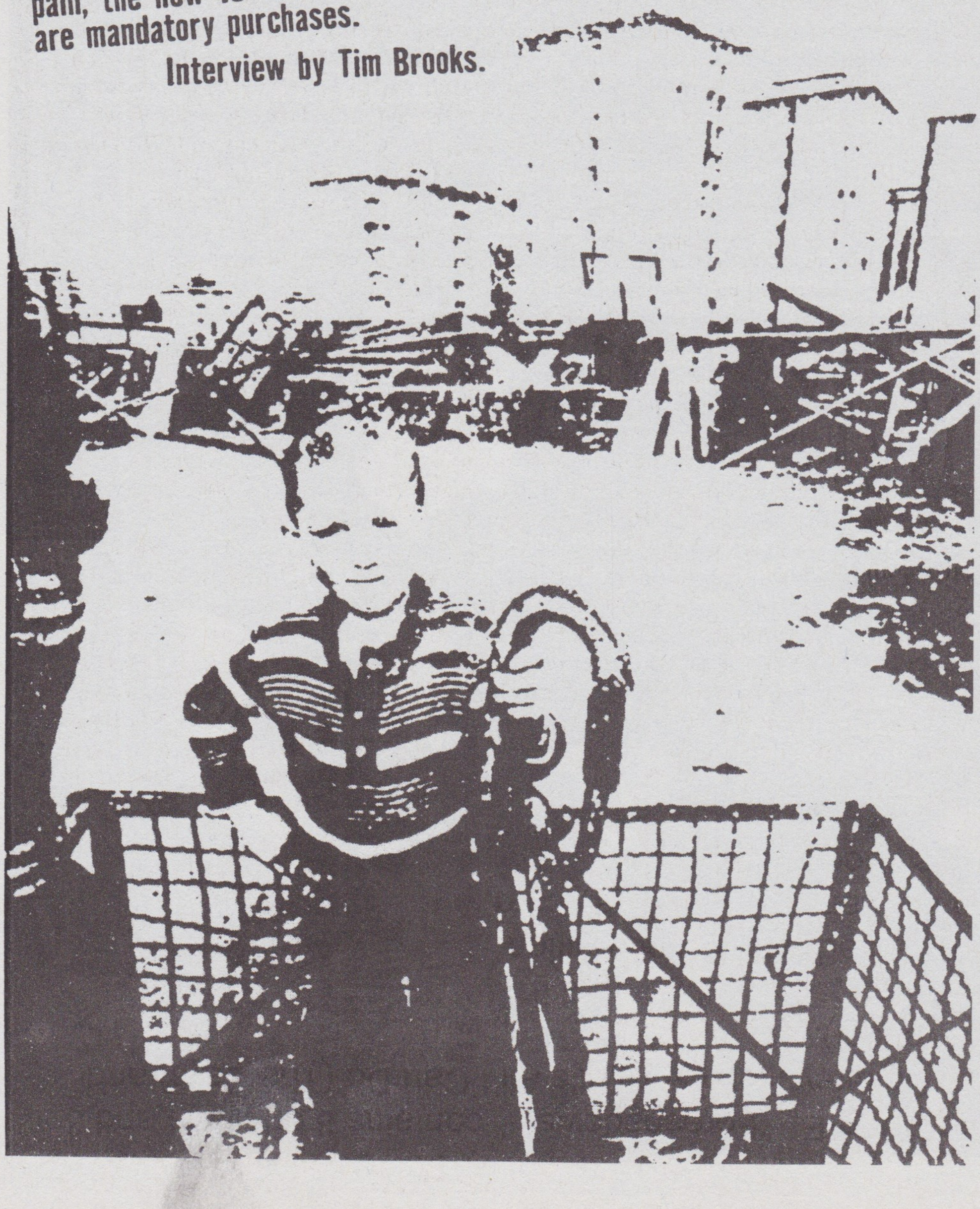
CONTACT:
www.popularshapes.org
www.ononswitch.com



THE PHOENIX FOUNDATION

It must be the dark, depressing winters that make Finnish bands like Phoenix Foundation so damn good. Emotive songs, sweeping guitar melodies, and grave vocals buried down in the mix. Like your favorite Husker Du and Manifesto Jukebox tracks, with lyrics about heartbreak and pain, the new 10" on Combat Rock Industry and CD on Newest Industry are mandatory purchases.

Interview by Tim Brooks.



MRR: What is the Phoenix Foundation? What's your manifesto? What motivates the band? What are your goals and objectives?

Jallu: Phoenix Foundation is nothing more than four friends who get their kicks out of playing melodic punk rock! I guess that's it, basically. There's no manifesto, no actual goals either. At least I'm doing this mainly because my head is always filled with new songs and this is the line-up that seems to get them work properly. I love to make new songs, introduce them to the guys, and rehearse them. I hate to spend time in studio, but some of the best moments are when I get to listen to our new recordings for the very first time. I think that's the thing that motivates me the most. Playing in a band, making new songs, hanging out with friends; all those are definitely among the best things that I have in my life. I don't know about the others, but one of my goals with this band is for at least someone to get the same kind of kicks out of our stuff as I get from listening to my favorite bands. It's always nice to hear when someone likes what we're doing.

MRR: How long have you guys been playing together? It seems that lots of folks were interested in you as soon as your first 7" came out. Was that a surprise to you? How did you hook up with Combat Rock and Newest Industry, who put out your 10" and CD?

Jallu: We had our first rehearsal in January 2002, and we recorded that one-sided 7" of ours in July! I was and I still am really excited about that 7". I think it has something we can never achieve again,unfortunately. It was my first time ever in a studio and that really shows, but in a good way, I mean. I honestly think we did a great 7" for a band that came out of nowhere, so it really wasn't that big of a surprise lots of folks became interested.

I've known the guys from Combat Rock Industry [CRI] for few years now. My label was involved in releasing the debut album of Manifesto Jukebox, and they also had one song on my 7" comp. That's basically how I got to know Jani. The other half of CRI, Janne, was still living in Turku when I moved here and he was also one of the first friends I ever made here. So, hooking up with CRI seemed really natural. I mean, working with friends, isn't that almost like DIY? We didn't do it by ourselves. We made our friends do it! Haha! CRI is a great label for our kind of stuff and I think it's always easier to work with people that you know.

With Newest Industry it's a different story, though. I sent a copy of our 7" for a review in *Fracture* and about a week later I received an email from Dave. He seemed really excited about our stuff, told me about his new label, and mentioned he'd love to release something for us in the future. So, when we started talking about our 10"/CD with CRI, I mentioned Newest Industry to them and that's basically how it happened.

MRR: It seems like Finland is like a sweatshop factory churning out great melodic punk and hardcore bands (Endstand, Manifesto Jukebox, etc.). Is it something in the water? Who else should we be keeping an eye out for? And what's with all the Leatherface/Husker Du worship over there??

Jallu: Err, I don't know! I think I'm the wrong person to ask about new Finnish bands, because I don't listen much to new Finnish stuff. I mean, are there some other melodic bands besides those you already mentioned. Well, there is Wasted. And there's also this new band called I Walk the Line. I've never heard any of their stuff but they're members of Wasted and Manifesto Jukebox so they shouldn't be too bad, I guess. Some other Finnish bands worth mentioning could be The Stakeout, Unkind, Dead in the Water, and Selfish. I also have to mention 9. Surmanluoti, even though they just split up. At least it *was* a great Finnish band. I've also heard lots of good stuff about a band called Neurootiset Pelimannit but I've never heard their 7" or even seen them live. I guess they should be doing that classic Finnish '82 stuff really well. Aaaggh, I don't know. I definitely am the wrong person to tell you about Finnish stuff! I don't even listen that much music nowadays.

Yeah, and about that Leatherface/Husker Du worship? I don't know. People compare us and Manifesto Jukebox to those bands a lot but, to be honest, I have never even owned anything by Leatherface. From Husker Du, I have only the *Candy Apple Grey* LP. I have all the albums by Sugar, though, haha! Maybe Phoenix Foundation could be more like HDQ/Sugar worship.

MRR: You guys have already done a short European tour. Is playing out an important part of Phoenix Foundation? What were the best and worst aspects of the tour?

Jallu: Yeah, we did a short tour in the beginning of June, with the Stakeout. It was the first tour for all of the members of Phoenix Foundation and, I must say, it couldn't have gone much better. I can't say if it's an important part of Phoenix Foundation, but at least it's one of the great parts of having this band. I love to travel and see new places, see my friends and meet other nice people abroad. It's a real privilege to be able to do those things almost for free! It's cool to play in front of new faces and make our stuff familiar outside of Finland. I guess those were also the best aspects of our tour. We met lots of nice people and played great gigs in new places. Everything went as planned and we had a great time! I really have no bad things to say about the tour.

MRR: Your lyrics tend to be very personal and introspective, and it seems there is a lot of heartbreak going down in the Phoenix Foundation camp. Is it the cold, dark nights that inspire such melancholy? Where else do you get inspiration from? Would you ever incorporate more social and political themes into your lyrics?

Jallu: Yeah, I guess it's mostly the cold dark nights and the long winter that give the inspiration! I mainly just write lyrics about stuff that's going on in my own life and how I'm feeling about things. It's easier to write about that kind of stuff and I think it also fits much better into our songs. There is lots of melancholy in our lyrics, but there's also lots of hope.

I also like to use lots of references to stuff by my own favorite bands. I've even borrowed few lines from some of their songs, wishing that someone would find the connection. It's like telling people about our influences indirectly and also kind of paying tribute to bands that have meant and still mean a lot to me. There haven't been any social or political themes in our lyrics so far. Maybe there will be someday, I don't know. I've had some things in my mind lately that I'd really like to write about, but I haven't found the right words for my thoughts yet, perhaps I never will. To me, there are enough politics involved with the DIY punk scene. Doing things the way we do them, I personally don't feel any need to force politics into our lyrics if it doesn't happen naturally.

MRR: Finland seems to have a relatively stable economy and political climate, as well as a fairly moderate government. How do you maintain this while other countries are going down the pan? Isn't your social care system among the best in the world? What do Finnish punk rockers have to rebel against?

Jallu: Yeah, the political climate seems to be really stable and the standard of living is quite good. Things have been the way they are for a long time without any radical changes. The political parties seem to get along pretty well with each other and there isn't that much opposition to the government. Maybe that's some kind of a reason for this situation, I don't know. The social care system works pretty well. I can't compare it to any other because I have no idea how it is elsewhere. Here you can manage easily if you can't get yourself a job, or if you don't want to get one. But if our social care system really is among the best in the world, then the taxes we pay are the highest. I guess that's how it works, basically. What do Finnish punk rockers have to rebel against, then? Well, I guess punks will always find something to complain about,that's just how it goes. Everything's shit, etc., haha!

MRR: I have heard that Scandinavia has a strict immigration policy and is unforgiving of asylum seekers. Is this true, even though you have quite a liberal government? How would you feel if Finland and Sweden were to be part of a united Europe? Is it better to be out on your own?

Jallu: Yeah, our immigration policy is really strict, but don't ask me why. Finland has an annual refugee quota, which used to be 500, but now it's been raised to 750, the annual aim being 1000 persons. Only something like 15 percent of the decisions for asylum made last year were positive. The amount of foreign citizens is something like 2 percent of the population and I guess it's one of the lowest in European Union and in Europe.

About being a part of a united Europe, I think it would definitely be better to be out on our own and make our own decisions. It's a bit late to say no to the European Union, though. Time will tell what's going to happen with NATO.

MRR: What is Scandinavia's take on the recent "war" and America's foreign policy? You folks didn't get involved in this mess, did you?

Jallu: No, we didn't really get involved in that and I think the whole war didn't have that much effect on normal people's lives here. America's foreign policy got a lot of criticism, though, and there were huge demonstrations and parades for peace. In fact, there hadn't been that many people in demonstrations since the early 80s. Maybe that tells you something about the public opinion.

MRR: What do all the members do

when they are not playing in Phoenix Foundation? I know there are at least one record label and a couple of other bands.

Jallu: Well, there were a couple of other bands, but not anymore. Our guitarist and bassist used to also play in a band called Back Against the Wall, but I guess that band is history now. Our drummer also had another band called Hate Unit but, unfortunately, they split up in the beginning of this year. They really had a great band. I played second guitar in the Stakeout for few months, but I got kicked out right after that tour of ours. Maybe I was too 'emo' for them or something, haha! Well, I still have few other projects that keep me busy, which are totally different from the Phoenix Foundation. Besides Phoenix Foundation, I also have a small label called Passing Bells. I have four releases out so far and the fifth should be out before the end of this year, at least I hope so. It's definitely not intentional, but it looks like my label is putting out just one release each year. Last year it was the Sairaat Mielet LP, and the year before it was the Betercore/Olho De Gato 7". I'd like to do much more, but at the moment it seems impossible. I think money is the biggest problem.

MRR: Do you feel isolated coming from Finland, or do you think that it is actually a help, considering people seem to go ape over Finnish bands old and new? Did you grow up on the classic old Finn bands or were you more into US bands (like Husker Du)?

Jallu: To tell you the truth, I can't always understand what the buzz is over Finnish bands. I mean, we've had some great bands here in the past and we have some great ones nowadays, but there haven't been that many, if you ask me! It feels a bit weird to say this but, yeah, I'm pretty sure it has actually helped us that we're from Finland. It really shouldn't give us any credit or anything but I think it does. Well, maybe I should just keep my mouth shut and consider our band lucky or something, haha!

I grew up listening to lots of different stuff, but mostly I was into old UK anarchopunk. I still like stuff by bands like Amebix, Antisect, Mob, Zounds, etc. Through these bands, I found some more melodic UK bands like Political Asylum, Instigators, HDQ, Joyce McKinney Experience, etc., and that's basically the reason Phoenix Foundation sounds like it does. I've also listened to old Finnish bands like Kansan Uutiset, Lama, Rattus, and lots and lots of different stuff from all over the world.

MRR: If you could play anywhere in the world, where would it be and with whom (bands from past or present)?

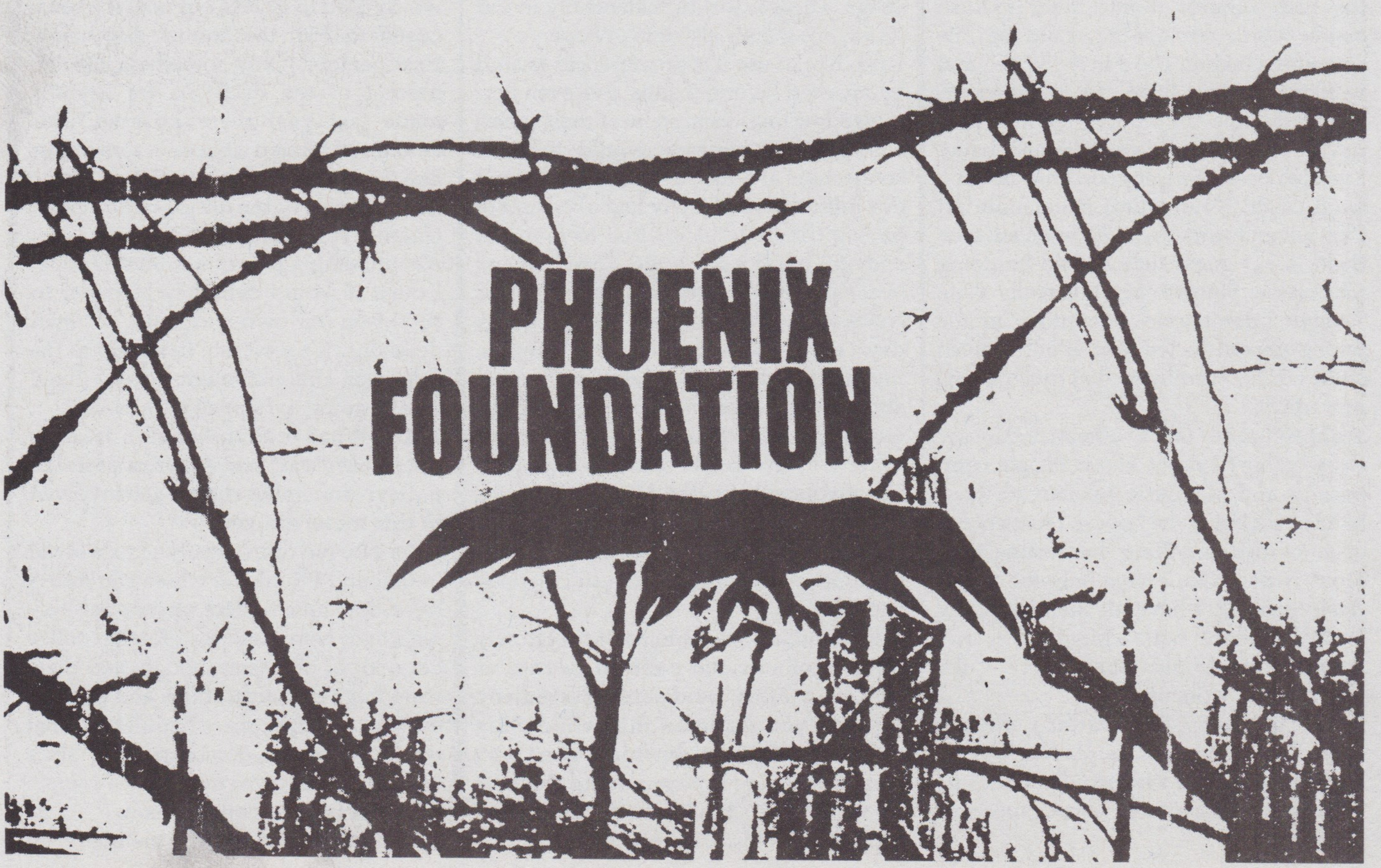
Jallu: I don't know, I really don't have any particular places where I'd like to play. If I had to name one, I'd probably say some place where we've already been and that we really enjoyed. The first place that comes to my mind is Osnabrueck in Germany. That's where we had one of our best gigs ever! Or maybe it could be somewhere in the UK in the year 1989. There'd be four bands playing with us that night: Political Asylum, HDQ, Indian Dream, and the Joyce McKinney Experience. Well, I guess Leatherface could play there, too, and Snuff! Haha!

MRR: What's happening with you guys in the future? How can we get ahold of Phoenix Foundation gear?

Jallu: Well, at least we're going to record some new stuff in November. If everything goes as planned, there'll be a new 7" EP with four new songs. I guess we don't have any other plans besides that. Time will tell. You should be able to get any of our stuff by contacting us. The repress of our first 7" should be out soon, and there's also been some talk about a new T-shirt design. You can always write and ask.

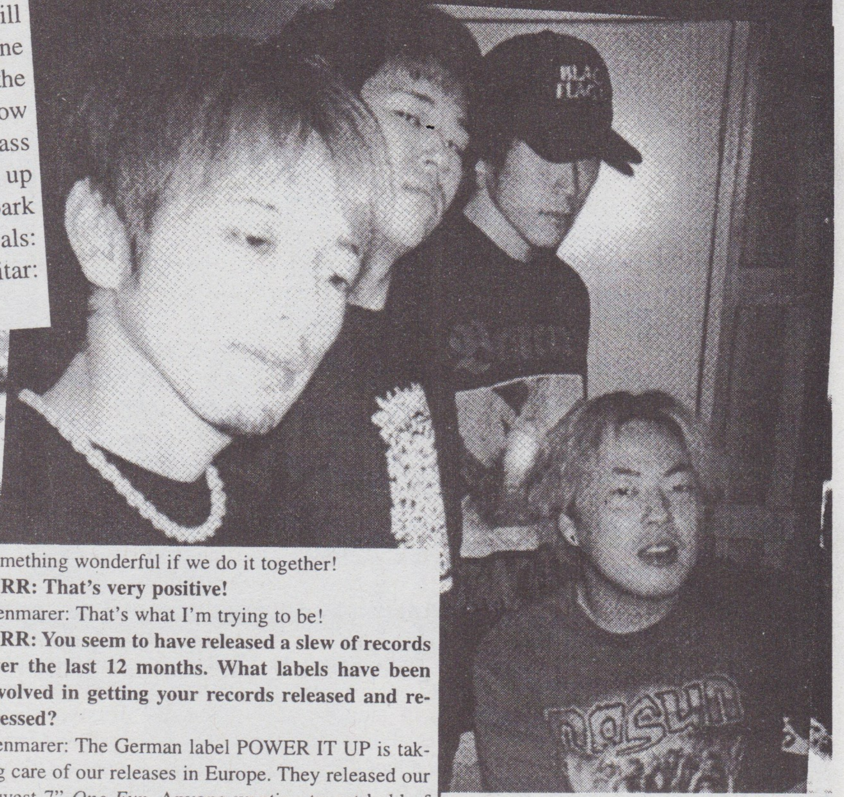
OK, I guess that's about it then. Thanks!

Phoenix Foundation
Ritzinkuja 1 D 20
20380 Turku
FINLAND
passingbells@hotmail.com



BATHTUB SHITTER

The scatalogically obsessed Bathtub Shitter are a long running grindcore band from Osaka. Imagine a more groove-laden Terrorizer laced with both shrill and gutteral vocal acrobatics spewing out of one throat. Add lyrical content that would have had the Marquis de Sade on the phone to Tipper Gore. Throw in precision drumming, driving guitar and bass played at bowel-movingly low pitches! I caught up with the very eccentric vocalist, Henmarer, in a park in Umeda, Osaka recently to "shoot the shit"! vocals: Henmarer, bass: Hiroki, drums: Keisuke, guitar: Toru. Interview and translation by Kevin Hunt



MRR: OK, Henmarer, what's this obsession with shit? Is literal? Is it metaphorical? Please enlighten us!

Henmarer: Yeah, it's all metaphorical. The metaphor being that I see everything in the world as excrement. The actual subject matter of the songs is war, discrimination, unfairness, love, everyday stuff, etc…but I'm expressing it lyrically by comparing and relating everything to shit!

MRR: I want to ask you about some specific examples of your lyrics. In your song "Wall of World is Words" you sing, "Need a gap on the pants. Say HELLO from it. Speak with wind or shit. One word on the world. No need the wall here." What do you mean by this?

Henmarer: When we use words to communicate verbally we don't use our entire bodies. But when you breathe through your mouth and the words flow through your body and come out as a fart, you can say for instance, "Hello," this way. By doing so we can truly trust what someone is saying! If your girlfriend, boyfriend, Bush, Hussein, etc…were to talk using their asses, then we all could truly understand each other!

MRR: George W. Bush already talks out of his arse but I still can't figure out what the hell he's saying! Next, in the song "Shit and Peace" you hypothesize, "The fly is to be crazy for the smell of my excrement. The insect it to roll it. I may be a sort of creator"…!?

Henmarer: Love and Peace—Shit and Peace. Finding peace in the mundane. I may not be anything special but flies are happy when they fly around and around my shit! Insects like to roll around in it! I can create my own little world of shit. I'm like a ruler of my own little world of shit! I'm like a little Bush or Koizumi for a short time. People might be bummed out and worried about stuff but hey, shit and peace! We can be in control of our own little systems. Our own little societies.

MRR: …OK…How about the song "Bathtub Shitter:" "If all the world's things join, is it as long as the Great Wall of China? If it is a lump, maybe it's as biggest as pyramid!"?

Henmarer: By this I mean that while people may seem small and insignificant individually, bodily wastes come out regardless. If we were to line up everyone in the world's shit it would be a huge amount that could stretch the length of The Great Wall of China. We may feel small and insignificant but we can change things and create something wonderful if we do it together!

MRR: That's very positive!

Henmarer: That's what I'm trying to be!

MRR: You seem to have released a slew of records over the last 12 months. What labels have been involved in getting your records released and repressed?

Henmarer: The German label POWER IT UP is taking care of our releases in Europe. They released our newest 7" *One Fun*. Anyone wanting to get hold of this release can do so via their website. I will be releasing a full-length BATHTUB SHITTER LP on my own label SHIT JAM in the near future. Also, US label FIRST BLOOD FAMILY are repressing our older stuff so that is available again. There are tons more Bathtub Shitter releases in the works so please keep your eyes and ears open.

MRR: Any other plans to tour overseas?

Henmarer: If all goes well we are hoping to play the FIRST BLOOD FAMILY FESTIVAL in Madison, Wisconsin in Autumn if it's going ahead. Otherwise we'll be heading off somewhere else overseas to play some shows.

MRR: What has been your most memorable show so far?

Henmarer: They're all memorable. They've all been great, especially when we play in Kobe! More so than Osaka!

MRR: I live in Kobe and people from Osaka don't usually say that! I remember that one time you had the guy dressed as a giant roller-skating squid come out on stage!

Henmarer: We did too! That was at a show in Osaka at Sun Hall.

MRR: Which bands have had the greatest influence on BATHTUB SHITTER's sound?

Henmarer: TERRORIZER, S.O.B and E.N.T. For me personally speaking, MELT BANANA.

MRR: Didn't you do a cover of an E.N.T song on your *Wall of World is Words* 10"?

Henmarer: That's right, we did "We Are the Helpless." That was actually originally done by the old Japanese hardcore band KURO and E.N.T covered that.

MRR: So you brought the song back to Japan in a sense.

Henmarer: Yeah, it's came back to its birthplace!

MRR: Have you made any videos yet? If not and were to do so, what would a BATHTUB SHITTER video be like?

Henmarer: We haven't made any videos yet. The main reason being that we have had so many line-up changes. We'd like to put out a video compilation of some live songs from throughout our seven-year existence next year. The kind of thing fans can watch and enjoy.

MRR: Any messages for foreign readers?

Henmarer: It's all shit!

Contacts:

www.bathtubshitter.com
(band info/contact),
www.firstbloodfamily.com
(for records in USA)
www.power-it-up.de
(for records in Europe)

> ***The reason I started singing in a punk band was to protest the first Gulf War. It was a way for me to express my outrage at our government going around trying to take over the world at everyone else's expense. For me, that message is the main reason I want to continue doing this.***
>
> ***—KRISTIN PATCHES***

MEET THE VIRUS

INTERVIEW BY RENAE BRYANT

MRR: How did you go from Naked Aggression to Meet The Virus? What happened along the way?

Kirsten Patches: That's a long story. I stopped doing Naked Aggression because in April 1998, Phil Suchomel, the guitar player, who was my husband, died of an asthma attack. This was on the first day of the tour we were about to do. It was for the new album we had put out, *The Gut Wringing Machine.* When he died, I lost everything. I couldn't do it without him. I was out of my mind. The grief was horrible. I had a lot of post-traumatic stress. I still do. I thought I was never going to do music again when that happened, because he died in front of me and there was nothing I could do. I went through a lot of grief counseling and therapy. I left California to live near Phil's parents and to finish my Bachelor's degree, in Madison, Wisconsin. I needed to get my head together, because I didn't know what the fuck to do with myself. Right before I moved back to California, I met a wonderful man named Rick. He moved out to California with me and eventually convinced me to try starting music again, but just for fun. I started playing with my friend Shannon Saint Ryan. He used to be in a band called Retail Price, his guitar player had died in a motorcycle accident, so he lost his band too. He had been a big fan of Naked Aggression and we even used to play together. When he was seventeen, he even tried out for Naked Aggression on drums. He kept bugging me to sing on a studio project; keyboard oriented, semi-post-industrial stuff. Then there was Rick, who knew I missed music a lot, and told me to just try it. We did that recording project, then a year after that, I decided that I'd like to do it as a band. Aaron, Naked Aggression's drummer on *The Gut-Wringing Machine*, had moved back to LA. He joined us to play and somehow it turned into Meet The Virus. It was kind of a part of my recovery. Then, my friend Albert from Know Records offered to put out an album for us.

MRR: Who came up with the name "Meet The Virus?"

Kirsten: Our guitar player, Shannon (T4), came up with the name. It was one of the names of the songs we did in the studio on the cheesy keyboard. We actually have an industrial dance version of the song "Meet The Virus," (laughs) with electric drums, but the same lyrics and melodies pretty much.

MRR: What significance does the name have?

Kirsten: Well, Meet The Virus, it tells people to become acquainted with and face up to the greedy, power hungry, plutocratic ways of our society. It's the exploitation of the poor. It's showing just how fucked up the world is becoming. Well, it has always been, huh? We're sort of the opposite of that, another kind of virus, disseminating information to people about how they don't have to go along with this fucked up world. Hopefully our little virus can spread and help others. After we named the band we noticed a few months later that it was MTV. So, the acronym has been kind of a joke since.

MRR: How does Meet The Virus differ from Naked Aggression? I think it's a little darker myself.

Kirsten: Yeah, a little more mid-tempo punk rock, darker, moodier, that's a lot of Shannon's influence. Most of the songs on the first album are from his studio project. The first time I wrote with him, was "On My Own, But Not Alone," and that's a brighter song, hopeful. My writing, of course, is more like Naked Aggression, and the drummer was in Naked Aggression, so Meet The Virus has a lot of Naked Aggression in it, both in terms of influence and actual band members. (laughs)

MRR: How about the lyrics?

Kirsten: The reason I started singing in a punk band was to protest the first Gulf War. It was a way for me to express my outrage at our government going around trying to take over the world at everyone else's expense. For me, that message is the main reason I want to continue doing this. So if I can't sing about that stuff, I don't want to bother. I love singing and performing, but I really want to promote a revolt against these horrible corporate globalization nightmares.

MRR: That's great, especially considering that there aren't many political punk bands fronted by women out there.

Kirsten: Oh, there's a lot more now, I think, than there were twelve years ago. But yeah, we are definitely more about ideas and not so much about fashion. When people meet me they're like, "Oh my God, you look like my violin teacher!" They've always said that about me,

even back with Naked Aggression. People say, "I thought you'd be a big Amazon woman with a Mohawk." Phil used to tease me and call me "Shirley Temple." I tell people that it's my evil twin sister up there. I save my anger for the stage.

MRR: Out of all the songs on the Meet The Virus album which one is the most important to you?

Kirsten: Well, that'd be "On My Own, But Not Alone," because it's a song that meant I could still do music without Phil, that I could move forward and do music by myself, without my other half. We met when we were really young, well not really young, twenty, and became adults together. So, a lot of my identity was wrapped up in him and our band Naked Aggression. Also, "Full-Blown," the first song on the MTV album, is the last song Phil and I wrote together. It was supposed to be for the next Naked Aggression album.

MRR: How did it come around that Rodent Popsicle is re-releasing *The Gut Wringing Machine*?

Kirsten: It's not a re-release exactly. It's an earlier demo, a live in the studio version. After Phil died, the label that put out *The Gut Wringing Machine* decided to take a loss, instead of pushing the album. So for the last six years, the CD has just sat on a shelf collecting dust. When Bill from Toxic Narcotic learned of this injustice, he felt compelled to put *The Gut Wringing Machine* out. He asked if there was anyway to re-release it even though the label that put it out in 1998 owns like 51% of the album and I own 49%. They refuse to license it to anyone because they don't have to, and they don't want to out of spite. They told me to fuck off, literally. They typed me nasty e-mail letters telling me the label wasn't going to license me shit. And how all bands are the same, trying to take advantage of us poor little record labels. So, since I couldn't get the album back from them, Rodent decided to release an earlier demo version of the album. Some of the songs have different lyrics and some parts are different. It was actually recorded by Shannon (Meet the Virus' guitar player) in his home studio called T4 Records. This new *Gut Wringing Machine* is rawer, rougher around the edges, but still has a great sound. I'm glad the songs will finally be out there to be heard, and we're going to tour for the album. Between Bill from Rodent Popsicle and Luis from Pitfire Productions, who's booking our shows, I was finally convinced to tour as Naked Aggression to support the new release of *The Gut Wringing Machine*. So, we're Meet The Virus touring as Naked Aggression. I always thought I couldn't do Naked Aggression without Phil. I'd never write new songs under that name, but it's important that those songs are still heard. All of our time, energy, and money went into those songs, and no record label can bury them and have the last word. They can't do that. It's my music; it's really important to me. They don't give a rat's ass about it. I'm going on this tour, just to get that music out there. It's like a tribute tour for Phil from Naked Aggression, in his honor.

MRR: How did you make your way to become a punk rock teacher?

Kirsten: Naked Aggression was gone. I needed to pay the bills. I couldn't mooch off my parents for the rest of my life. Well, maybe I could've, but that'd be pathetic. After Naked Aggression, I was working schlep clerk jobs. They were horrible places that were killing me to work there, filing papers, basically a bunch of nothing. Then my mom said on the phone one day, "Well, you always wanted to try teaching, and I think there's a way to teach in LA without a credential." After taking a couple tests, I went to a school in South Central. I told the principal I was in a notorious punk rock band for 8 years. I told her the story and that I was thinking of teaching for a new career. She hired me on the spot, and I thought "Oh, shit. What have I gotten myself into? She must be desperate if she's hiring me on the spot." Now I've been working for four years at a middle school in South Central. It's a hard school to teach at because of the poverty, the low-test scores, over-crowded classrooms and a revolving staff. I teach Special Day Class for kids who have learning disabilities. They're normal kids, but they can only read around the first grade level. I should have eight kids or less in the special day class, but I have twenty-five. Despite that, it's really rewarding; it's healing. The kids give so much love and affection. You really make a difference in their lives. It's an amazing experience.

MRR: What do the other band members do besides Meet The Virus?

Kirsten: Shannon, on guitar, is sort of a jack-of-all-trades. He records bands, writes screenplays, and is a licensed Massage Therapist. He has worked at an art school, has been a meter man, and has done some acting. Matt, the lead guitar player, moved out here from Wisconsin last year, to play in my band. He lies around the couch, plays guitar and is interested in Native American issues. Aaron works his butt off at the Angry Girl silk-screening warehouse. So anyone who orders T-shirts from there should know that my drummer, Aaron, from Naked Aggression and Meet The Virus, is making your stuff. Adam, on bass, he drives blood around. They give him a company car and he delivers blood.

PHIL AT GILMAN

MRR: What's your take on the war?

Kirsten: Fuck the war. Oh my god; it's like I'm reliving a nightmare. I started Naked Aggression as a protest band against the first Gulf War. Now, twelve years later, there's another fucking Bush in office and there's another fucking Gulf War, all for their fucking greedy little oil companies. All these corporations are making millions of dollars by dividing up Iraq's oil and utilities. It's revolting and disgusting. The Bush administration is reducing most of the world's population to an appalling standard of living. They're trying to turn the United States into a third world country as well. They don't care about the working class, the middle class, or the poor. All this war does is give them more power and control, so they can make as much money as possible, at the expense of our environment, schools, hospitals and public services. The Bin Laden and the Bush family have been in bed together for decades.

MRR: How about your take on the recall?

Kirsten: I think the recall is another way for the Republican Party to get power at any cost, to take control of the world's fifth largest economy. They want to put Arnold Schwarzenegger in charge of the fifth largest economy in the world? No, I don't think so. He's their little hand puppet. He's made for taking direction. It's what he does as an actor. I don't like Gray Davis either; I think he's a corporate kiss-ass too. But obviously he displeased somebody because he wasn't conservative enough. So, "no" on the recall, and otherwise I'm voting Green.

MRR: Other than teaching texts and other college reading, what are you reading now?

Kirsten: I've been reading Jim Knipfel who lived in Madison, WI for a while. Everything goes back to Madison, WI for me it seems. That's where I met Phil and started Naked Aggression. That's where I met Rick, my new husband. Jim Knipfel is a wonderful author who writes crazy autobiographical stories of his life. He also recently started writing fiction too.

MRR: What bands are you listening to lately? I don't ask this for you to promote all the bands you've been playing with lately, but seriously, if you're going to put on a CD, what is it?

Kirsten: To keep my blood pressure down, because I'm so busy teaching, playing with the band and going to night school for my teaching credential, I listen to a lot of classical music and jazz. Otherwise, I'll put in punk comps or listen to rock and roll. I put in a Johnny Cash CD yesterday.

MRR: What advice do you have for other females in punk bands or working in the scene?

Kirsten: The same advice I'd have for guys, don't be afraid to speak your mind, stand your ground on what you believe in, and don't try to imitate a certain sound. Do music for music's sake. In America, they try to turn everything into a commodity. Be a human being, not a commodity. Play how you feel and express what you are thinking. To everyone out there, don't be afraid to call yourselves feminists. The right wing has tried to take that word away and twist it, but it means equality for the sexes, political and social equality. It has nothing to do with hating men. Don't let them control language.

MRR: Obviously you went through a lot with the major label fighting...

Kirsten: But it wasn't a major label. That's the funny part. The label I signed with for *The Gut Wringing Machine* was an independent label! I got fucked over by an indie label. That sucks more! They might as well be a fucking major label the way they act.

MRR: What advice do you have for bands as a whole?

Kirsten: Be careful what you sign. (laughs) DIY is the way to go.

MRR: When is the Naked Aggression tour?

Kirsten: That's November 14th through December 21st.

MRR: When is the Naked Aggression album coming out on Rodent Popsicle?

Kirsten: That'll be out by the time this is published. Naked Aggression is also playing a CD release party at the Knitting Factory in Hollywood.

MRR: Anything else you'd like to say?

Kirsten: This Naked Aggression tour is a special one-time thing. I'm doing this tour as a tribute to Phil Suchomel, the guitarist and co-founder of Naked Aggression, the love of my life. I asked the members of Meet The Virus to play with me in memory of Phil. Meet The Virus is an extension of what Naked Aggression was doing. If you've seen Meet The Virus shows, you know we play Naked Aggression stuff. But, all the songs I write from here on out, are for Meet The Virus. Naked Aggression is not reforming or going to write new music. This tour is to promote the anti-establishment message of the Naked Aggression songs. I just feel it's needed, especially now, to protest against the fucking corporations and anti-democratic forces at work in this country. The important thing is we want to keep the message out there, the message of dissent and protest. We need change and that's what we're about.

Kirsten Patches
P.O. Box 50854
Los Angeles, CA 90050
meetthevirus@hotmail.com

1008
CROPKNOX
FLAMMABLE
LIQUIDS
SMOKING

Interview by Taylor Trash.

MRR: Tell me the band's history.

Mackey: Me and Davie met at the Pound and decided to form a band in 2001, right around the time of September 11th

Dave: There're no good bands in our area that play the kind of music we do, so we decided to be marketable and fill the gap. That was a couple of years ago. The members of the first line-up were Mackey and me and two other friends of ours, but it didn't really work out, and we only played one show with them.

Mackey: Marcus joined the band as the bassist and singer and we played as a three piece for awhile. Then, our friend, Nathan, joined when he moved back here from Portland, because we wanted to have the fuller sound of two guitars.

MRR: Who plays what right now?

Marcus: I'm the lead vocalist, Mackey plays drums, Nathan plays guitar, and Dave plays guitar and also does some singing. We've just expanded to a five piece; our new bass player is Lou.

MRR: Why did you choose the name Cropknox? Where did it come from?

Dave: All the good band names are already taken; the only way to insure that that your band has a unique name is to make up a word.

MRR: Describe your sound.

Dave: We play catchy music. I personally don't have a single hardcore bone in my body. We get described as UK '82 a lot though, which is funny cause I'm the only member who was actually alive in 1982; I was five months old. I've heard some bookers say that we sound like One Man Army, which means either that haven't heard us or they haven't heard One Man Army. I think we sound like a cross between Defiance and some sort of sugar oi band.

MRR: Name some bands you like, both new and old, who've influenced you.

Marcus: Instant Agony and the Enemy, and the Sex Pistols, Clash, GBH, and Discharge.

Dave: Slaughter and The Dogs, the Sex Pistols. Some new bands I like are Monster Squad, the Abuse, the Riffs, Defiance, that kind of thing.

Lou: The Clash and the Ramones. Discharge, Broken Bones, Sex Pistols, the Skeptix; mainly hardcore '82 bands from the UK. No new bands.

Mackey: The Enemy, Sex Pistols, and Potential Threat. Nothing new, really.

Nathan: Broken Bones and The Clash.

MRR: How do you think your band is perceived?

Dave: I think we get pigeonholed because of the way we dress; people think that we probably behave a certain way or are completely apolitical, as is the case with a lot of "street punk" bands. I just don't like being classified really, what the hell is "chaos punk" anyways? People are usually surprised when they hear us, because we don't sound the way people expect us to.

Nathan: I don't know about you, but I'm officially a street drunk-punk.

Lou: Before I was in the band, I noticed that it seemed like people usually dig the band's vibe, people end up loosening up when they hear the music just cause it's so energetic.

MRR: Are there any upcoming Cropknox releases?

Dave: No, cause we don't have money right now. But, if a label gave us money, sure, we could do a full-length LP, no problem. Maybe for the summer of '04, though; we've been in contact with a label on the East coast.

Marcus: We'd like to get back in the studio soon though, hint, hint.

MRR: What have you released so far?

Mackey: An EP called *Just Can't Live* on Glue Rot Records, which is our own label, and a five-song demo.

MRR: Is it true that you guys got in a fight with One Man Army?

Marcus: I was minding my own business outside the Slaughter and The Dogs show at the Justice League, and the bass player from One Man Army came up to me and said something and then started hitting me, so I punched him in the nose. Then there was a big brawl with the chicks; some of our friends and his girlfriend got into it too.

MRR: Anything else to add?

Mackey: Jesus was a lying hippie. We all hate San Francisco hipster-scenester types.

Dave: Buy our EP, you can get it from Punkcore Records, Dr. Strange Records, Painless Distribution, or Amoeba records. Thanks to OX.

Contact: Cropknox@rcn.com

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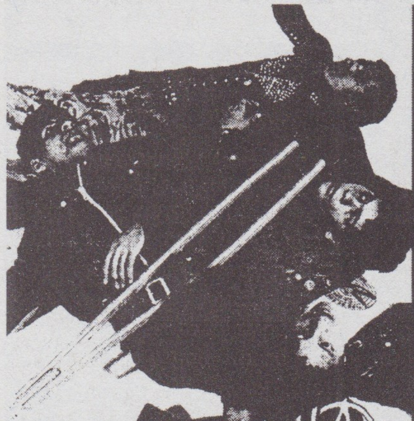

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"Foreshadows..." will be released with limited edition art that features a glow in the dark book and tray card. The release also feature's a special musical appearance by Dan Vapid.

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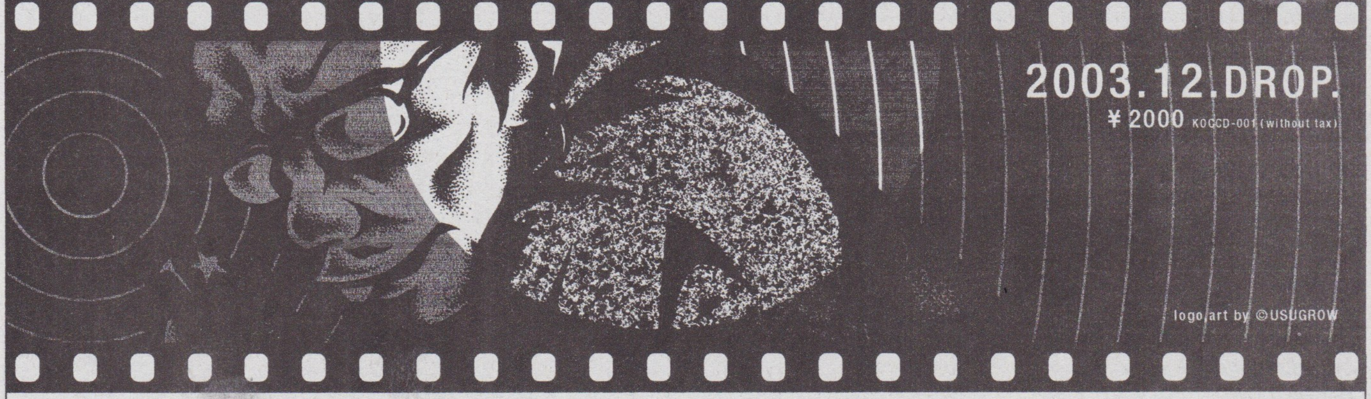

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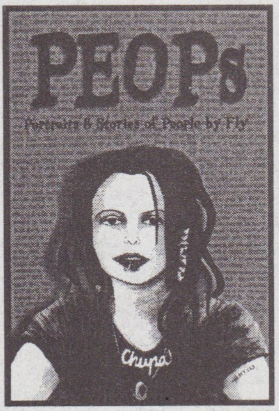

PEOPs
Portraits & Stories of People by Fly
Chupa

Peops •Fly
195 pages • $ 18.00
Soft Skull Shortwave
71 Bond Street
Brooklyn, NY 011217
www.softskull.com

Fly, best known to me as the artist behind the cheeky serial comic "Zero Content" (which can be found quarterly in Chris(tine) Boarts stalwart *Slug & Lettuce*), has finally put out a book of her narrative portrait sketches, entitled *Peops.* This collection, published by Soft Skull Shortwave, compiles what was previously released as a few smaller zines. Where Fly's comics are often slangy, uproarious commentaries on our current state of public affairs, *Peops* is full of real-life comic book heroes who jump off the page, sidle up next to you, and talk your ear off.

You possibly know the people lovingly drawn here. These are Fly's friends. The beauty of this project is that through seemingly short, easy conversations, you not only learn a brief bit about the person being drawn, but you also glean an understanding of the powerful person behind the pen. After all, our friends are not only one of our best resources, but also a reflection of ourselves.

Each sketch draws out the basic features of the person. Fly's style is expressive, linear, and full of life. She utilizes shading to create a depth of personality; there is something basic here, yet frantic and searching. Most of the portraits are drawn straight on, but occasionally Fly gets creative and throws in a few inventive action shots.

Some of these Peops look haggard and tired, some wild or austere, but all share a brief personal glimpse of their life with Fly. There is a vulnerability captured that is linked to close, familiar spaces.

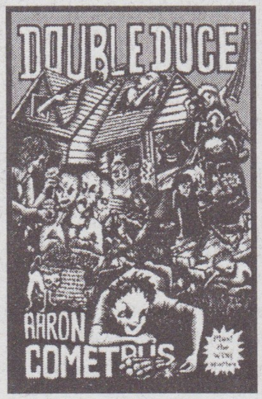
As an added bonus, a few portraits have had color added to them. In color there is a dramatic contrast between the charcoal lines of facial features to the bright clothing, tinted lips and hair, and unique tattoos. It took me a moment to realize that I was seeing in color—the rest of these drawings are not devoid of color simply because they are drawn in black and white. Shy grins and tussled hair spiked next to broad shoulders or raised fists are drawn with so much life that your imagination automatically fills in the appropriate shades.

Surrounding the faces and bodies of each portrait are words. Some peops talk of contemporary topics (local topics pertaining to New York City: squats, the Twin Towers, public radio, activism), or of artistic endeavors they are working on. Some talk of their personal history, or how they met Fly. Some tell short anecdotes of amazing adventures, of small and large personal triumphs and sorrows. Yet all are telling of their own struggle to live autonomously and happily in this crazy world

After moving through page after page what becomes evident is Fly's presence. Below each illustration is a short commentary by Fly as to why or how she has come to interview each person. Through this a secondary story can be read—a yearbook coupled with a day planner: the vibrancy of the character of Fly is revealed. She is everywhere; at the anarchist book fair, the radio stations, the comic conventions, and the small towns and big cities.

In a body of work spanning a few short years, Fly meets up with some of the most amazing people in our community. This is an important book of optimism, of inspiration, and most importantly, a vast oral history rife with grandiose folklore and small, poignant sentences that can only be caught in the company of friends.

—Sara Double-Ears



Double Duce • Aaron Cometbus
172 Pages • $6.50
Last Gasp
777 Florida Street
San Francisco, CA 94110

Cometbus is single-handedly responsible for the explosion of grubby little punks with backpacks scribbling furiously into notepads about their internal woes and worries. Thanks to Aaron Cometbus, the "personal" punk zine was born, and the cute handwritten style of introspection spread like a disease. Although I find the plethora of personal zines frankly nauseating, I have always been a huge fan of the originator and have been an avid reader of *Cometbus* for nearly fifteen years. This long story (*Double Duce*) actually appeared as an issue of the zine a couple of years ago—as did the collection of Duce-related stories which follow—so die-hard fans will already have this stuff. That being said, it is nice to have it in book form, a format the story really deserves, as it reads much more like a novel than a typical zine.

To really understand this story, and *Cometbus* in general, one has to understand how *Cometbus* has come to define an element of the punk scene, particularly here in the Bay Area. Maybe there were always these crazy train-hopping hobo punks who dumpster-dove for food and lived in ramshackle punk houses, falling in and out of love with each other and the world, and *Cometbus* just brought them to our attention—or maybe they have evolved as part of the East Bay punk myth that *Cometbus* has been so instrumental in creating; it matters little, as now the two are intertwined. One part myth, one part fact.

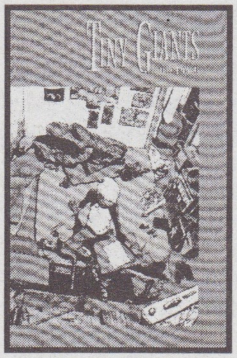
This book continues the ride through Aaron's life, with his colorful cast of friends and their chaotic lives. Here we find Aaron moving into a new house (Double Duce) with his friends, and the ensuing stories of how the house mutates into a rambling punk house with people moving in and out, friendly neighbors with firearms, drinking, drugs, run-ins with cops, friendships coming together and falling apart, lives coming together and falling apart. For anyone who has ever lived in a punk house, many of the stories will be familiar, with the tales of destruction and mayhem intertwined with the joy and happiness of being young and carefree. Aaron always has a way of condensing this shared experience into fantastic stories that are so far-fetched that they almost have to be true. The characters in this story (Jed, Little Suicide, Sluggo, Jag, etc.) are all (I assume) real people, but I always wonder how much of *Cometbus* is real and how much is fiction—it's this blurring of reality that has always drawn me to it.

There are always underlying threads through his writing; in this case, the punk house creates the framework for the narrative and is almost an analogy for the friendships he chronicles throughout the book—how they grow out of control, often imploding, but always regenerating, different and stronger. These stories could be my stories, these people could be my friends...it is this that makes *Cometbus* so special and so punk—normal folks wouldn't understand.

Even though I enjoyed the longer format of *Cometbus* immensely and it is clear that he can transcend the format of the fanzine, I still think I prefer the randomness of the stories that appear in the regular issues of *Cometbus.* It is the unpredictability of the writing and subject I am drawn to, the feeling of never stopping at one place too long. If you have never read *Cometbus,* I would urge you to pick up *Despite Everything: A Cometbus Omnibus,* which has a selection from the early days of Aaron's writing to the present, as I feel it gives a much better representation of the diversity of his writing. Once through with that, then move on to this. If you're a fan you will probably already have this.

What makes *Cometbus* so important to me is that Aaron writes about punks for punks. *Cometbus* always celebrates punks, warts and all, and although he is a gifted writer, he prefers to slum it in the world of handwritten zines...a place I hope I will always find him.

—Tim Brooks



Tiny Giants • Nate Powell

187 pages • $15.00
Soft Skull Press • 71 Bond Street
Brooklyn, NY 11217
www.softskull.com

Nate Powell has published, through those busy folks at Soft Skull Press, an anthology of many of his comics. These include the series "Walkie Talkie" plus a smattering of other works, all spanning from the years of 1998-2000. I've read a few of the comics in here before and my feeling when finished has always been the same: I need more background—I want the whole story. Reading this collection, I've come to realize that there really is no whole story. This is not a serial comic in the traditional sense. Instead, it is a gentle weaving of tiny little stories that end up making an unsettling, yet real picture.

Powell often uses what seems to be a mountain of disjointed thoughts and conversations to convey a larger, grander image. By doing so he taps into memory, begs you to take from your own language, your own snippets of conversation and images, to blend into his world. It is a world in which we live. Here he tackles those often too-big issues that can never really be clearly or concisely discussed: death, loss of friends, love. Instead of making a grand overture, Powell tells tales, squawks or purrs, and moves you with emotions, with a sense of what this life is all about.

Artistically, this book is dreamy, ethereal, and full of life. There is a stark contrast between black and white, and occasionally the darkness takes up nearly the entire page. Thin fluid lines move off of the edges, propelling each story. Powell is good at wind and rain, at bone-chilling cold and claustrophobic warmth. The energy and heat of a punk rock show is clear from the cut-off shorts, the matted hair, and a dizzying array of jumbled bodies. The awkward silences of boredom at a party cling to the walls, the pursed lips of one girl, or a vacant stare. Powell is aware and conscious of details; he is a competent guide.

Powell portrays a world of punk rock clearly not because it is fashionable, but because it is what he knows. Through this fiery mix of rumpled hair and cluttered rooms, his characters move within a subliminal soundtrack, they have tattoos, and they speak in a way that is eloquently evasive while being decisive and vehement. These are people you could know, and inspired by people Powell does know—that much is clear.

Powell's characters are not simply cute, they are charming—they are young and old, and wise to a point of being a bit blind to what is in front of them. These are not people with the answers, but people searching as well as living.

Powell is not skimpy on the seemingly arbitrary visual punches to punctuate his grander points. Birds, and ghosts, and faucets, keys, and dogs, and rain: these items hold a relevance within their midst. It is with these images that Powell effectively creates a context.

Where a few of the story lines border on vague personal nuances, such as the piece "Invisibilities," where two characters carry on a tradition of keeping local folklore alive, or the story "Company," a short brush with frustration and fear, dedicated to Powell's brother. Others leap up with the same level of needed inference but stick to clear plots like friendship and love, often intertwined and complicated due to pride and social stigmas.

What teeters on the brink of unknown is the message, the point. Powell allows for you to move slowly through each story by using language that is close to poetry and images that are saturated with emotion. These people cry, and shout, and move in quick jerky leaps or terrifically stunted paces. Nate Powell has created a strange and passionate collection with Tiny Giants. These are comics to read and re-read, comics that don't simply tell you a story, but wholeheartedly show you.

—Sara Double-Ears

Resistance My Life For Lebanon
Soha Bechara

Resistance: My Life for Lebanon

Soha Bechara
Translated by Gabriel Levine
180 pages
Soft Skull Press
71 Bond Street
Brooklyn, NY 11217

You can't argue against a first-person testimonial. Come on! *I Shot Andy Warhol, I, Rigoberta Menchu*, and even *Diary of a Young Girl* read better than most historical non-fiction. With *Resistance*, we can add the voice of Soha Bechara, the Lebanese teen who very nearly assassinated the military general in charge of her Israeli-occupied country.

I admit that an embarrassing amount of my knowledge of Palestine and Israel comes from Joe Sacco's *Palestine.* Some quick background: Lebanon borders Israel, and the Palestinian Liberation Organization uses/used Lebanon as a base for their operations. By extension, Israel also started using the country for Palestinian refugee camps and their own military fronts. Lebanon, both as a country and citizenry, were ignominiously forced to choose sides.

Where do Soha and her family fit in? We start the story with a pretty idyllic childhood. There are week-long wedding parties in her village. There are smart parents and savvy relatives who spark her curiosity about power relations and acceptable behavior. There's a communist youth group (yes, called the Young Pioneers) to focus her energy.

As the political climate intensifies, our narrator calmly states that "our daily life was marked by unnatural alliances, internal divisions, and shifting fronts." Her childhood gives way to the militant idea and ideals of an autonomous Lebanese nation. But, like so much of adolescence, knowing where you want to be and actually getting there are very different things. It takes many agonizing months of proving herself ready and willing before the resistance gives her a mission. The crucial moment? When Bechara takes a job teaching aerobics to the general's wife and her rich friends.

There's a declarative, even keel to the voice here, evidenced in the chapter titles: Family; War; Politics; the Invasion; Commitment; Preparation; the

Operation, the Arrest; Prisoner; To Create; Visitor & Freedom. Nothing needs to be dressed in metaphor. Bechara's age adds a further potency to the narrative. I mean, who at 15 is truly badass enough to declare: "In fact, I suffered little from my decision to not have a boyfriend. I dreamed of one thing, and one thing only: joining the resistance." Such clear, unmistakable articulation is constant to her voice, testament to both her intelligence and her commitment.

The second half of the book, the prison years, are equally gripping. Despite the continued brutality of her captors, she not only survives, but flourishes. She memorizes poems. Carves rosaries out of olive pits, secretly inscribing them with revolutionary acronyms. Makes dice out of soap so her fellow prisoners can play games. Even in solitary after interrogation and electrical torture, Bechera stays sane and strong by walking the equivalent of two to three miles a day in her tiny cell. Ten months of walking two steps and turning around. Again, there's no need for hyperbole here—the literal story is enough.

I'd also like to recommend *Persepolis*, by Mariane Satrapi, a graphic novel of a girl growing up in Iran. In the meantime, kudos to both Bechera and Soft Skull for increasing the vocabulary.

—Travis Fristoe

All The Days After
POLICE

All the Days After: Critical Voices in Poetry and Artwork

Edited by the Upsidedown Culture Collective
127 pages • $12.00
Upsidedown Culture Collective
PO Box 32780 • Detroit, MI 48244
www.upsidedownculturecollective.org

It was hard to approach *All the Days After* with an open mind. I tend to hate poetry, and especially have a hard time with political poetry, and I tend to appreciate most visual art, especially art in a political vein. The subject matter—life after September 11, 2001—is loaded; everyone has an opinion, and I find few I agree with from any front. The book was also assembled and edited by the Upsidedown Culture Collective out of Detroit, and contains work from a variety of poets and artists that even included a few friends of mine. So, before even opening the cover, I had a lot of expectations about a collection of critical poetry and art from the left, about life after September 11, not the least of which was that this book would be made up of many different works saying a lot of the same things in different ways.

Well, hell, my expectations were way off base.

The artwork was all very impressive. *All the Days After* includes some comics, lino prints, graffiti, and a variety of other styles of visual art media. Some of the messages were simple and direct, in the form of anti-war graffiti and altered stop signs. Other pieces, such as the collage art rendered in color on the book's cover but in black and white inside, were probably even more impressive in their original form. Many of the comics contained a bitter and cynical sense of humor that did an incredible job of capturing the absurdity of what many of us have seen going on in the world around us over the past two years. God bless Fetus X and Maugré's "Handy Starter" for their disturbingly accurate visions.

While visual art forms seem to lend themselves to expressing political views readily, it is much harder to write really good political poetry. Not only does the poet have to avoid all the regular pitfalls—condensing ideas into terse language, controlling tempo and rhythm, and creating mood—but he or she is also challenged with trying to take on topics of a global scale and reduce them into a handful of words, lines, or at most pages. Politics is much more suited for essays and rants than poetry.

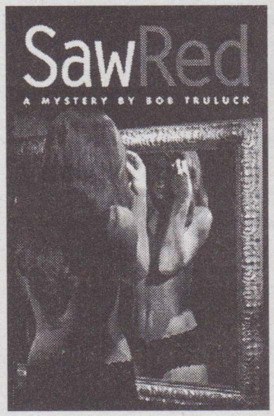
So, I wasn't surprised to find some of the poetry failing where a lot of poetry fails. Certain images did become overused throughout the book, and certain poems did seem more like essays with the lines broken in awkward places than poetry. However, overall, the poetry was of a very high caliber and represented a broad range of poetic vision that was at times only loosely tied to terrorism, the attacks of that September, or the current world situation.

And, not all of the poetry was specifically "protest poetry." There were many pieces about personal experiences in the hours or days immediately following the destruction of the World Trade Center and many pieces about life outside the US. This breadth of scope and vision is one of the things that make this a truly worthwhile collection of poetry. David Sands' "all the days after," from which this book got its title, captures the slow-motion surreality of those days in rhythmic repetitions. Dale Wilson's "soldiers' song" is reminiscent of traditional lefty protest songs from the Depression era and early part of the twentieth century. Lynn Roman's "Space" is a multi-layered, freeform rant that doesn't seem to as much be about anything as it seems to reach into a dozen different places in the mind, all of them only loosely connected to politics, terrorist attacks, or the Middle East.

My preconceptions held me back from really enjoying or "getting" this book. It's a great book when you read it as a collection of poetry and political art, but it wasn't until I read the Upsidedown Culture Collective's "Statement of Ideals" at the end of the book that I could begin to see it as more than just that. In that statement, they basically say that their goal was not to publish great poetry and excellent art (a goal they achieved regardless) as much as it was to simply represent the "parallel culture" of art and poetry that exists on the fringes or in the underground of mainstream culture. *All the Days After* is a preservation of that culture, a representation of art as an integral part of larger struggle, and a manifestation of the Upsidedown Culture Collective's view of art as an integral part of all life experience as well.

Looking at it as a slice of life, like a journal or diary, free of the expectations we put on poetry or the visual arts, All the Days After takes on an even deeper contextual meaning. It is beyond cliché to say that the world was changed forever by what happened in DC and New York and Pennsylvania in September 2001. The irony is that *All the Days After*, in essence, is a collection of pieces illustrating how even the lives of those of us existing outside the mainstream of American culture were forever changed as well.

—Doug Grime



Saw Red • Bob Truluck

230 pages • $30.00
Dennis McMillan Publications
4460 N Hacienda del Sol (Guest House)
Tuscon, AZ 85718

Truluck's writing throws you in the Way Back Machine. This is a private dick novel from the bygone days; the writing is short, sharp and to the point. There's no filler here, no BS, no worries about appearing PC, no pandering to any demographic. In short, Bob Truluck's writing is a breath of fresh air in these times of inoffensive plots, boring characters and even more boring and useless novelists.

The first few pages let you know more of what you are in for as you are introduced to the two main characters; one is a hard luck private dick, the other is a high priced call girl...a good old-fashioned private dick novel. And the plot? Find her stolen Jag and palm pilot containing her client list, find the guys that heisted it, find who they sold her palm pilot to and make the problem go away. Simple? Not even close...

As you delve deeper into the book, you get to meet chop shop badasses, gun toting crazies, drug addled morons, incest, Dixie Mob killers, Italian gangsters, high-dollar rent-a-cops, lawyers, evangelists, rich southern crackers, con men plus more than a fair share of shooting and killing. It's a fine mix for a PI novel.

If you read any of the reviews of Truluck's last title, *Street Level*, written by the casual reader/reviewer you'll find that the big complaint with that book was the language. The reviews focused on the throwing around of four letter words and wrote the book off as crude, shock value, no talent. The same book also won the St. Martins PressPrivate Eye Writers of America First Prize for Best Private Eye Novel as well as the 2000 Shamus Award for Best First Novel from the Private Eye Writers of America. In the end, St. Martins decided to pander to the casual reader and told Truluck they wanted to "edit" the book. At that point he walked and sold the title to Dennis McMillan. McMillan has released the book as it was intended to be released as a true private eye novel; no pandering to the Oprah book club crowd who want their PI's clean, shaven, sober, free of scars and emotional damage—in a word, boring.

The appeal of *Saw Red* is that the private eye, Duncan Sloan, seems like a throwback to the old school private dick in his work style, speech, manners, and thought patterns. However, he is given enough modern accoutrements that he is not a simple caricature or a rip off. It is refreshing to read a book like this that harkens back to the days of yore. You can throw this book next to your Lehane or Pelecanos titles just as easy as you can put it up there with Willeford or Chandler.

Try reading Truluck's prose without a smile on your face...you won't last a second. Truluck is a fine new (second novel) face on the scene and will hopefully be around for a long while regardless of who his publisher is. *Saw Red* is easy to get sucked into, so give yourself some time and plan on getting through it in one sitting, this is a book that you will not want to put down once you dive in.

While you are at, it say thank you to Dennis McMillan and the other folks like him that release these books independently and as they are intended to be read.

—Trent Reinsmith

SEX AND GUTS
Edited by Gene Gregorits and Lydia Lunch

Sex and Guts #4
Gene Gregorits and Lydia Lunch, Editors
$20.00 • 280 pages
Phony Lid Books
PO Box 29066
Los Angeles, CA 90029
www.phoneylid.com

Starting as a zine six years ago, *Sex and Guts* is now a huge coffee table-sized book, lovingly detailing under-appreciated and underground artists. Stylistically, *Sex and Guts* owes a lot to *Re/Search*, the 280 pages mostly consist of interviews and pictures of minor celebrities and unknown art workers. The profiled people have devoted their lives to digging into the messy parts of human interaction and (mostly) American society. It's an impressive collection.

Some of the interviewed will be familiar to *MRR* readers. Jello Biafra talks about the Dead Kennedys trial. Margaret Cho talks comedy and flirts with Lydia Lunch. Jim Goad takes on unpopular stances. John Waters is John Waters-like.

But there are also many who will probably be unfamiliar, at least until you realize you've seen their work. Lloyd Kaufman, for example, is the creative semi-genius behind Troma Films, which has created cult classics like *The Toxic Avenger, Class of Nuke 'Em High*, and *Def by Temptation*. Evidently, he's one of the people keeping B movies alive, and while I've seen many of the films, I never knew his name.

In one of the few non-interviews, Lech Kowalski, who made the punk classic *D.O.A.* (starring Sid Vicious bashing his bass on a Texan, American punks wearing puffy down jackets and glam make up, and Jimmy Pursey yelling "Stop fucking fighting") is also given a well-deserved biography, the first I'd seen.

But as in any of these types of collections, interest levels will vary by subject. Some interviews I stopped after a couple of paragraphs. Some I read avidly. And that's OK, not a criticism. It's the nature of this type of book. Laila Nabulsi, for example, made some of the original short films that opened my eyes to the radical possibilities of film when I first saw them in 1977 or so on Saturday Night Live. Her interview is a hilarious combination of celebrity gossip and dogged determination to film *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

I have no idea, however, if anyone who didn't appreciate Hunter S. Thompson would have gotten through the first page of the 14-page interview. And this does bring up some of the problems I do have with this collection. Although the press sheet promises "invasive" interviews, the questions asked are more along the lines of "And then what happened?" rather than, "What were you thinking when you did that failed piece of work?" or delving into larger political issues than the artist wants to present. Often the interviews seem to be friends getting together to chat or, worse, the interviewer attempting to make friends with the interviewee. For example, while re-reading the Nabulsi interview, it seems like half the interviewer's quotes are things like "(laughs)" or one-word text-breakers like, "Great!" Which I suppose isn't too surprising given that co-editor Gene Gregorits writes of the zine/book's purpose:

"*Sex and Guts* exists, as it has from its very inception, to rally the misfits, the rogues, and the lost souls who stumble half drunk into movie houses and book shops alone because normal society broke their hearts and left them half dead. It is the voice of the passionate and demented, the desperate and the misused who find redemptive purpose in art, creativity, and the inherent pathos of life."

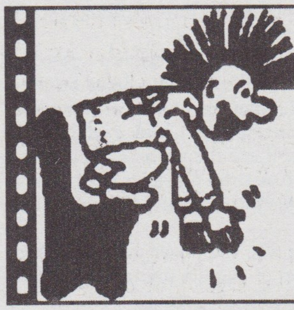
While this serves the valuable purpose of community building among society's outcasts, there is also a corresponding reluctance to pointedly question or criticize. If there was a hard question in this book, I missed it. Both editors do draw out their subjects and allow them to explain, in their own words, what they are doing, leaving the readers to judge for themselves. Because of this, the interviews come off as much more complete conversations than in many other interview-oriented zines. But look to this book for promotion, not criticism.

Besides the people mentioned above, *Sex and Guts* includes many more people in the 29 interviews contained in this issue/book: Nico B., Larry Wessel, Luis Fernandez de la Reguera, Stuart Gordon, Lloyd Kaufman, Asia Argento, Ben Meade, Jim VanBebber, Steve Wynn, Chris D., Johnette Napilotano, Dave Schramm, Rennie Sparks, J.G. Thirwell, Simon Stokes, Carla Bozulich, Nick Tosches, Steve Abee, Mary Woronov, Jonathon Ames, Cynthia True, Vanessa Skantze and Ron Athey. Also, there is fiction by Hubert Selby, Jr., Monah Li, Nick Tosches, Bibbe Hansen, Kurt Lee, Daryl Edelman, Jerry Stahl, and the editors.

One peeve I must also mention is the fact that the tape recorder cuts out in almost every interview. It's not really a big deal, but c'mon, dudes, just get a new one!

—Gordon Zola

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I'M GOING TO PUMP YOU UP!

Arnold Schwarzenegger is an asshole. I am not just saying that because he is now governor of the state I live in. That's depressing enough. I am judging this on the film **Pumping Iron**. The Roxie Cinema is San Francisco got its hands on a print of the hard to find (though soon to be release on DVD) 1977 film and showed it for the week preceding the recall election. There is no way I'd vote for an actor for governor (I considered going as far as Larry Flynt), but I decided to check out **Pumping Iron** anyway.

Pumping Iron is a documentary about the 1975 Mr. Universe and Mr. Olympia bodybuilding competitions. Knowing nothing about bodybuilding myself, I am not too surprised to discover that it is little more that a beauty contest for men without even the slightest pretensions that is not solely about looks. Even Miss America asks the contestants a question to see if they can talk. No such requirements to be Mr. Olympia. The other important fact is that you can only be Mr. Olympia once you've been Mr. Universe. Universe is amateur, Olympia is professional.

Pumping Iron mostly focuses on the 28-year-old Schwarzenegger as he discusses his sport and trains for the upcoming competition. Schwarzenegger has no sense of right or wrong when it comes to competing. He is very devious. He jokes with the other guys in the gym and gives them pointers. Later in his interview, he confesses that before the competition he will give his friend Franco Columbu bad advice and since Columbu trusts him so much, he will listen and lose the competition. I guess there no such thing as being a good sport in Schwarzenegger's world.

Schwarzenegger isn't the only one who doesn't play fair in this strange world. The two American competitors for the Mr. Universe contest are Mike Katz and Ken Waller. Katz is a junior high teacher who was once a professional football player. He comes across as an honest, hardworking, nice guy who has been trying to win Mr. Universe for a few years. Waller tells the camera that before the judging starts he is going to steal Katz's belongings. When Katz is done working out, he looks for his T-shirt and can't find it. He asks one of the other guys if he has seen it and he tells him Waller took it. Needless to say Katz loses and Waller becomes Mr. Universe. This is what is known as "psyching someone out," but it just seems like being a jerk. These primadonnas are more catty than any female stereotype you can come up with.

Schwarzenegger's toughest challenger for the Mr. Olympia title is the young Lou Ferrigno. Schwarzenegger tries all the backhanded moves that are probably typical of this contest. He has breakfast with Ferrigno and his father, who is also his trainer. They have some inane conversation where Schwarzenegger gives a few backhanded compliments to Ferrigno. Ferrigno is deaf, so this type of trick doesn't seem to affect him. His dad is smart enough to realize what Schwarzenegger is trying to do and turns the tables on him.

Later, while warming up for the competition, Ferrigno is lifting weights and Schwarzenegger starts lifting across from him, copying his every move. Obviously, Schwarzenegger is intimidated and feels this is the only way he can win. People always say that Schwarzenegger psyched Ferrigno out. It doesn't seem that way to me. Looking at the two next to each other, Ferrigno has more muscles and looks better. I just think he is inexperienced. He doesn't have the self-confidence Schwarzenegger does. I have no idea how the judges rate one of these competitions, but I'd bet they leaned more toward Schwarzenegger because he had won five times before and said this would be his last competition.

It's amazing how cocky and conceited Schwarzenegger is. Explaining what is known as pumping iron, he says when the blood gets pumping to your muscles it feels like you are cumming. He goes on to explain how lucky he is that gets to feel like that when he is working out, when he is competing, and when he is with a woman. He gets to cum all the time. Also, when his father died, he was in training for a competition that was two months away. He didn't go to the funeral, telling his mother that his father was dead, there was nothing he could do. Comforting his mother would mess up his training schedule. Yes, this is the guy I want lecturing me on family values.

I find it very sad that someone like this can succeed in politics just because he is a movie star. Americans really love celebrities. Watch out—rumor already has it that Schwarzenegger is being prepped for the presidency. If you are like me, you'd say, "He can't be president. He wasn't born in the US." No problem. Legislation is being readied to change that rule.

I would have never thought the Dead Kennedys' music would have renewed relevance in 2003. It used to be that every time I would listen to one of their songs, I get the expected pang of nostalgia, but it still sounded so dated. Looking at the cover of their latest DVD **In God We Trust, Inc.: The Lost Tapes** didn't help much. The cover for this thing looks so bad. I would have never picked it up on my own. Yet, surprisingly, what is inside is worth it.

The story behind **In God We Trust, Inc.: The Lost Tapes** is that the Dead Kennedys went into the studio to record the album on June 19, 1981. When they went to mix the tape, they discovered that the tape they used was defective and it began to deteriorate, making it unusable. They went back into the studio in August and recorded what you now know as *In God We Trust, Inc.* There was a Target video crew at the first session. The engineer gave them a rough mix off the board to go with their video. Then, recently, someone managed to save some songs from the tapes. They were mixed and added to the video. The original video sound was used for the songs that couldn't be saved.

The DVD box promises between-songs banter and outtakes, but you don't get much of that. There is a bit of Jello trying to figure out how he should start singing "Moral Majority" and some joking around. Mostly what strikes me is how amazingly together they were in the studio. I'm sure most of the credit needs to go the engineer for making it sound so good, but this was one tight band. There is only one take of each song included. I would have liked to see one huge screw-up thrown in for laughs, but maybe they didn't have any. It's really interesting to see how they work together. It makes the whole Dead Kennedys reunion thing all the more stupid.

In God We Trust, Inc.: The Lost Tapes also includes live performances of each song from the record. These performances span their career from 1979 to 1986. As with most live footage of bands, the sound and the camera work isn't always good. There are some funny moments, but the studio stuff is so much better. The live stuff just seems like filler.

Any feeling of some faint sort of renewed love for punk nostalgia I might have momentarily felt was instantly squashed when I popped in **The Slog Movie** DVD. **The Slog Movie** is a collection of David Markey's 1981-82 films of the LA punk scene. It includes a lot of the "classic" Southern California punk bands you would expect: Circle Jerks, TSOL, Fear, The Chiefs, Symbol 6, Wasted Youth, Red Cross, Sin 34, Circle One, and a mysterious combo known as Rollins, Dukowski, Rob, & Dez (a.k.a. Black Flag without Greg Ginn).

The footage is poorly shot with shitty sound. As one of my roommates commented, "If I had a camera back then, I could have been a famous filmmaker." If you can handle the conditions, there are some fun parts. Punks hanging out at Okie Dog, a funny imitation of Ted Nugent and Red Cross rocking Santa Monica pier. I recommend watching with the commentary of Mike Watt, Keith Morris, Jordan Schwartz, and Markey. It gives you a better sense of what you are seeing and a little insight into the scene. Plus you won't be so startled when the Black Flag footage comes on and there is suddenly some people talking and no music. I guess they couldn't get the rights to use that bit of music.

The final selection for this month is a videotape of public access TV's **The Chris Miller Show**. I had a great time watching this. It is like hanging out with Chris and getting to know a few things in his warped mind. Chris is an animator and aspiring filmmaker. As he explains his current state, "I've got a broken camera, I've got a computer that crashes all the time and I made nine thousand dollars last year." He wants to be a filmmaker so while he works on that he got his own cable access TV show to get his animated films out to the world.

This tape has two episodes, both of which are hosted by Chris Miller. Each episode features "This Episode's Drink". Episode one was the Screaming Orgasm. Episode two was the Fuzzy Navel. Preparation instructions are included, in case you don't have your bartender's guide handy. Episode two even recommends that three Fuzzy Navels would be ideal for viewing. I enjoyed the episodes sober and now that I think about it, I will have to watch again with proper liquid refreshments.

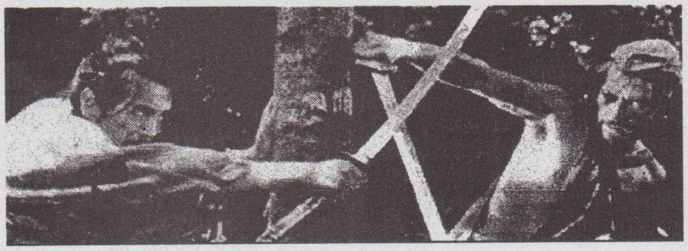
The animated shorts are primitive, but creative. My favorite is "The Schizophrenic Dinosaur." A shy stegosaurus wants to be accepted by the other dinosaurs, but he can't get up the courage to talk to them. He ends up hiding out in his cave. When he finally comes out he thinks he is a Tyrannosaurus and tries to hang out with the others. It's something we can all relate to.

Chris Miller will send you a copy of **The Chris Miller Show** if you pay for shipping. He is at 59 Greene Street, Pawtucket, RI 02860 or jjape@yahoo.com. Info on **In God We Trust, Inc.: The Lost Tapes** and **The Slog Movie** DVDs can be found at www.musicvideodistributors.com.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by email at carolynmrr@juno.com.

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



BLAME IT ON RIO

On June 12, 2000, a remarkable drama unfolded in the heavy afternoon traffic of Rio de Janiero. A young man, Sandro de Nascimiento, brandishing a gun, attempted to rob a city bus. As he was desperate and probably on drugs, the situation quickly expanded to a hostage crisis. News cameras watched and recorded every moment from every angle. This very footage forms the nucleus of Bus 174, a new documentary by Felipe Lacerda and Jose Padiha, and it resonates well beyond the affluent streets where it was filmed.

Nascimiento had witnessed his pregnant mother murdered before his eyes at the age of 10. He soon joined the growing generation of "lost" children, surviving by begging and stealing, and spending spare time sniffing glue with friends. In the early 90s, he was one of the few who made it alive through a period of brutal police crackdowns. From here, he bounced between Rio's overcrowded prisons and the street. Basically illiterate and without options, even the help of an aunt and a sponsor yielded only short-term effects.

Bus 174 was thereafter retitled Bus 158, as if to erase the episode from public consciousness. It was, like the hijacker himself, the kind of thing the police hoped they could just wish away—like Rio's poverty. But there it was, in the center of daytime traffic, containing everything a polite Rio society would rather forget. Nonetheless, Sandro acts his part, as the director himself reminds us, "almost like a director," stage-managing his terrified cast from within the metal shell of the bus, to an extent intoxicated with his own power.

With the traffic blocked and the area secured, the police now do something extraordinary: nothing. Perhaps hoping Sandro will just disappear along with everything he signifies, they wait hours, and yet more hours, and let the afternoon slip into night without being able to formulate a plan. Crowds have gathered on the sidewalk, and it's the only good thing on TV. And predictably, the situation spins well out of control with too little done, too late.

The great virtue of Bus 174 is its astounding weight of video documentation. The film does benefit from hindsight and access to after-the-fact interviews and frame-by-frame analysis of news footage, but it mostly minimizes the moralizing. The images speak for themselves, even though they're obviously chosen with great care. Even though the film is just over two hours, it's concisely edited from a wealth of source material to create a document of the moment and the times.

The film's single flaw lies in its unwillingness to make Sandro Nascimiento fully responsible for his own acts.

Just as the authorities could have acted with more enlightenment, it's clear the hijacker could have ended the whole show at any time with no human cost.

Bus 174 takes the initial concept of a program like Cops or Amazing Police Videos and expands to be a humanistic study that digs to the root of the crime. It's hard not to compare this documentary with Fernando de Meirelles's acclaimed feature, City of God. Using a carefully calibrated moral compass, it magnifies gaps in the system how a single homeless man could cause an entire city to spin out of control. More than pointing out problems, it does the much more difficult job of humanizing and giving names to the nameless. It takes a city kidnapping and expands it to give a portrait of a society divided.

Meanwhile, a more tragic drama was unfolding halfway across the world. When filmmaker Tom Peosay tackled the Himalayas, cracking the roof of the world, he had no idea that his return trip would change his life. Using footage of this trip with other material gathered over a decade, Tibet: Cry of the Snow Lion offers the most balanced portrait of this former paradise you'll get to see.

More famous for its great peaks, the Himalayan region was fated to be a critically strategic area for the People's Republic of China. In addition to its natural resources, it stands as the center of Asian power. Chinese emperors had claimed the area by fiat long ago, and contemporary Chinese administrations have seized this unfortified land to consolidate their sphere of influence in Asia. With rebel states splitting off from Russia on a regular basis, China had no desire to let their own her own embittered "territories" (Himalaya and Taiwan) do the same.

CIA agitation during the 50s and 60s, and covert training US of rebel forces gave hope to Tibet's small cadres of guerilla military; but when Kissinger and Nixon brokered for Chinese diplomatic status, Tibet was left without a protector. It's true that no country (including the United States) has ever officially recognized Tibet as an independent state. At the same time, Tibet has an independent language, flag, history, and social heritage. It's most definitely not Chinese, and even the most earnest efforts of the Chinese government (lax efforts at best) have left the racial Himalayans without skills or a means of trading with the thousands of Chinese immigrants.

Peosay is willing to present the less savory issues, as wall. There's no question that native Himalayans have lived in poverty for many years under religious rule. On the other land, no one seemed to be complaining about it; but China used this as their moral high ground to "develop" the area. The only problem being that the fruits of development helped the immigrant Chinese and pushed the Himalayans further into poverty.

The images and interviews argue an even uglier truth. Thousands of monks and nuns who voiced opposition were summarily imprisoned and tortured, and often killed; in one draconian purge, 658 bodies were laid to rest. While the practice of religion was tolerated (in some instances), it was only allowed if it didn't interfere with the PRC's larger plans. One brazen example involved the PRC's seizure of the newly announced young Dalai Lama (now presumed dead), and his replacement by a child puppet leader.

Tom Peosay, to his credit, allows short sound bytes from the opposition, just long enough to show the bankruptcy of their arguments. We're left to wonder: What's to be done to liberate Tibet with only peaceful means? At what point does armed resistance become a reasonable option? The Dalai Lama seems dedicated to peaceful coexistence, but it seems the time is growing shorter.

Occasionally, I go to theaters without knowing what's playing or whether it's been reviewed. Running on Karma, the new Johnny To actioner, was one such experiment whose success would seem to be the result of good movie karma.

Andy Lau plays Big, a muscleman/stripper who sends the girls into fainting spells and apparently has no problem getting them in bed. Through a convincing (but overwrought) blend of prosthetics and computer effects, this stripper is almost Hulk-like. He's so mammoth even Arnold would toss in the towel. (If only.) Their nemesis is a swarthy Indian killer who's almost as big as Big, but who can dislocate his joints and fold himself to fit in the tiniest spaces.

But Big has another secret: years ago, he was a monk adept whose life changed when, in a lapse of compassion, he killed a sparrow. After a week of meditation, he came to a breakthrough, a level of enlightenment that allowed him to see the karma of all he met. He tossed aside his robes for a life in the larger world, and soon encounters a good-hearted but not-so-competent detective (Cecelia Cheung) with the HK police. Specters of karma surround her like a fog, predicting doom. Only Big seems to have the knowledge on how, and if, she can be saved.

But as the film reaches its climax, it does an amazing about-face, offering one of the most provocative looks at the world of karma and forgiveness that I've seen on film. The melodramatic Canto-pop interludes were probably unnecessary, but hopefully the audience will be forgiving. The action sequences are handled with snappy finesse, balancing reality and fantasy as her world opens to unseen forces.

Running on Karma is great fun and finally even touching. Johnny To is generally thought to be one of the best of HK's current directors, and here, he's topped himself.

Comments? Email me at sjspinali@yahoo.com.

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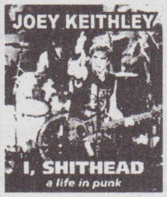

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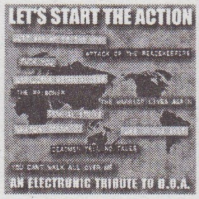

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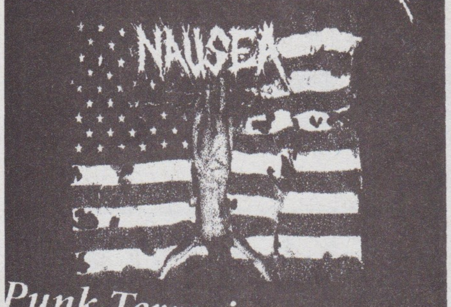

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Alternating between fast, gritty hardcore anthems (Adolescents, Necros) and slow, atomospheric punk (Samhain, Wipers, TSOL), "Misery" is a manic ride through a twisted mind. Turn the lights down low and close the door. The future is coming.

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"Bad Reputation" CD Single / 7"

The best band on the planet return with a new 4 song EP and a new singer. "Bad Reputation" is the audio equivalent of doing 'ludes with Hells Angels in the parking lot of a Deep Purple concert and blasting Black Flag's "Live '84" in your headphones. This is Rock N'Roll California.

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This is quite possibly the meanest, most violent sounding hardcore record to be let out of it's cage since Voorhees' "Spilling Blood..." LP. You are being lied to, abused, and taken advantage of by society and Think I Care are the voices in your head. For fans of Infest, DYS and Sheer Terror.

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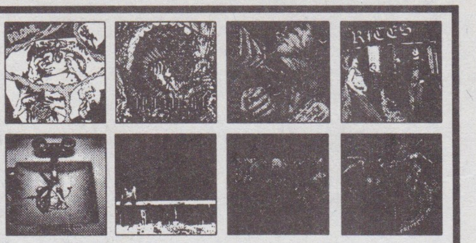

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TEAR IT UP - Nothing To Nothing CD / LP
(A modern classic. DRI, Black Flag, and Youth of Today all come to mind.)

VICTIMS - Neverendinglasting LP
(Steamroller Swedish hardcore juggernaut. Smokes!)

SELFISH - Cry For Love, Cry For Death CD / LP
(Japanese hardcore via Finland. Death Side worship? Possibly, but where's the problem?)

BORN DEAD ICONS - Work CD / LP
(Thundering hardcore from Montreal. One of the best in N. America. Their 1st LP.)

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R'N'R - The Infamous and Notorious CD / LP
(Ferocious rock inspired hardcore from some Think I Care folks.)

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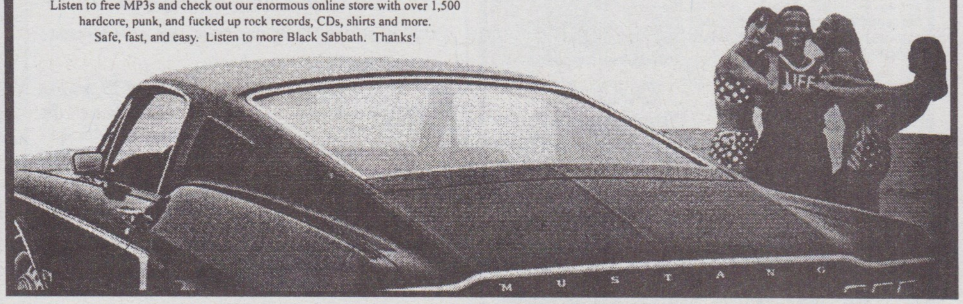
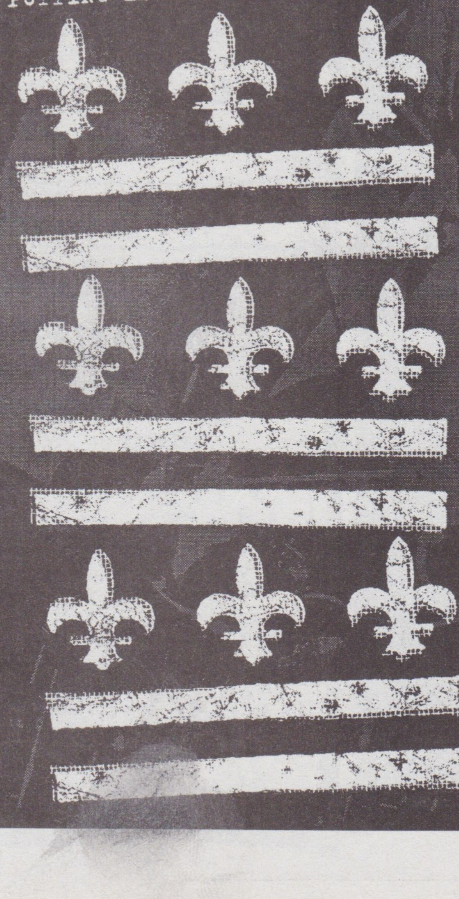
(Like AC/DC fucking the Dwarves in your sister's bedroom. Real big balls on this one.)

FULL SPEED AHEAD - Born To Lose CD / LP
(After 3 years we saved this future skatepunk classic from the shelves. Pushead art.)





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BREATHER RESIST

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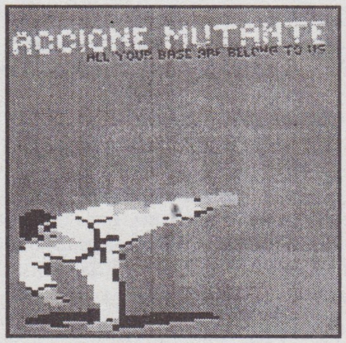
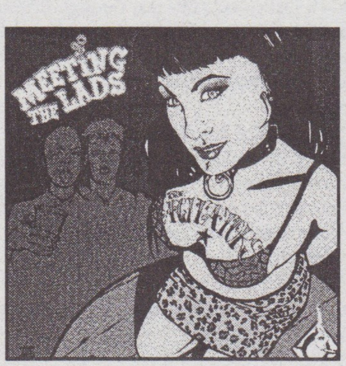
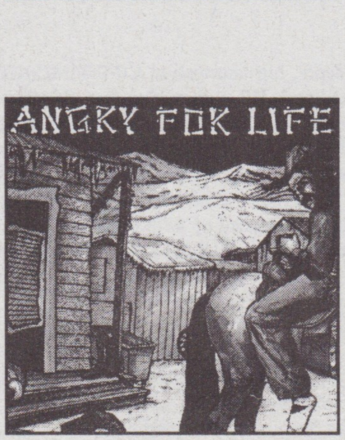

ACCIONE MUTANTE
ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO US





THE A.K.A.S – "White Doves & Smoking Guns" LP

It appears we haven't yet flushed the MURDER CITY DEVILS entirely out of our systems—here's that ubiquitous, flute-like background keyboard sound again, and those stylized, monotone vocals. Like some of the Dim Mak stuff, also. But it takes a very special touch to pull on the heartstrings with such a polished, designer sound. This LP is too consistent in tempo and feel, and the songs aren't melody-based, so one runs into the next. The songs are kind of blasé and distant; they touch on information, art, spectacle, and image/expectation, romantic and otherwise. Potentially interesting stuff, but for some reason, I'm just not buying it. They say "Baby, we're gonna lose control," but I'm unconvinced. They're smart enough, but it feels like they're holding back, hiding behind the style. (AC)

(Law of Inertia, **www.lawofinertia.com**)

ABDUCTEE S.D. – "Shit Disturbers" EP

You gotta love the Swedes, constantly churning out great punk records like little kids churning out sneakers for Nike. As well as loving Swedish punk, I love BURNING KITCHEN in particular. Now I have no idea if these folks are anything to do with that great band (same label, and someone named Sara is in both bands?), but this band has the same rough yet tuneful female vocals that band had…and I'm all over it. This shit is musically more one-dimensional and slower than BK, but it has the same feel—in places sounding like a more modern Crass Records band with their protest lyrics and chanted choruses. I can imagine seeing these punks in a squat somewhere smashed out of my gourd on homebrew and loving them. (TB)

(Communichaos, Box 825, 101 36 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

ACCIONE MUTANTE – "All Your Base Are Belong to Us" EP

Their first 7" was a total hole of sickening fuzz, so I was apprehensive that this would simply be more of the same, which would be OK, but…ya know? Well, they cleaned up their act on this second 7" and have mutated from a Radio Shack-recorded near-hardcore garage punk sound to a more rock-oriented bass heavier sound. It lopes along but the energy and "sheesh!" are missing. Now, for my next course I would like you to combine this EP's recording with the debut's energy and serve hot…and I'll have some crispy fries too. (RW)

($5 ppd: Beermania c/o Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39 B, 3tr, 412 51 Göteborg, SWEDEN, www.ken-rock.com)

ACEFACE – "Oxbridge Boys/A Day in the Life"

……uggg….this little piece of shit stinks real good….kinda like my breath this morning….or my ass last night before I went to bed……!!! What's this Brit combo trying to do here?????? Bridge the gap between NOFX and WEEZER???? This sure ain't the 4 SKINS…..that be fo' sure!!!!!!! (SW)

(Bitter Sweet, PO Box 26535, London, SE3 945, UK, www.aceface.org)

THE ADDICTION – "Shinryakusya" EP

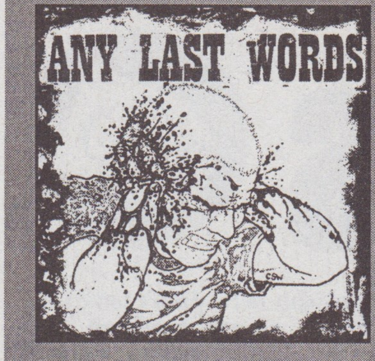
The much-anticipated follow-up EP to their brilliant *Punk Alien Razar* 12" finds these Osaka-city punks abandoning their raging UK '82 style approach for the herk 'n' jerk approach akin to early STALIN. Three killer, rhythmic, stomping, drum and guitar attacks—the stand out being the very very *Stop Jap*-esque "Hentai Trash." Primitive yet powerful production. Highly, highly recommended. (MT)

(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuro, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr)

AGITATORS – "Meeting the Lads" CD

More street punk from Belgium. Generic music with typical lyrics glorifying hooliganism, and a pretty bad cover of "Sally MaClennane" make this an instantly forgettable release. Oi! Oi! (AD)

(Street Anthem, 6201 15th Ave. NW #8306, Seattle, WA 98107)



ANTIFREEZE – "The Search for Something More" CD

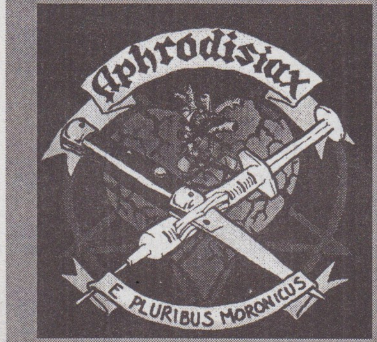
I liked parts of this band's last LP. Sometimes I hear too much ATARIS in these guys and then I'm reminded that a couple of them manage this band. This band can crank out the occasional hit worthy pop punk tune *a la* "Tell Me" here. Sure I hear the BLINK influence too as these guys stand out when they mix it up a little. (RL)
(Kung Fu, www.antifreezeonline.com)

ANGRY FOR LIFE – "Shakin' in My Boots" EP

Mid tempo to upbeat melodic punk from (I think) the San Jose area. Not bad—at times it sounds a little like an I SPY/PROPAGANDHI hybrid. (AD)
(Vinehell, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158)

ANY LAST WORDS – "This Ain't Posicore" EP

Fast thrashy hardcore in the vein of the earlier TEAR IT UP and DOWN IN FLAMES stuff (with a few extra breakdowns). Their lyrics specifically target things like emo kids, George Bush, and "posi-hardcore." I could have done without the written explanations after each song. Sometimes it makes sense, but in this band's case it wasn't really necessary when their lyrics were so simple and straightforward. Still, this is great for a debut. I can't wait to hear more. (CC)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

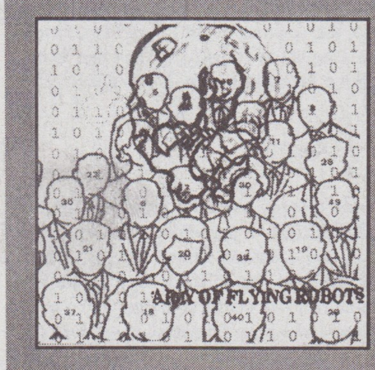


APHRODISIAX – "E Pluribus Moronicus" CD

Shitty, boring, dice-and-flames rock and roll with really, really awful vocals. The band is much too restrained and slick for my taste. The liner notes mention that the CD was recorded in 48 hours while consuming 60 beers and a bottle of vodka. Sounds to my ears like they could have used another bottle or four. 13 songs about "Drinking," hangovers, "American Rock and Roll," "Last Call," "Devil Woman," and um, drinking. (RR)
(www.theaphros.com)

APOSTASY – "A Year to Forget" CD

Art-damaged emo hardcore infused with metal guitar riffs and melody—is that a long enough genre for you? Band comparisons: CAP'N JAZZ + GREY MATTER + SWIZ = something close to APOSTASY. Interesting, not bad...good. (AS)
(Creep, PMB 220, 252 East Market St, West Chester, PA 19382, **www.creeprecords.com**)

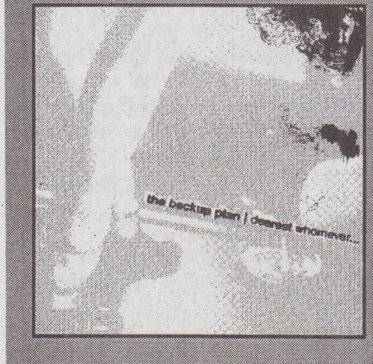


ARMY OF FLYING ROBOTS – "People With Faces" EP

Whoa, one look at the artwork and the band name had me screaming "not another bad screamo release!" But much to my surprise this turned out to be nothing like I expected. Instead of screamo, I was treated to insanely fast jackhammer grind. This UK band slams the pedal to the metal and pounds their way through this one-sided EP. Fucking hell, this is a damn fine release. Bring on the ARMY OF FLYING ROBOTS! (RC)
(The Audacious Art Experiment, B Lane, 5 Thornville St., Leeds, LS6 1RP, UK)

ASSERT – "Riotous Assembly" CD

Am I crazy or does ASSERT really sound like Frankie Stubbs (LEATHERFACE) fronting a hardcore band? Really, those vocals are so gruff, so whiskey and cigarettes—it just rules. They tear through fifteen blasts of raging hardcore punk that never pauses to catch its breath—fuck it really does sound like a sped-up LEATHERFACE colliding head on with COWBOY KILLERS—melodic but totally relentless. Great stuff. (MT)
(Hardboiled, Vindegade 101, DK-5000 Odense C, DENMARK, www.hardboiled-music.com)


the backup plan | dearest whomever...

AWAKENING / VIRGINIA BLACK LUNG – "No Mercy for the Cyborg Hordes" split EP

Some good quality punk rock with a message found within the grooves of this EP. The AWAKENING are great, driving beat hardcore, solid bass lines guiding the buzzsaw guitar and clearly understood vocals—pro-bike/anti-car lyrics. VIRGINIA BLACK LUNG are way more violent and lurching hardcore. The fast tempo setting the pace for multiple growly vocals (singer and backups), discordant guitars, and righteous anger against an oil dependant nation willing to kill for its luxuries. The packaging comes with a small booklet, entitled "Sea of Steel", with essays on pro-bike issues, some resources listed, and a story from a bike rider, protesting the, at the time, oncoming war by riding 1,200-plus miles meeting with average Americans. To my eyes and ears, this record, with a good cause and ideology, is well worth your time to check out. (WM)
(Ed Walters, 2416 S. Warnock St., Philadelphia, PA 19143)

THE BACKUP PLAN – "Dearest Whomever…" CD

Fairly standard East Coast emotive yet screamy hardcore, big later-period LIMETIME/KID DYNAMITE influence shining through here—especially in the vocal delivery. When they play fast it's interesting and enjoyable but man those breakdowns just disrupt the overall power that this could have, that's just me though. I mean I like STRAIGHT AHEAD over SICK OF IT ALL any day of the week. It's a little too pro and geared towards the world of booking agents, Warp Tours and overpriced merch for my tastes—fuck though, he's got that Ari LIFETIME thing down so good though. It's almost spooky. Could do without the cryptic and bloody fingerprints paired up with pictures of emo girls layout style that seems so typical for the genre. Matched up with the sappy "you broke my heart, I'm so depressed" lyrics it just comes off sooooo pathetic. Stop talking about killing yourself and just go ahead and do it. (MT)
(New Day Rising, PO Box 1383, Miller Place, NY 11764, www.newdayrising.org)

BACTERIA – "Fucking Chaos" EP

More raw distorted romps from Japan, courtesy of the fine folx from Overthrow Records. Totally stripped-down raw-as-fuck production—mid-paced drum attack, blown-out guitars and with shredded vocals—I think you know the deal. Features at least on ex-CFDL member for those of you keeping score and while it is good

enough, it's not quite as powerful as others who play in the similar style or as the CFDL stuff. (MT)
(Overthrow, Maruta-Palace #402 21-5, Shimo Shinshuku Ichiikawa, Chiba 272-0102, JAPAN)

BAD BOY BOOGIE – "Motorfucker" CD

Lame-ass Italian cock/pub rock with no guts. Photos of hot rods and a Betty Page look-alike and ugly old band dudes with names like 8 Ball and Devil Rod give you some kind of idea what you are in for here. Their cover of the STONES "Paint it Black" is a fucking tragedy of epic proportions. "Loaded Guns and Nasty Habits" is absolutely the worst piece of shite I have ever heard. If you must know… (RR)
(Nicotine, PO box 165- 15057 Tortona, ITALY)

BEAUTIFUL NEW – "Enduring Bushes" CDEP

BEAUTIFUL NEW delivers four tracks of pretty decent rock music. Three of the tracks remind me of RITES OF SPRING, but instead of the incessant whining sound of Guy's voice, their singer sounds more like D. Boon of the MINUTEMEN. The fourth track is a cover of BOB SEGER, which doesn't do much for me. Overall, a solid EP, but it's a little lacking in energy. (WR)
(Capsule, PO Box 1861, Belleville, MI 48112)

THE BELLRAYS – "Raw Collection" LP

So what we got here is all those deleted hard to get, where-the-hell-are-they tracks from one the most hard rockin' outfits this side of the 70s. Taking in all those please-where-can-I-get-them-froms spanning the years from 1995 to 2002. If you ain't never been hip to the BELLRAYS there ain't no better place to start. For those unfamiliar with Lisa Kekula (one of the finest vocalists never to win an MTV award) and gang, expect the MC5, JANIS JOPLIN blended with BIG MAMA THORTON, then dragged by its retro heels straight in to the days we call now. Thanks to Uppercut Records—no more searching for all those damn elusive singles (SD)
(Uppercut, 4470 Sunset Blvd. # 195, Los Angeles, CA 90027, www.uppercutrecords.com)

BENNY – "Our True Intent is All for Your Delight" CD

The follow-up to last year's *Finnish Road Junction.* In my opinion, BENNY is one of those bands who could be great if they didn't fuck around so much. They are perfectly able to write super solid punk tunes and on some tracks sound like a cross between LEATHERFACE and HÜSKER DÜ, but these songs are inter-spaced by muck-around tracks that bring DR & THE CRIPPENS and WAT TYLER to mind. Not that there's anything wrong with DR & THE CRIPPENS and WAT TYLER, it's just that I like it better when they play it straight up. You have to be really, *really* funny to make funny music, and these guys are just *sort* of funny. Anyway, saying all that, this is still a good disc and an enjoyable listen. (AD)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK)

BLACK PRINT – "Movement" CDEP

Five melodic screamo hardcore tunes from Chicagoland. Sounds a lot like BREAD & CIRCUITS, ARMY OF PONCH, and TEXAS IS THE REASON, but retaining a heavier hardcore feel. I'm into it—good stuff. What's up CJ. (AS)
(QUINCY SHANKS, PO Box 3035, St. Charles, IL 60174, www.quincyshanks.com)

BLUE EYED BOY MISTER DEATH – "A Lipstick Transfer" CD

You know, what the hell is going on with band names these days? BLUE EYED BOY MISTER DEATH, what kind of shit is that? I don't know, but I can tell you this. This is some rapid-fire screamo that pounds and surges all over the map. You know the story. Hectic drumming, spastic guitar work, crazy tempo changes, and high-pitched screams. In all honesty, it isn't that bad at all. You know, it was funny. I was checking out the label's website and it described this release as having "frantic sexual energy." No offense, guys, but after listening to the entire CD and seeing photos of your bearded mugs in the booklet, the last thing I thought of was sex. Maybe if you sung about some "bum gravy," then we could talk. (RC)
(Bent Rail Foundation, PO Box 2283, Birmingham, AL 35201, www.bentrail.com)

BOXED IN – "Progression?" EP

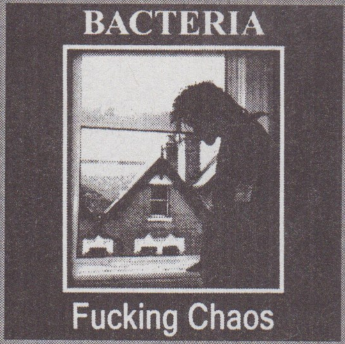
Fucking hell, this is simply amazing fast-as-fuck, pure and simple unadulterated hardcore punk. Pissed as fuck, raw, blistering rage. Everything about this record is simply perfect—the drums, the guitar tone, the lyrics, the fucking MELLAKKA cover—fuck. BOXED IN are a shining example of a band learning from and combining the finer elements of classic bands like VARUKERS, BGK, RIPCORD and the like then taking it a creating something totally fresh, and powerful. (MT)
(Busted Heads, Box 275, 901 06 Umeå, SWEDEN, www.bustedheads.com)

BRICKS/ TWO DAYS OF FREEDOM – split EP

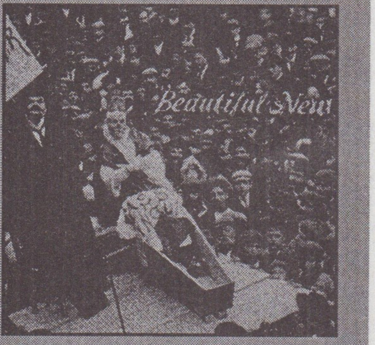
Talk about a record coming out nowhere and kicking your ass! This EP features two bands with diverse sounds, but sharing the theme of the same hometown. The BRICKS come out with a sound that reminds me of early AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY before they had all the ska influence, crossed with a little early 60s British punk influence. Definitely a candidate to have their patches worn by bondage-belt punks everywhere. If the BRICKS represent the patch set, TWO DAYS OF FREEDOM come in representing the button set. Remember when everybody went nuts over early HOT WATER MUSIC before they crossed that thin line into too emo-ey, Well TWO DAYS OF FREEDOM will bring you back to that time. TWO DAYS OF FREEDOM play emotional, heartfelt, raw melodic punk. This EP is a winner. (JF)
(Bricks, PO Box 23051, Savannah, GA 31045, www.bricksbrigade.com, www.twodaysoffreedom.com)

THE BRISTOLS – "I Got a Thing About You/I'll be Gone Again"

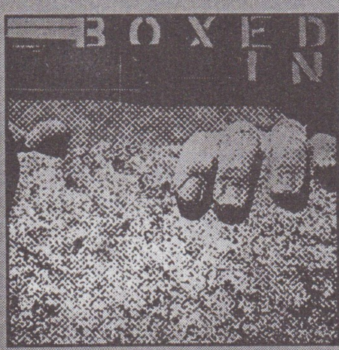
Two doses of early 60s miniskirt sound. The sweet but sultry girl vocals are charming over two perfectly smooth tunes. Turn your Vespa around now before the record shop closes. (AC)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 9GH, UK, www.damagedgoods.co.uk)

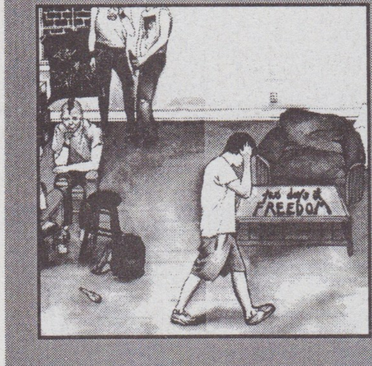


BAD DOG BOOGIE -
Motorfucker



BLUE EYED BOY MISTER DEATH





BRODY'S MILITIA – "Brody's Militia Hates You" 10"

Holy crap! This band gets harder and harder with each new release! These Ohio cretins tear through a full-blown "shit storm" of "speed punk thrash war." BRODY'S MILITIA has the good taste to cover two of the best: "Earth is Dead" by those wild Australians RUPTURE and "Fuck All Y'all" by Confederacy of Scum Kings ANTiSEEN. This record contains relentless thrash pummeling. Side one features nuggets like "P.E.T.A. Can Eat Me," "Total War on You," and "Severe Head Trauma." Side two offers up more originals: "Thin Skin & Virgin Ears," "Obliterate," and "Closed Casket Future." Fucking tough punk here! (BR)

(Murder, c/o Oliver L., BP 11, 33023 Bordeaux CDX, FRANCE)

BROKEN HEROES / WEEKEND WARRIORS – "Beer Guts and Drunk Sluts" split CD

A macho oi/street punk split CD. Both bands have the very standard sound of the genre with no imaginative deviation whatsoever. Unimpressive cover art with an intoxicated woman revealing her crotch and a photo of "Ponch" from *CHiPS* with the phrase "You're a Homo" underneath. Uhh…enough words wasted. (SR)

(Street Anthem, 6201 15th Ave. NW #B306, Seattle, WA 98107-2382)

C. AARME – "The Gag" EP

Four-song second EP of angular, arty, distorto punk from these Swedes. Reminds me of the EX and some later era Dischord Records bands. Repetitive, personal-as-political vocals shouted and sung in English.

(Big Brothel, PO Box 6170, SE-10233, Stockholm, SWEDEN, everythingy@hotmail.com)

JOHNNY CANCER ONE MAN BAND / SKIP JENSEN AND HIS SHAKIN' FEET– split EP

One-man bands rule. Continuing my reign as resident one-man band expert at *MRR*, I have this month's selection of one-man bands. Two guys who blast out the tunes with the urgency, sloppiness and lack of coordination missing from today's punk bands. The songs are lo-fi, catchy, and rocking. What more do you need from rock and roll? It comes in a perfect one-man band style sleeve, photocopied on some shitty machine form the 70s. This copy is number 162 of 150. Interesting how these limited editions work. (CK)

(Solid Sex Love Doll)

CAUSTIC CHRIST – "Can't Relate" LP

CAUSTIC CHRIST specializes in tight HC with sharp-edged political lyrics. This release isn't as caustic and powerful as their brilliant *No Love* EP, nor are the guitars as compelling as in their split with RAMBO. The material here is riff-laden with a tendency for chugga-chugga guitar in the fast sections (as in the outstanding "Can't Relate.") "The Fix" is another real standout for its alternating 3/4-4/4 rhythms churning effortlessly against sneering vocals, but one would have wished for gutsier production. (SS)

(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

CHAOTIX – "Broaden Your Horizons" EP

Total UK '87/'88 worship here, even down to the little "Circle of Friends" sticker (HERESY had "Network of Friends" stickers with the same design!)—taking hints from RIPCORD and HERESY, but more melodic and anthemic in places. It rips from start to finish, and any bands that ape the above bands are all right by me. (TB)

(Crew For Life, 5-4-58 5-402 Fujimi Cho, Higashimurayama, Tokyo 189-0024, JAPAN)

THE CHECKERS – "Make a Move" CD

This gal-fronted band goes for the JOSIE COTTON and NIKKI & THE CORVETTES sound circa LA 1979. This is pretty good although not exceptional. Maybe this falls too much in-between power pop and punk. Still worthwhile for fans of the genre. (RL)

(Teenacide, PO Box 291121, Los Angeles, CA 90029, www.thecheckers.net)

CHICKENHEAD / LOS CANADIANS – split CD

"How do you like my car? It was free because I stole it!" Jesus Christ, if you're not familiar with these two stellar Miami bands from the early 90s then just give it up, you are a poser. I'm not kidding—go get a suit, a briefcase, and a nice day job. Because you are not punk. In my mind , these bands are right up there with the early 90s punk all-stars. Remember reading *Cometbus* and listening to CRIMPSHRINE? Well then you should also remember reading *Scam* zine and listening to CHICKENHEAD and LOS CANADIANS. Same romantic beauty, dig??? Lucky for us San Franciscan's, Iggy (ex-CHICKENHEAD) and Ivy (ex-LOS CANADIANS) both reside here and play in the equally rad band ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT. This CD contains everything by these two bands. Get it!!!!!! (AS)

(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

CIRIL – "Hysteria Driven" CD

A lot of people throw around the RUDIMENTARY PENI references when discussing these dark, lurching and gloomy LA punx and I can totally see why. Everything from vocals to the artwork to even a bit of the guitar work suggests these folx have studied their copies of *Death Church* quite well. I can also hear touches of other gloom merchants like early CHRISTIAN DEATH and there are moments that remind me of a lo-fi version of *Souls at Zero*-era NEUROSIS. Pretty good stuff here. (MT)

(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, www.knowrecords.com)

CLUSTER BOMB UNIT – "Last Band Standing" EP

Having gone through a few member and style changes since I first became familiar with them on their killer 1995 10", here we find the new and improved version of these German ragers. Now featuring a female vocalist (whose vocals remind me a great deal of HEALTH HAZARD) and the trademark manic bass work of punk rock super bassist Kelly (ex-DEFIANCE, RESIST, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE); their current sound is a little more

worked out and more akin to SUFFER (or the afore mentioned HEALTH HAZARD) than the straight-up DIS-clone workouts of their earlier releases. Extra points for turning a song off the *Simpsons* into a charging d-beat ripper. (MT)
(Angry, c/o Fulvio Dogliotti, C. P. 280, 15100 Alessandria, ITALY, angryrec@iol.it)

CONDEMNED 84 – "No Way In/Battle"

I was going to go on a tirade regarding how much I hate oi, that these bands did more harm to the working class struggle by reinforcing false stereotypes (we spend our days fighting, boozing, hating Johnnie Foreigner and getting shitty Unionjacks and bulldog tattoos). I was even about to throw myself in to a rant about CONDEMNED 84's involvement in Rock Against Communism, sharing the platform with some of the dodgiest bastards ever to pick up a guitar, but I decided not to bother. Why waste my time on a waste of time? This single, like every other by this band, is lyrically and musically the lowest common denominator. Now please fuck off. (SD)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave. # 169, Chicago, IL 60647, www.hauntedrecords.com)

CRANKED UP! – "A Call for Solidarity" CD

From the group photo with some members wearing ANGELIC UPSTARTS and FEAR t-shirts, you know this is gonna be old school. This full length features some solid brit influenced punk a la STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, SHAM 69, and UK SUBS. More than just a look, these PA guys deliver the tunes on this strong release. (RL)
(Creep, PO Box 220, 252 East Market St., West Chester, PA, 19382, patsociety@comcast.net)

CREAM ABDUL BABAR / TEEN CTHULU – "vs." CD

Drawing a diagonal battle line from complete Southeast US to near complete Northwest US, Floridian heavy and hard noise-rockers CREAM ABDUL BABAR do battle against Washington state's "Death-Violence" wreckers of civilization TEEN CTHULU. Utilizing the 3" CD format in 5" form (2" of clear plastic around the 3" CD…weird), both bands coming out swinging power power power. CREAM ABDUL BABAR (two tracks—one from their session for the split with KYLESA) against the mighty TEEN CTHULU (death metal played by punks—these three tracks are close to being the last pieces you'll ever hear, seeing as how they broke up earlier this month). Alas, it's not for me to decide who wins or loses; all I will say is that there will be much snapping of necks from the kids banging their heads, so hard, tonight, all right! (WM)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412, www.hyperrealist.com)

CRIMSON GHOSTS – "3 Misfits from Hell" EP

A side project of GEIN (of GEIN & THE GRAVEDIGGERS) that does for/to the MISFITS what the RAMONETURES did for/to the RAMONES (surf/fuzz instro versions, duh). The fuzz guitar on "20 Eyes" and "London Dungeon" is especially effective and the whole outing is suitably primitive. A novelty record in the good sense of the term. (DD)
(Necro Tone, PO Box 2517, Acton MA 01720, www.Necro-ToneRecords.com)

D.R.I. – "The Dirty Rotten CD" CD

There are several templates, which set the standard for, hardcore these days—DISCHARGE, MINOR THREAT, and NEGATIVE APPROACH all are undeniably the basis for much of the hardcore that has come after them. DRI is another of those bands—it's a basic irrefutable fact. They were one of the first to take that initial step into playing at light speed, and popularized playing with guitars set on blender mode. Totally tuneless, maniacal thrash. On this CD we find their initial bomb blast of an EP (which later mutated into a 12" but what's with reversing the order of songs?), the *Violent Pacification* EP, their early demo and comp tracks plus a few interviews and, for those of you who have the ability, some video footage on an enhanced CD. This is of course required listening and in reality the only DRI you *really* need… (MT)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035, www.beercity.com)

D.R.I – "Dealing With It" CD

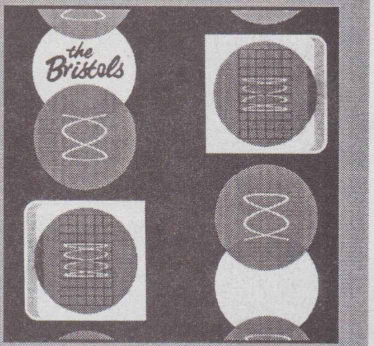
Dealing With It was DRI's second album, and while it's better than I remember it being, it still lacks the go-for-the-throat relentless bludgeoning all-out attack of the earlier material. The songs are more structured and more tuneful as the band had seemingly abandoned their primitive "we can barely play our instruments, so we'll just play them as ineptly fast as we can to make up for it" approach. Once again Beer City packs this full of goodies like demo tracks, their tracks from the *Cottage Cheese From the Lips of Death* comp, rough mixes from the *Dealing With It* session plus live video footage. (MT)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035, www.beercity.com)

THE DAMNED – "Noise is for Heroes" LP

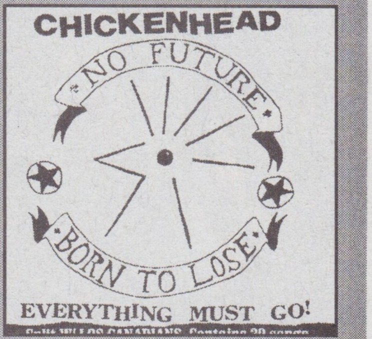
This is a bootleg record that contains 15 live tracks that were recorded at five shows that took place between '77 and '82, according to the pict sleeve. I'm not real sure where the recordings came from or how the bootlegger came to acquire them. The quality is not all that great. It's not horrible, but it's not all that great. The song list reads much like the greatest hits record. The only obvious omission is "New Rose." (KK)
(Nasty Nasty)

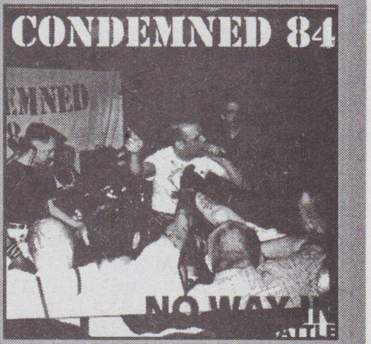
THE DEAD – "True as Fuck" EP

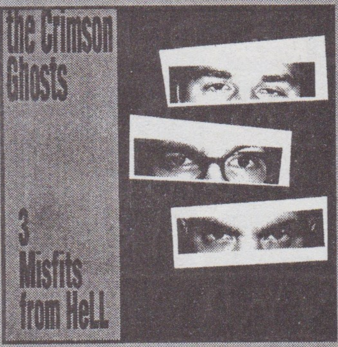
Listening to this record, all I can find myself thinking about is how much these guys must weigh. Although they're actually skinny guys from Germany, I imagine four beefy dudes, each of them seven feet tall, who spending their spare time bench pressing pick up trucks, and eating children… the DEAD sound like the ogres from *Lord of the Rings* started a band, and it's fucking good. It's tough-as-nails hardcore that narrowly avoids the "jock hardcore" classification. They're no NEGATIVE APPROACH, but it's brutally direct and to the point, with melody and sing-alongs thrown in at just the right times. (VH)
(Brainsick, Von-der-tinnenstr 6, 48145, Munster, GERMANY)



CHAOTIX
混沌
視野を広めろ
BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS

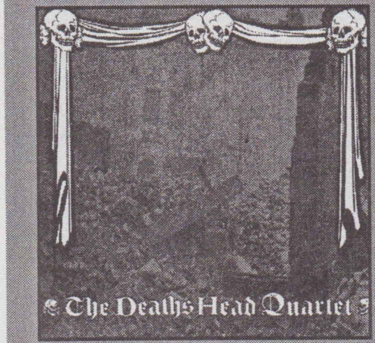






DEADMOON
SABOTAGE · THESE TIMES WITH YOU

DEADLY WEAPONS



DEAD MOON – "Sabotage/These Times With You"

I must admit to being a bit of a Johnny-come-lately when it comes to DEAD MOON, I'd never heard of them until I moved to the Bay Area whereupon I soon discovered that everyone liked them apart from me. Sounding like a messed-up mess of AC/DC, GUN CLUB, (and maybe even the MISFITS older, less-hectic moments) DEAD MOON are sleazy rock 'n' roll at it's best, played with ample balls and emotion. They have a huge underground following that I was unaware of until I nearly tripped over it. These two songs are off their last full-length *Trash & Burn* from a few years back, re-recorded live in the studio, making this essential only for the legions of the band's fanatics. (AD)

(Dropkick, 38 Advantage Rd, Highett, Vic 3190, AUSTRALIA)

DEADLY WEAPONS – "You're So Selfish" EP

This is the best. Rockin' punk reminding one of early 45 Grave. If the DEAD BOYS weren't junked out and Stiv Bators was Tina from the BOBBYTEENS. This ain't no stenching Gearhead poseur shit—this is backyard punk. (JA)

(Rapid Pulse, POB 5075, Milford, CT 06460-1475)

DEATH'S HEAD QUARTET – CD

Seven tracks of grit, fuzz, and static. DEATH'S HEAD QUARTET play loud, blown-out noise *a la* MERZBOW with periodic screeches of free jazz sax. I like what they're trying to do, but these songs are flat and muddy, and go nowhere. It's about as interesting as listening to the sounds of a television tuned to a dead channel, a fucking bore. (VH)

(Opposite, PO Box 118, Suffern, NY 10901-9998)

DEFIANCE – "A Decade of Defiance 1993-2003" LP & EP

It's about time, really. Here we have a complete collection of this Portland band's singles, originally released on Consensus Reality, Profane Existence, Skuld, and Dirty Punk Records. All the hits are here, and I feel that these tracks display DEFIANCE at some of their best, anthemic, ABRASIVE WHEELS-esque moments. I mean you really can't fuck with nor deny the power of tracks like "No Future, No Hope," their top notch cover of the SEX AIDS' "Back on the Piss Again," the incendiary "Success Unattainable" or the classic "Hands of the Few." Even the new single (*Against the Law*) originally available from the German label Dirty Faces sees them return a bit more to the stride some felt they lost on their last LP. Great two-fingers-in–the-air punk rock. (MT)

(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953, www.punkcore.com)

DESA – "Year in a Red Room" CD

I was a LINK 80 fan, so I have been interested to hear something by this band formed from their ashes. Unfortunately, and expectedly, this doesn't do much for me. An attempt to be more "serious" just kind of falls short and leaves me bored. Really melodic, but the songs just kind of keep going and lyrics are hard to take. (WR)

(Substandard, PO Box 310, Berkeley, CA, 94701, www.substandard.com)

DEXTER DANGER – "Written in Blood" CD

I didn't mind this at first, it sounded like rehashed old SCHLEPROCK jazzed up a bit. Then I read the liner notes and there are public relation guys, A&R guys, and the thanks list (that includes the Warped Tour and Live 105) ends with "…and our amazing fans for being so supportive of our decision to make music." You're from Daly City and this is the first time I've ever heard of you—get over yourselves already. (AD)

(Orange Peal, PO Box 15207, Fremont, CA 94539)

DIRTBOMBS – "Dangerous Magical Noise" CD

Mick Collins' DIRTBOMBS are Holy Ghost to some, admired by others, and disliked by few (if any). Though I dig the purity of his creative vision and the strength of his 20-ton voice, I haven't dug the 'BOMBS as much as his previous outfits (the GORIES, supergroup BLACKTOP, or even LA one-off the SCREWZ). Maybe I require a little more punk to my rock than they provide, and harbor bad memories of the early 90s Bay Area when rockin' soul funk was the order of the day and losers like me were afraid to pogo. Still, I must say that the dangerously-titled *Dangerous Magical Noise* sounds a lot better to me than previous outings and a load less like the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS than the name would imply. It's got soul, it's got funk, it's got blues, but there's an amped punk rock urgency that pushes the tunes over the finish line and makes me wanna pay attention. The dare-I-say poetic quality to tracks like "Get it While You Can" or "Stuck in Thee Garage" elevates them to something special indeed. (JH)

(In the Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

DIRTBOMBS – "Motor City Baby" EP

I used to L-U-V anything that Mick Collins touched, but ever since Garage Rock became the new Grunge Rock or the new Alternative Rock …or whatever you want to call it (you know the buzz word record labels create to market the hot new thing), I've sort of lost interest in it all. Too much hype=mainstream=boring. I really want to not like this band, but, after not listening to them for over a year, I'm reminded of why I used to really dig the DIRTBOMBS. Mick Colins is just a good songwriter, it can't be denied. These two songs are like a T-REX with soul. Great stuff as you would expect from the front man of the GORIES. (AS)

(Sweet Nothing, info@cargouk.demon.co.uk)

DIRTY WATER – CD

Quality mid-tempo punk from Boston. Songs range from sounding a bit like the REDUCERS to a more slowed down melodic sing-along style. The singer uses a variety of vocal styles, sometimes carrying a slight Irish brogue, while at other times, he sounds strangely like a not-whiny Axl Rose. This is a good first release. (SR)

(Street Anthem, 6201 15th Ave. NW #B306, Seattle, WA 98107-2382)

DISARM / DIRTY POWER GAME – split EP

Total wall of Italian fast crust-grind from DISARM. The drummer sounds like a machine, the beats are so fast and precise. DIRTY POWER GAME are more of the same, just not as fast. Vocals from both groups are from the bowels of hell and intense volume dealing seems to be the style. Neither band is really doing anything all that new or spectacular but I'm sure fans of the genre will enjoy them enough. (WM)

(Disarm/Tetanus Prodistro c/o Borys Cataleni, Loc. Capannelle, 55020 Castelvecchio Pascoli (LU), ITALY)

DISEASE – "Dyslexic Experts in Reverse Psychology" CD

Nothing irritates me more than a song that starts off with another stupid Casio keyboard…then, a fucking drum machine. Give me a break! Drum machines are worse than Hitler! This is insulting. The few songs where they stop dicking around with the drum machine aren't bad. They're fast and abrasive, bringing together grit and chaos with melody and hooks. But the rest is garbage. I can't listen to it. It makes me feel like I'm a four-year-old, wearing a dirty diaper with drool running down my face. (VH)

(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126)

DISTRACTION / HATEPINKS – split EP

I'd much rather hear a record that's *short* but *good* than one that's *long* and *not good.* I've said it once and I'll say it twice: the DISTRACTION send me. I admire their careful placement of guitar strikes and sleazy 70s James Williamson-style sleads: their striped nautical tops and shag 'dos are no mere pose, rather the badges of a resolute choice of lifestyle. "False Advertising" and "Too Late for the Trend" are catchy noise that neatly encapsulate 25 years of Angeleno p. rock. Boss. France's HATEPINKS are better than they have to be with a name like that Thy tear it up like a tougher STARSHOOTER on their original and tapdance through the SWELL MAPS' "International Rescue" just fine. An eight-minute record better than most bands' full LPs. (JH)

(Lollipop, 7 imp. Monsegur 13016, Marseille, FRANCE, www.chez.com/lollipoprecords)

DISTRICT – "If Not Continued, Nothing is Born" EP

After looking at the cover, I would have never guessed that this record would turn out to be one of the better youth crew bands that I've heard in a while. Easily the best youth crew record to ever come out of Japan (which I guess isn't saying much). Unfortunately the lack of a lyric sheet, the *Start Today*-era GORILLA BISCUITS influence that creeps in on a few songs, and a list of song titles that don't translate well ("The Signal in Breaking Cloud"?) are somewhat off-putting. But even with those drawbacks, DISTRICT make most European and American hardcore bands playing this style today sound like third-rate UP FRONT clones. Fans of GORILLA BISCUITS, 7 SECONDS, and POINTING FINGER should get this immediately. (CC)

(Depression, Nishimidou Yotsutsuji 5, Hagiwara Ichinomiya, Aichi 491-0365 JAPAN)

DIVORCE – "Worm Cathterization Technique" EP

Fast Southern-bred grind, on the punk side of the fence, from Athens, Georgia. Dual vocals, which alternate, high and low; blasting drums; distorted riffs (quality style I might add); negative, frustrated lyrics; everything needed for a damn good grinding time. Get these boys some of that Swedish Grind© production, I bet they would make for some great big huge monsters of grind then (think Godzilla size). (WM)

(Tsunami, 231 Emery Mills Rd., Shapleigh, ME 04076)

ENTROPIA – CD

Ten tracks of fast, rampant, guitar-driven Italian hardcore. At times, the relentless guitar leads remind me of something off of the *P.E.A.C.E.* comp. Much like a cleaned-up, stripped-down CONTRAZIONE, which is rad, but ENTROPIA aren't nearly as raw and gritty as that stuff was. (VH)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

EVIL BEAVER – "Pleased to Eat You" CD

Double bass, slow at times, ripping at others, kinda like later L7. I guess you could consider this band funny, hence the name and songs called "Where's the Beef" and "Ass Salad." I'm a little burnt on getting offended with women's sexuality being trashed and sold. It scares me to think that we are this numb to it, and that it's become cliché. (MM)

(Johann's Face, **www.johannsface.com**)

EVIL SUBSTITUTE / STRANGE FACTORY – split EP

EVIL SUBSTITUTE offers up a nice sing-along punk ditty on "I'm Not You." The guitars chug along pleasantly with the choruses punctuating the song. "Strength" is cut from the same cloth, with a melodic 1983 English punk feel. STRANGE FACTORY hits the ground running with "Repetition," which has good driving guitar bits and shouted vocals. Song two is the short little punk blast called "Sick," before STRANGE FACTORY lurches into "Give Up the Childcare." This punk rock is fast enough to hold your attention with 100% adequate singing. (BR)

(Evil Way, 7-19-201 Higashitage 2 Chone, Hitachi-Shi Ibaraki, 316 0004, JAPAN, **tartanarmy5@yahoo.co.jp**)

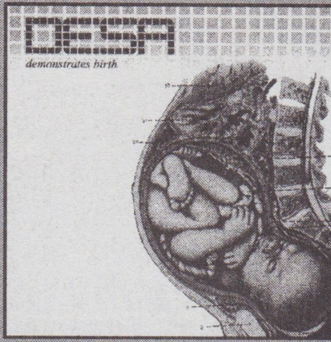
EX MODELS – "Zoo Psychology" LP

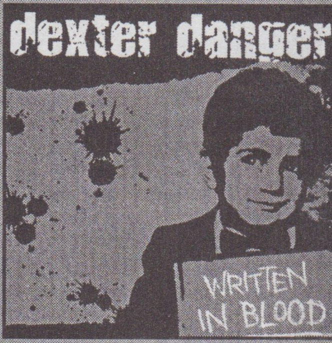
More art-damaged uneasy listening from the EX MODELS. I've really enjoyed them before in the 7" format, but I'm not sure how often I'd listen to a whole album. Don't get me wrong, the stabbing, scraping, noise and percussive energy is brilliant in short bursts, and maybe that's how to listen to this record. I have a feeling this could be pushing the pretentiousness scale for a lot of people, although I get into it. Definitely worth looking into if you're into this stuff. (AM)

(X-Mist, PO Box 1545, 72195, Nagold, GERMANY, www.x-mist.de)

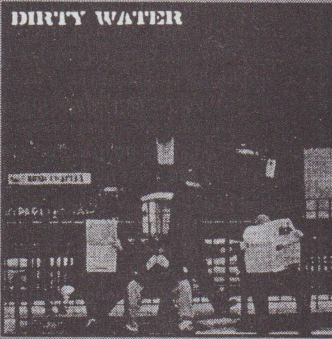
EXTINCT GOVERNMENT – "Be Opposite to Nature" EP

While I'm a die-hard supporter and fan of Japanese punk bands, I gotta say that this is pretty shitty.





MOTOR CITY BABY



GOVERNMENT

How's that for direct? Anyway, what you've got here is four spiked-out guys and a stoned-looking longhair playing some by-the-numbers crusty punk. Fairly melodic and up-tempo boredom is how I would characterize the tunes here, with the standout being the crusty tree-hugger, "Opposite to Nature." I'm not sure if I'm singling it out because it's the best tune or the worst tune. Probably the latter. (MC)
(Overthrow, Maruta-Palace #402, 21-5. Shimoshinshuku. Ichikawa. Chiba. 272-0102 JAPAN)

FM KNIVES – "Keith Levine / Valentine"

Another great single from these recent *MRR* cover models, continuing to impress with their well crafted pop-songs which still borrow heavily from The BUZZCOCKS model. The stand-out being the quicker paced B-side "Valentine" that is certain to get the kids revved up and dancing up a storm. Great band. Great single. (MT)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111, www.dirnaprecs.com)

FEDERATION X – " Nude Disintegrating Parachutist Woman" EP

I'll start by saying, Christ, this single is massive—in fact, it's so huge, it's spread over two sides with that thunderous drum-heavy bash only Mr. Albini can conjure from his bands. One BUDGIE song (the Welsh 70s hair farmers made more famous by METALLICA than their own doings) given the treatment by a band who are no strangers to a taste of KARP and a sprinkling of early FU MANCHU. With a slight free-flowing retro flare complemented with the density of post-arena rock know how, this is a big hairy mammoth of a single. (SD)
(Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, www.wantageusa.com)

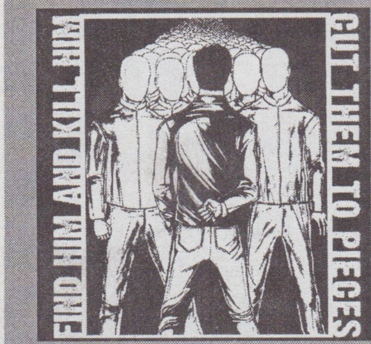
FEDERATION X

FEROCIOUS X – "Våga Tänka Själv" EP

One-sided EP from these Japanese punx who come off a bit like a modern version of ABSURD mixed with GAI. Okay, maybe that's too obscure of a reference, let's start over. Take some steel wool; rub it on some sheet metal. That's what the guitars *and* the vocals sound like—distorted and blown out to the ultimate level. Bass? What is bass? I mean I can sorta hear it, way off in the distance, far away, like a dream. The drumming is totally manic and it really sounds like everything is about to fall apart at any moment. Needless to say I love this. Oh yeah I almost forgot, everything is written in Swedish. Still confused? Did you like ATROCIOUS MADNESS? Not just the LP, but the early singles? Then you will adore this fine release. Only for the hardcore, obviously. (MT)
(Distort, PO Box 3400, Wallington, NJ 07057)

FIND HIM & KILL HIM – "Cut Them to Pieces" CD

Twelve blasts of fucking excellent, hyper-opinionated, modern sXe sounding hardcore which most definitely has its roots in punk. A relentless attack on the trend of using waifish women splattered in blood as record artwork, the American trend of over consumption, the Patriotic Act, and the mainstreaming of punk culture—from a critical, well thought out, and challenging manner. A great and severely underrated California band. (MT)
(Happy Couples Never Last, PO Box 36997, Indianapolis, IN 46236, www.hcnl.com)


FIND HIM AND KILL HIM
CUT THEM TO PIECES

THE FLAMES – "Bad Personality/Fucked Up Day"

Solid old school hardcore anthems with roaming bass lines and fire antics are the strengths of this ex-KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERS outfit. Local news sound bytes about on-stage pyrotechnics and background vocals embellish both these tunes as well. Check out this excellent single and don't miss these San Jose freaks live. (HM)
(Vinehell, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158, **www.vinehell.com**)

FONDAS – "Wanna Be/Hey Pretty Baby"

Hm. I was into their *Come On* full-length last month—it had a sort of DETROIT COBRAS feel—but these songs just seem, well…too easy. I still like the heavy vocal dominance—Julie has a great voice—but it seems like the songs are missing something, both musically and lyrically. They're missing some element of bluesy ominousness, some real desire that they need to balance the otherwise pretty, poppy, accessible sound. I'll be curious to see how their future stuff tips the scales. (AC)
(Sympathy)

FORFEIT THE DAY – "Avoid Today's Nightmare" CD

DIY release from California's FORFEIT THE DAY brings their fury to the 5" silver format. Fast, fast punk-metal riffs, where slathering guitar leads abound, over which a harsh throat and gang chorus back-ups howl and shout tales of negativity and despair at the ignorance of a society gone awry. The rock 'n' roll leanings of their past gives their feel and sound a sound and feel that would make for great driving music between Modesto and Oakland, CA. Fast, pedal to the metal! Burn burn burn! (WM)
(FTD, forfeittheday@hotmail.com)

FOR THE DAY – "Sofa So Good" CD

This band dishes out the LEATHERFACE style punk or maybe even a little AMERICAN STEEL and early JAWBREAKER. A German combo (vocals in English) with some nice riffs and emo-esque breakdowns. This really grew on me. (RL)
(Rockstar, Verbindungsstr 9, 52080 Aachen, GERMANY, www.fortheday.de)

THE FRANTIX – "My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic" CD

From the vaults of Denver is a 16-track collection from this *KBD* band mostly known for the title track. This is some cool sloppy noisy punk. Although this came out in 1980 and by then even the kids knew how to play in time. Outside of this minor gripe, this is a welcome punk rock re-issue. (RL)
(Afterburn, GPO Box 3222, Melbourne Victoria, AUSTRALIA 3001)

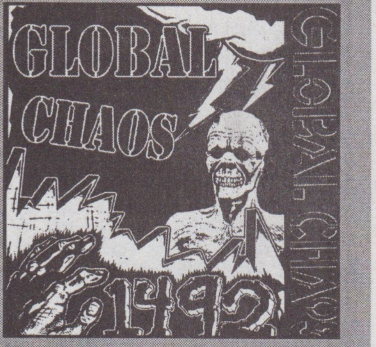
THE GAMMITS MW / MEMBERS OF THE YELLOW PRESS – “Teetering on the Edge of Destruction” split CD

The GAMMITS MW deliver dynamic, spirited punk with serious and scathing lyrics. The YELLOW PRESS have as much conviction, but musically they layer the melodies and experiment with odd meters. I could hear the PROLETARIAT and SACCARINE TRUST influences in the PRESS. A solid CD. (HM)
(Big Action, www.bigactionrecords.com, www.gammitsmw.com)

the GammitsMW / Members Of The Yellow Pres

GLOBAL CHAOS – “1492” EP

This is the coolest! I usually have a problem with modern retro American street punk. Unintelligent, arrogant, rock star crap. However, I fucking dig this! SHARP KNIFE vocal and drum qualities, with fuzzed-out, sometimes picky ‘77 guitar tone. Kinda hard to hear the bass, but it’s definitely in there filling it all out. The simple lyrics show a depth of knowledge and hate for the system around us. Great fucking record. However, if you don’t communicate via computer (control) you will have a hard time finding this. Get a PO box, guys. Fuck. (JA)
(www.globalchaospunx.com)

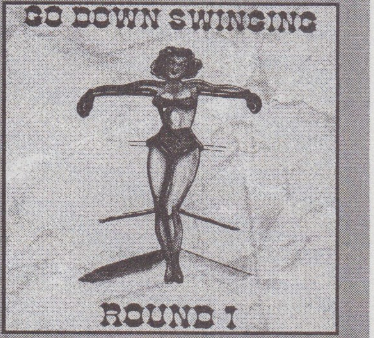


GUARDIA NEGRA – “Adrenalina!” CD

At first I thought this was from Italy or Spain, but apparently they’re from New England. Anarchist oi with lyrics about smashing the state as *well* as drinking set to generic mid-to-up-tempo street punk. Red and black insignia go along side their favorite soccer teams’ logos making this very, very cute indeed, though unfortunately…not the best. (AD)
(Fire and Flames, PO Box 24, Boston, MA 02133)

GO DOWN SWINGING – “Round 1” CD

Nine tracks of mid-tempo to fast metallic hardcore with lots of breakdowns, the drumming is really solid, and the production is a perfect fit for the type of music they play. Definitely has a modern NYHC feel to it. Their last two demo tracks, “Go Down Swinging” and “Wake Up,” were the standouts for me. (CC)
(Bloody Knuckles, 1315 June Street, #209 Hollywood, CA 90028)

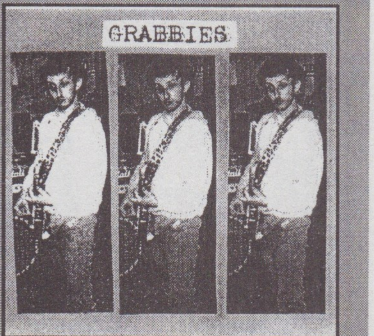


GOLDBLADE – “Strictly Hardcore” CD

Not your typical Thick release. This could even pass for Hellcat. Good anthemic punk with Brit overtones. The vocals certainly have a Duane Peters feel. Almost GC5 or HUDSON FALCONS like. The good production and strong playing give makes this less dated sound-wise. Recorded in the UK so the band may be from there also. (RL)
(Thick, www.goldblade.com)

GRABBIES – “”’Shut Up & Learn” EP

“I learned all my English from punk rock records so fuck you!” Then we thrash around for a while, then more witless audience baiting, then we play some more thrash (did I mention this was a live 7”?) then it’s “Good night and fuck you!” Really, that’s all there is to say about this one. Hey GRABBIES fans: “Fuck you.” (RW)
(no address)



GRIFFEN – “Flabby Bastard!/The Laughter and the Tears”

Strange and all-over-the-place pop punk from these wacky Japanese. It’s funny to hear people from Japan singing “you flabby bastard!” (AD)
(HMSE, info@posi-pro.com)

GROUNDED – “All Too Human” CD

Debut of some catchy, driving SoCal melodic hardcore. Very PENNYWISE derived, both musically and (lyrically), which is not such a bad thing, methinks. Playing and production are up there too. (RK)
(Surprise Truck Entertainment, www.groundedpunk.com)

HANTELZ – “Oi! To My Friends” CD

Very basic, old school skinhead/oi sounding record, from this German trio. I've no idea what they are singing about. A few of the song titles are in English—“Skins Are Back,” “Smash This Bullshit,” and the title track—but all the words are in German. I suspect it’s about the usual drinking, fighting, never dying, staying true etc etc. The music is of the plodding variety, CRIMINAL CLASS, 4-SKINS, CONDEMNED 84 (whom they cover faithfully)...(RK)
(Scumfuck, www.scumfucktradition.de)

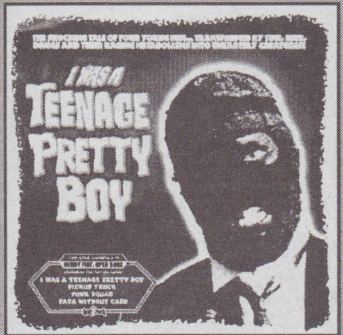
HAROLD RAY LIVE IN CONCERT – CD

Hip-shaking, butt-wiggling soul with a punk rock backbone. If you want even more soul with your DIRTBOMBS or NOW TIME DELEGATION, then these fruitcakes should be on your “to buy” list. Recorded live in the studio, these cats bust through a few originals and a bunch of soul classics. 14 songs of solid punk soul goodness that gives most of the generic claptrap we get through here a smart slap to the chops. All good, but their cover of the SHOWSTOPPERS “Ain’t Nothin But a House Party” is classic. (TB)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 47902, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

HEIMATGLÜCK – “Können Gebratene Tauben Fliegen?” LP

HEIMATGLÜCK are a Hamburg three-piece who conjure up a variety of influences on this full-length. One minute they sound like a heavier DISCOUNT, then they attempt a dub-laced CULTURE SHOCK type number. The overall effect, though, is of a punker SLEATER-KINNEY. I like this a lot. Wish I could read German. What little I can make out looks good. This record also has some of the best artwork I’ve seen on a record for a while. (AM)
(Campary, Fortunastr. 18, 40235 Düsseldorf, GERMANY, campary-rec@web.de)

Hellside
LOVE YOU TO DEATH
PORTLAND, OREGON
Stranglers



HEWHOCORRUPTS
SUCCESS

HUMAN TANGA
EVIL
MORE EVIL
DEATH ROCKNROLL

JACKIE HELL & THE CONTROL TOPS / URSULA AND THE ANDROIDS – split EP

Would you be shocked to find drag queens rocking out in your basement, making words like "shrip scampy" sound dirty? I would. Are babies trying to eat you? This dirty garage rock split is fucking hilarious. Tonight, I kill. (MM)

(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

HELLSIDE STRANGLERS – " Love You to Death" CD

Mediocre, up-tempo rock 'n' roll from Portland, OR. Their sound is dominated by sloppy throaty vocals and heavy rock 'n' roll guitar. This is a collection of demos and live-recorded tracks. It was a mistake to record them live. (SR)

(National Dust, PO Box 2454, Portland, OR 97208, nationaldust@hotmail.com)

HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE – " I Was a Teenage Pretty Boy" EP

From the band that has had more releases than I've had pound coins up my arse (and they don't call me the human slot machine for nothing) *comes I Was a Teenage Pretty Boy.* I guess by now that you all know the score: four wooly-faced Swedes fusing the hardcore of MINOR THREAT with the dirty garage of the MOTARDS whilst ripping, tearing, and gouging anything the early DWARVES could throw at us. Possibly their best EP to date, managing to take the melody up a notch or two without easing off the gas. Four tunes, every one a winner, baby, and that's the truth. (SD)

(Ken Rock, www.henryfaitsopensore.com)

HEWHOCORRUPTS – "Ten Steps to Success" CD

Crazy and wild, machine like sounding grind from the wilds of Chicago, Illinois. This quintet features some people from previous known forays into crazed hardcore (KUNG FU RICK). Absurdist lyrics and screeched, distorted vocals over crazed riffs and crunchy, thwacking bass, all make like precision bombs of madness and grind. The only trouble I have is that the bass is there, but has barely any presence apart from the high-end. Where oh where is the low-end? It's in the mid-lows and that's not enough, thinks I. Of course, it's all subjective. (WM)

(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

HISATAKA / SPY FOR BROTHERHOOD – split EP

This record is fucking fantastic. Two killer Japanese (I think—can't tell in SPY FOR BROTHERHOOD's case) over-the-top, lightning-fast punk bands with a bit of HC leaning. HISATAKA is a hardcore rock and roll band in the same way NINE SHOCKS TERROR is—know what I mean? Fast, wild, and out of control. SPY FOR BROTHERHOOD is just as fast and loose and a bit more snotty, with some great trashy guitar solos. All the tracks remind me of a runaway freight train that could become unhinged at any moment but somehow stays on track. Live, I can imagine the drums running away from the drummer. Highly recommend. I just wish I had more info (and a copy for myself), lyrics, and stuff. (RR)

(Gimmie, 409. 3-22-1. Mitsuishidai Hashimoto-City 648-0094, JAPAN)

HIT SELF DISTRUCT / NEW BRUTALISM – split EP

HIT SELF DISTRUCT and NEW BRUTALISM could almost be the same band. They are both three-piece bands that play discordant but steadily paced music, in odd time signatures. Both bands will continue with one riff for a long part of the song. Both really good bands, just a little lacking in energy. Maybe that's not the point. HIT SELF DISTRUCT remind me a lot of TORCHES TO ROME, but less straightforward. I don't think this is what they were going for, but NEW BRUTALISM almost reminds me of a less hardcore SNAPCASE. Nice layout that reminds me of something that would come out on Sound Virus. A good record. (WR)

(The Electric Human Project, 500 S. Union St., Wilmington, DE 19805, www.electrichumanproject.com)

HOCU? NECU! – CD

Partly recorded live at the "No Border Jam" in August of 2002, and part studio recordings on this all new release from this long running Serbian anarcho-punk band. They've released several demos, a couple albums and appeared on a slew of compilations. They whip out thirteen tracks of ripping yet melodic hardcore punk with a slight metal/rock tinge, which brings to mind the newer SIN DIOS meets INNOXIA CORPORRA. Totally worth tracking down, especially if you have any interest in hardcore beyond what is spoon-fed to you. (MT)

(Front Rock, P.P. 48, 2000 Maribor, SLOVENIJA, frontrock@iname.com)

HUMAN TANGA – "Death Rock 'n' Roll" CD

These crazy Italians are obsessed with all that is evil, and they play some heavy, metal-ish rock. The drums and bass come off punchy and tight, and the guitars are aggressive and distorted much like a NOMEANSNO mix, but they sound more like ANTISEEN. Unfortunately, TANGA isn't as good as either of them. (HM)

(Nicotine, PO Box 165, Tortona 15057, ITALY, www.nicotinerecords.com)

HÜSKER DÜ – "Do You Remember? The Early Years 1980-1982" LP

This complete collection of early HÜSKER DÜ includes the entire *Everything Falls Apart* album, *In a Free Land* EP, the *Statues* single and "Do you Remember" off the *Drug Party* EP. It's amazing how fresh this shit still sounds after all these years. Track this down for an awesome blast from the past. (HM)

(Alternative Rock Productions, Kopenhagen, DENMARK)

IGNORANCE – "Under Cloud" EP

Spastic, fast, Japanese peace-punk attack, with a male and a female singer who alternate with each other and also do harmonies of sing-and-scream. Gritty, angry, and good. (AC)

(Dewa, c/o Yuuichi Onodera, 89-11 Ishinada Tonojima Tsuruoka Yamagata, 997-0815, Japan, dewarecords@mx51.et.tiki.ne.jp)

ILLDAD – "Nemo Saltat Sobrius" EP

This has got to be some of the thickest crust insanity I've heard in years, wow! The distortion levels on the buzzsaws they're using instead of guitars and the harshest in the red vocals that makes me reach for a lozenge, I think I'm in pain! Goodness! This Swedish brutality borders very close to being harsh noise, but in total-crust-war form. Shit gawd-damn! Lyrics sung in both English and Swedish. Socio-political, anti- capitalist, porn, child molesters. Sonically, they remind me of DROP DEAD if they were 90 feet tall, bigger than houses. (WM)
(Sounds of Betrayal, Box 7092, 200 42 Malmö, SWEDEN, http://fly.to/putridfilth)

IMPERIAL LEATHER – "Commodity of a Filthy Society" EP

Once in a while a picture sleeve can fool me. More often than not, I'm expecting a record to be decent and then it turns out to be total crap. In this case, the reverse is true; the pict sleeve led me to expect crap, but I was pleasantly surprised. Unlike most of the punk rock coming out of Sweden that I've heard (and really, Scandinavia in general), this is not garaged based. Rather, this old school, hard-core punk rock. In fact, at times it sounds like it could have come out of Caleefornya in the early 80s. Sounding at times like SHATTERED FAITH and the like these guys really do rock. The male/female back and forth vocals even bring an X element. This is excellent stuff. (KK)
(Communichaos Media, Box 825, 101 38 Stockholm, SWEDEN, www.communichaos.com)

illdäd
NEMO SALTAT SOBRIUS

INSULT – "Emobashing Fastcore Pimps" CD

I know there are a couple of bands called INSULT out there, so I better point out that this is the one from Holland. This is a discography, covering their EP, some splits and compilation tracks, and of course a few unreleased odds and ends thrown in. The music itself is a mix of ripping fast punk, grind and thrash that is packed with a lot of rage and hatred. Hypersonic drumming, thrashing guitars and blood curdling vocals spew out a ton of short fast songs. If you are into eye-watering speed and anger, I know you will dig this. (RC)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

INTENSE YOUTH! – "Self Destruct" EP

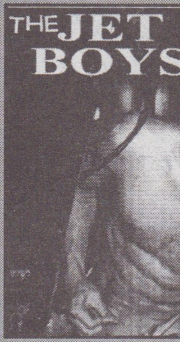
Wow! Dead on SOCIAL DISTORTION meets "Destructo Punk"! Ha Ha! They could play in the genre style of SOCIAL-DISTORTION-Core. Or SD core! Ha Ha! But really, INTENSE YOUTH! hails from Pittsburgh, PA. They've got a self-taught sort of sound, discordant and out of tune, with plodding thud mid-tempo speed drums. Combined with raw-throat vocals, dark, gloomy riffs, and distorted harmonics, my ears hear TRAGEDY if their style were a thrash band but they were playing at mid-tempo. This is a good DIY EP with plenty of heart and passion; I look forward to hearing more from them, hopefully soon. (WM)
(Behold the Youthquake! PO Box 10223, Pittsburgh, PA 15232)

INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS – "First Album" CD

With an all-star roster comprised of Monty Carlo, Le Tigre Blanc, Cap'n Sextastic, Moneyshot, and a bass player known simply as "The Count," you know they're a group that take their fun-making very seriously. Credit is given the tambourine and maracas player, but I can't hear either beneath the dual guitar rumble and punchy riddims. I lend the PLAYBOYS credit for the unique tale of addiction contained in "My Car is an Alcoholic," and props for their blend of unibrow VAN HALEN-meets-CANDY SNATCHERS bad-boy rock. Hopefully they fulfill this CD's promise in front of a crowd. (JH)
(Motron, PO Box 8951, Missoula, MT 59807)

JOHN WOO – "Woodoo" CD

Well-played surf music, but dirtier that most surf bands. I like the vocal numbers. The singer has an interesting, menacing quality to his voice. (CK)
(Fog, Via Don C. Gnocchi 14/A, 37010, Affi (Verona), ITALY)



THE JET BOYS – "Shit My Pants" EP

There's something very unnerving about a band that plays naked and seems to use naked photos of themselves (almost exclusively) as the basis for their pict sleeves. As a smaller man – my brother just recently called me the "runt" of the family – it makes me feel a little vulnerable. If you can get past that and you are in the mood for high-energy punk rock, then you are in luck. It's faster paced, it's rock and roll, it's punk and, as I've come to expect from these fellows, it's quality. If these guys put half the energy into their live performance that they do into their records, then you'll want to go see them. But first you'll want to go have a look for this. (KK)
(Black Lung, PO Box 7101, Norfolk, VA 23509)

KID DYNAMITE – "Cheap Shots, Youth Anthems" CD

I don't think I have to do much to push this band. This melodic hardcore band has reached legendary status since their break up. This includes odds and ends (or sods based on the great cover photo) of demos, covers, rare tracks, and radio recordings. Throw in the bonus DVD with live footage and photos and you have a no brainer. (RL)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd. Wilmington, DE 19810)

KNIFED / LIMPWRIST – split EP

I guess no introduction is needed for the homocore crossdressers LIMPWRIST, Typically sprinting off the blocks like a cat that's had its rusty bullet hole ramraided with mustard, slowing down slightly only to have an anal injection of NASA surplus rocket juice to pick up the lagging pace. A less chaotic LOS CRUDOS will probably do. Up next, Dublin's very fine KNIFED. Not one to be outdone by the backdoor shenanigans of their American cousins, touching on the sensitive nature of anal leakage, sausage water, and a dirty slew of backdoor loving. Fast and furious, and frantic but never losing its way, slightly reminding me of a cleaner SEDITION. Political hardcore at its most unpolitical (oh, what would Devida think). A guaranteed double fisting of hardcore, a throbbing cornucopia, like drinking ambrosia from the horn of plenty, some might say. (SD)
(Control, PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin, IRELAND, Mero32@eircom.net)

CIGARETTES + ALCOHOL
THE FUCKEN LEFTOVERS HATE YOU

LEBENDEN TOTEN
NUCLEAR FLOWERS EP

M. F. U.
Martians From Uranus
Addictions

THE LAST PRIORITY – "Just Us" EP

Four blasts of fast and catchy spikey-punk from the Oxnard region of California. Sounding akin the earlier CASUALTIES shit, but with lyrics which address the police state we live in, the prison system, and the need to protest to survive rather than sniffing glue and drinking 40's of Old English. And man oh man is their hair something amazing to look at, I know bands of this ilk hate it when it's brought up—but seriously, it is impressive. A fine debut. (MT)

(Smash'em Out, PO Box 813, Camarillo, CA 93010)

THE LAWRENCE ARMS – "The Greatest Story Ever Told" LP

The LAWRENCE ARMS continue with more of the same. I have never been able to fully make up my mind about this band. I'm a big fan of their previous band, the BROADWAYS, and I've always enjoyed watching the ARMS but they never have captured me as the most inspired band. Chris's songs are really good, mellower songs that remind me of the WEAKERTHANS or the PROMISE RING, but really aren't so far off from something like BLINK 182. Brendan's songs are more high energy, with his trademark gritty vocals. There's of course a nice big JAWBREAKER vibe on here. Overall, like a lot of Fat Wreck bands, this is a full LP of a band that isn't offensively bad, but just doesn't quite make the cut in terms of intensity. If you are really stoked on bands like ALKALINE TRIO, SAVES THE DAY, and all, I think you will really like this record...there are some damn catchy songs. If you are more into punk rock, you might be disappointed. (WR)

(Fat Wreck, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

LEBENDEN TOTEN – "Nuclear Flowers" EP

Delightfully inept, primitive, relentless, and raw distorted hardcore from Portland. Like DISORDER, with female vocals played through a transistor radio with the volume cranked to eleven—exactly what one would expect from the brainchild of ATROCIOUS MADNESS folx. (MT)

(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS)

LEFTOVERS – "The Fucken Leftovers Hate You" EP

An absolutely essential re-issue of an amazing Australian punk classic. Four rippers here—three were released on a 7" in 1978, an edition of 500 on Punji Stick Records. Killer Aussie punk equal to anything by the VICTIMS, SAINTS, or FUN THINGS. This re-issue adds a fourth song and a sleeve cut-and-pasted by the vocalist (no sleeves were originally printed). The sleeve has great photos, lyrics, an ad for the original single, and a bit of band info. The bonus track, "Hermine," a STOOGES-like burner with piano is amazing, can't imagine why they left it off in '78. A true classic given proper treatment by Dropkick and Dogmeat Records. (RR)

(Dropkick, 38 Advantage Rd, Highett Vic 3190, AUSTRALIA)

LIPSTICK PICKUPS – "Make Your Bed" EP

These kids are doing something really cool here—I'm loving it. For the same reason bands like FORCED VENGEANCE make me wanna sneak into movie theaters and throw bottles, this band makes me smile. (MM)

(Kapow, PO Box 6224, Anaheim, CA 92816)

LIPSTICK PICKUPS – "Better Than You/Make Your Bed"

Snotty, nasally, female vocaled garage punk from SoCal, which is catchy and sassy in all the right ways, and the perfect soundtrack for the aforementioned smashing of bottles. The standout track being the speedier and more hook-laden B-side, "Make Your Bed," which is good advice for all of us. (MT)

(KaPow)

LITTLE KILLERS – LP

They're *little* killers, which means that they've gotta try that much harder. I was fortunate enough to see this New York power trio (33 1/3 % female) a couple weeks ago and expose my eardrums to their bass-heavy growl, and I'm glad to report that their debut rec comes close to duplicating the experience (in the comfort of my own living room, no less). Crypt's first signing in umpteen years are a neat & tidy recap of the best and most New York musical sleaze of the last 30 years. You got your slate-metal Johnny Thunders bent guitar licks, your *White Light/White Heat* aural compression, the forward momentum of vintage CRAMPS and even PUSSY GALORE before they made it to Carnegie Hall and put on the kid gloves. The KILLERS practice a very simple formula (punk rock = urban blues) that's been put to the test time and time again, but make it seem fresh and exciting in spite of itself. One must simply conclude that talent is always enough. Top drawer, kids. (JH)

(Crypt, 3 Reading Avenue, Frenchtown, NJ, 08825, www.cryptrecords.com)

LOWER CLASS BRATS – "A Class of Our Own" LP

Yes! The LOWER CLASS BRATS come stomping into your measly little world. The fun starts with "Golden Boy," about a bad seed of a son (perhaps Bones himself?) Then you get "No Doves Fly Here"—very good! Song number three is "Just Like Clockwork"—this has great ADICTS sound that the LOWER CLASS BRATS do so well. Up next is "Our Dignity" with some very good lyrics—read on: "The time is coming near / We thought you all should hear / That we're not in the shadows anymore / We're standing side by side / We're ready to collide / I think you know what we've come for / We're taking back our dignity / Punks and skins back to the streets…" The BRATS crank up the adrenaline with "Standard Issue"—good song! You get "Loser's Club," "I Don't Wanna," and then you hear "LOWER CLASS BRATS Roadcrew," about the joys of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll on tour. Song number ten is "Barbie Dolls," about silicon and collagen injected girls brainwashed by society. The next tune, "Dance Until You Drop," was originally performed by the DEFECTS. For the final cut, the LOWER CLASS BRATS kick your butt with "Shot Up, Shot Down." This is a really good album for you punks! (BR)

(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953, info@punkcore.com)

MFU – "Addictions" CD

17-track CD from Martians from Uranus. Washed-up sounding Johnny Thunders-inspired rock and roll from a bunch of NYC old timers. Not much to get excited about here, I'm afraid to report. Competent and at times catchy bar rock, but with little guts and very little, if any, originality. Walter Lure (one time HEARTBREAKER) steps in and does some vocals and guitar on the album's highlight, "Junky Business." (RR)
(ladydierecords@yahoo.com)

MAGGOTS – "Apeman 2000/Two Ft. Tall"

Criminy, I'm glad that somebody's still writing songs about important things like ape-men and sex with dwarves, and catchy songs performed with élan, at that. I'll even forgive them the borrowing of their band name. Oh wait, this is a reissue of a 1999 release: maybe no one's writing songs like this anymore after all. It might seem too soon to be reissuing turn of the century goods, but if they're as good as this, I'm all for it. (DD)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 509 39 Köln, GERMANY, ScreamApp@aol.com)

MAGGOTS – "Do the Maggot" CD

Supersized, widescreen rock from Sweden. It's expansive and speaks to the wide-open fjords of Scandinavia, conjuring images of blonde motorcycle gangs barreling down snow-laden highways by the light of the Midnight Sun. Peter Fonda transplanted to Örebro. Stylistically they owe more to STEPPENWOLF than the USERS or SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS, but they've got the requisite punk energy to earn a spot in *MRR*'s coveted vinyl vault. Lyrically they're all about going wild over certain women and spinning around on the dance floor, which is no more or less than I'd expect. (JH)
(Low Impact, PO Box 475, 701 49 Örebro, SWEDEN, www.lowimpact.nu)

MALACHAI – "These Sounds of the Spirit World" CD

Synth beep trades off with heavy guitar punk, vocals range from clear and tender to canned-garage squelch. This band begs for comparison with like-minded combos, but that merely points out that there are many current bands that approximate their sound, quite closely in fact. It's a matter of first exposure; if a trolling youth gets to MALACHAI before they listen to the "others," MALACHAI wins the race, and the kid will not be bad off because MALACHAI do this updated wave-punk sound as well as any of the others. Troll away! (RW)
(4X Beaver, www.4Xbeaver.com)

MALLORKAOS – "Not Without Your Support" LP

I am sorry, but I just couldn't get into this. The music was really good. Take your typical melodic fast hardcore and then give it an interesting mid 80s harDCore twist. So far so good right? But once the vocals kicked in I lost all interest. The vocalist's singing style was just way too whiny and non-distinct for my tastes. Imagine FIELDS OF FIRE playing underneath John Stabb's vocals from GOVERNMENT ISSUE's *Joyride* LP. Hey, maybe someone is reading that and thinking "all right!" (CC)
(Punk Away, PO Box 409-07080, Palma De Mallorca SPAIN)

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX – CD

This 6 song EP includes this Finnish band's first 7" and the songs from a Snuffy Smile split EP. Certainly one of the most powerful melodic bands out there these days. Six strong tracks given the CD treatment. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, www.manifestojukebox.com)

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES – "I Just Called to Say I Love You/Isn't She Lovely"

……San Francisco's favorite party band does it again….two STEVIE WONDER songs put through the "mall-punk" presto magic machine…..complete with that state of the art over-produced Guitar Center sound…..as a matter of fact this is a perfect Guitar Center soundtrack record…..I can envision white eleven-year-old boys dancing upon the sales floor with their low-cut shorts and over-sized t-shirts and old-tyme baseball caps, begging Mama Brady for a Marshall stack for Christmas…. (SW)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636 Gainesville, FL 32604-4636, www.noidearecords.com)

THE MINDS – "Rip Out Your Eyes" EP

The MINDS deliver 70s new wave-infected garage punk with solid agro vocals and tastefully, effective keyboards. Portland continues to produce excellent bands with superb records. Don't miss out! (HM)
(Alien Snatch! Moerikeweg 1, 74199 U-Bach GERMANY, **www.aliensnatch.de**)

MISFITS – "Beyond Evil" LP

……the two most over-rated punk bands of all time are the MISFITS and the RAMONES…..and that's a fact jack!!!!! …but I guess little punk rockers need their own BEATLES and STONES to keep their romantic hearts warm….!!!! This bootleg is a collection of demos from '77-'80……super shitty sound quality…..most of it is mud in the ears…..man, despite what Mike Stax has to say about the matter, the MISFITS truly do SUCK SOME SERIOUS COCK!!!!!!!! (SW)
(no address)

MISFITS – "Brain Eaters" LP

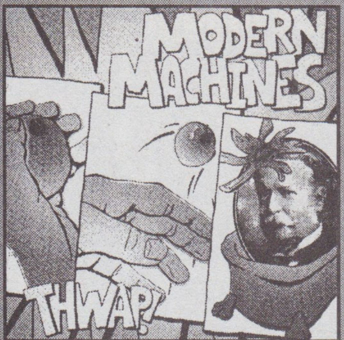
This was recorded live at Al's Bar in 1982. The sound quality is not the best ever, but certainly not as abominable as some live recordings. It's the MISFITS. Do you like them? Do you like them so much that you have to buy every record they ever made? Then, shit, hurry up and go get this shit. It doesn't have any special between-song banter that will offer insight into the inner workings of Danzig's soul. But it does have "Last Carress" and "Where Eagles Dare" and tons of other hits.(JB)
(HC Live Classics, Box 2020, SF-00500 Helsinki, FINLAND)

the maggots

MALACHAI
THESE SOUNDS OF T
SPIRIT WORLD

ME FIRST AND THE GIMMEGIMMES

MINDS
韓独台茶主
RIP OUT YOUR EYES!



MODERN MACHINES – "Thwap!" CD

The MODERN MACHINES crank out some rockin' punk in the vein of early REPLACEMENTS with hints of HÜSKER DÜ. The MACHINES keep it spirited, fresh, and fun. A quality release. (HM)

(New Disorder, 115 Bartlett St, San Francisco, CA 94110, **www.newdisorder.com**, www.modernmachines.org)

MODEY LEMON – "Thunder & Lightning" LP

Not purposefully, I saw these guys play three nights in one week. Each night I left the club after listening to a couple of their songs and stood on the street corner or went to the closest bar until they finished. So here I am listening to this record. I don't hate it, but I really don't like it. The vocals are very whiny and the music trudges along sounding like a jumbled mess of the blues and heavy metal. It just doesn't do it for me. (CK)

(Birdman, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)

MY BIBLE COMPANY – "Trying to Get to France…" EP

Thirteen songs of gritty hardcore played with fury and intensity. It's ridiculous how rare it is to hear an American band with any energy anymore. MY BIBLE COMPANY definitely have that going for them and the rough recording on this record does a good job of capturing it. But as far as the songwriting goes, this is about as mediocre as it gets. Oh, and the melodic songs on the B-side, aside from the PROPAGANDHI cover, they're downright awful… (VH)

(Sick of Talk, PO Box 9723, Reno, NV 89507)

NEON MANIACS
NEON MANIACS
NEON MANIACS
NEON MANIACS

NEON MANIACS – "Rehabilitation Nation" EP

A rude package that looks (and sounds) like a bootleg, though it's perfectly legitimate. The NEON MANIACS win with me because they've got a perfect grasp of the early 80s SoCal Beach Punk sound played by wayward surfers the SIMPLETONES, the CROWD, the KLAN, or CHEIFS. It's all merciless sun, oil-coated waves, and broken Budweiser bottles littering the high-tide line. They manage to toss in an all-right cover of Kraut posi-punks the UPRIGHT CITIZENS' "Make the Future Mine and Yours", though it seems at odds with their devil-may-care boot-to-the-noggin approach. "I'm a Mess" is tonight's theme. (JH)

(Puke 'n' Vomit, PO Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92834)

No-Cash Team Spider

THE NEW BOMB TURKS – "Switchblade Tongues, Butterknife Brains" LP

My buddy Bruce thinks these dudes haven't put out a decent record in many moons. I think my buddy Bruce has his head up his ass. And listen, he's twice my fuckin' size, so don't go tellin' him that I said so. Anyway, I'll just deny it. For me, the NEW BOMB TURKS are one of the bands that helped create and define the punk 'n' roll genre. I don't pretend to be any expert at this, and it's very unscientific, but that is my opinion. Maybe you think I'm full of shit, but I think this record is pretty damn good. It has everything that makes NEW BOMB TURKS' records great. It has beat, it has soul, and it has energy. It's up-tempo and it's catchy, without being wimpy. It's like a (good) punch in the face. Still, I gotsta tell ya that I could do without some of the tracks that have the horns and the jazz drums. (KK)

(Gearhead, PO Box 421219, San Francisco, CA 94142)

NOISEAR / REGURGITATE – split EP

Side R: the long-running and self-described "Swedish Grindcore Assassins" in REGURGITATE pummel, hurt, and make with the general discomfort through audio assault. A huge production; killer thick crunch-edged distortion riffs pulsing like waves of avalanches; never-ending intensity. Damn! Side N: Whoah! I know the NOISEAR name and partially remember them from some comps, can't think if I really remember them particularly though. That's all changed now. Holy Smokes! NOISEAR is like a machine of visceral brutality. Sonic-as-fuck walls of riff, machine-driven drums, damned vocals from the very bowels of very hell; exquisite violence. Actually, they remind me directly of AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED (who I like very much). Both bands make this an excellent release for grind aficionados, says me. No lyrics. (WM)

(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY)

the no-goods
I WANNA CHANGE
b/w
CRYIN' FOR LOVE
High School Refuse

NO CASH / TEAM SPIDER – split CD

Ah, I love lyrics sheets. To me they are an integral part of a punk song. None here. Oh, well. NO CASH are pretty. Like a pretty thorn-infested punk flower. Me and some friends wanted to start a pop punk band to remember some of the greats: early JAWBREAKER, CRIMPSHRINE, and a little GRIMPLE. These guys are already doing it. It's good to hear some non-metallicized, not ugly punk, and I hope they won't sell it to the highest bidder. Great. I love TEAM SPIDER. They hate on the corporate punks. And they sound as if SHOTWELL moved to Manhattan and Jimmy became silly. Thrown up into this sound is some *Grease* soundtrack style T-Bird choruses, not to mention Joseph Bernard Zak, a 77-year-old man who supplies amazing spoken word tracks about the punks. TEAM SPIDER segues into bad ska sometimes, but the rest makes up for it. Great. (JA)

(Team Spider, teamspider@yahoo.com)

NO-GOODS – "I Wanna Change/Cryin' for Love"

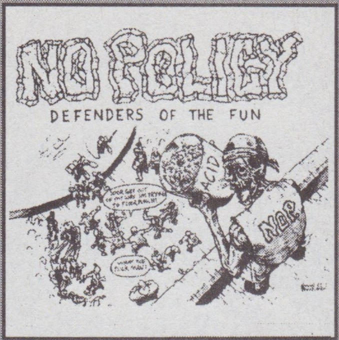
1963 Dutch beat kicked into the 21st Century with its sound and fragile soul more or less intact. They're nice clean-cut lads and look like real shrinking violets, but this single isn't really grabbing me by the ears…maybe it's the AM radio fade-out at the end of "I Wanna Change." It's got a sort of uptight claustrophobic sound that leaves me less than enthused. "Cryin' for Love" is the weepy love-me B-side lament. Some would call it sheer brilliance. I'd call it fun but not all *that* thrilling. (JH)

(High School Refuse, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, THE NETHERLANDS, ktvs@yahoo.com)

NO POLICY / ZACH THE CUNTRY WONDER – split EP

NO POLICY: sloppy, screamy, drummy. Fast, influenced by the SCOTT BAIO ARMY type of STIKKY grind. It is funny in the lyric and sample department. I think maybe live with a 40 oz. might help. ZACH THE CUN-

TRY WONDER: well, it's one guy playing guitar and harmonica and singing country music. With comedic punk lyrics. I kinda know this guy, and I am amazed at the quality of the western (rather than Appalachian) country this guy makes. Good country is like good punk—you know what is gonna happen next, and you welcome it. I say get this! (JA)
(No Policy, 2063 Manchester Ave, Escondiido, CA 92027)



NO VALUE / SAYYADINA – split EP

Fuuuuck, this is a raging piece of vinyl! Sweden's own SAYYADINA fills their side of the EP up with five songs of hyper-fast grindcore. The music comes flying at you at warp speed, with some of the fastest drumming I have heard in a while. They occasionally break pace and slow things down just a hair. But those moments are short-lived, before the eye-watering tempo takes over again. On the flip, you will find NO VALUE, who are from Japan. They hammer through a few songs of blazing thrash that bring to mind other Japanese bands like SLIGHT SLAPPERS. Check this release out for sure. (RC)
(www.sayyadina.com)

THE NOT – CD

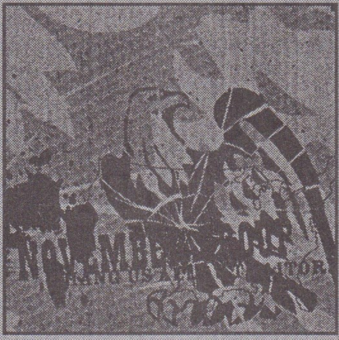
Bratty, new wavy punk rock. Whiny singer and keyboard leads. I like the simplistic songs. They can be catchy, but the robotic vocal style and Casio keyboards ruin it for me. (CK)
(Shake It, 4156 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45223)

NOVEMBER GROUP – "Hang Us All As Traitors" CD

Eight songs of fast, fuzzed-out, melodic hardcore with screechy vocals. Nice packaging, with an anti-American feel to it. Lyrically straightforward and politically driven. Musically, I'm not really sure what they're going for with this… They'll play metal for a few seconds, and then switch gears into an emo bit, followed by something chaotic, then round it out with a youth crew part. They really don't nail down any of it, and the parts don't fit together at all. There are a few songs I like, but for the most part it's a melting pot of mediocrity. Maybe if I listened to this another twelve times it might start to fit together, but I think I've heard enough and nothing more than forgettable. (VH)
(EM, PO Box 14728, Portland, OR 97203)

OCCAM'S RAZOR – "Letters from the Slave Auction" EP

This three piece from Fresno, CA captures the chaotic emo-hardcore sound REVERSAL OF MAN was known for, just as well, if not better, than REVERSAL OF MAN ever did. Frantic, piercing guitars clash with repetitive drones and manic drumming to create these dynamic and intense five songs, ending with a lock groove that sounds like an Alan Lomax recording of Jesus dying on the cross. Nice DIY packaging that looks exactly like a FRAIL record but isn't nearly as pathetic as the rest of the bands who rip off FRAIL. A great record, and limited to 400, so get 'em while you can. (VH)
(Occam's Razor, 4267 W. Menlo, Fresno, CA 93722)

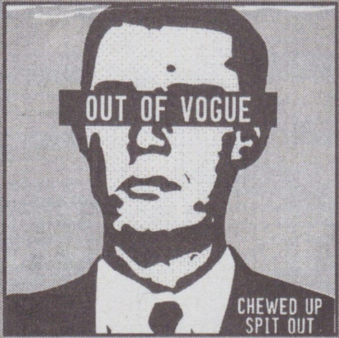


OLIVER TWIST BAND – "Proudly Presents New Tricks and Traps" LP

Synth, scraping guitars and a "screechy-woo woo!" vocal style are a winning combination here. Remember the UK's YUMMY FUR? Well, this group approximates their intent without copping the sound. Bands like this are a viable escape route for ex-emo band members who now wish to back away from a life of wasted aesthetic suckage; let's help them build new lives, people! Every scene that once supported several PROMISE RING clones should open treatment centers and encourage tribute OLIVER TWIST BANDS to form. Otherwise, they'll all just form ironic speed metal bands and that doesn't deal with the social problem at all. (RW)
(X-Mist, PO Box 1545, 72195 Nagold, GERMANY, www.x-mist.de)

OUR WAR – "Traditions Demo" EP

OUR WAR plays straight edge hardcore (played by punks, not boy scouts) that falls somewhere between YOUTH OF TODAY and NEGATIVE APPROACH. No bullshit attitude and fucking solid hardcore songs. The vocals are awesome and perfect breakdowns. If you are way into old school and/or straight edge hardcore, you will love this, I would think. From what I can tell, this is a pressing of their demo. They didn't do much as far as art, just your basic photo of some army dudes, photocopied. The lyrics are perfect for this kind of thing, not really straying far from the scene and shit like that. But the record holds up, no problem. (WR)
(Deranged, PO Box 543 Stn. P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S-2T1, CANADA, www.derangedrecords.com)



OUT OF VOGUE – "Chewed Up, Spit Out" EP

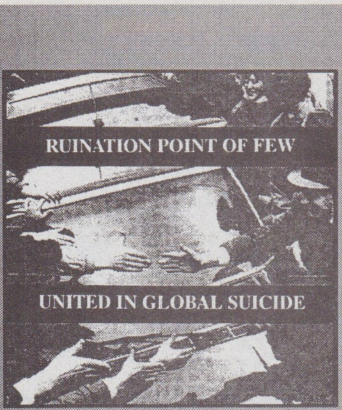
While not nearly as good as MIDDLE CLASS, this Southern California band plays some decent hardcore with a slight "old school" feel. Sounds a little like any given hardcore record that came out when Ronnie was president, which is, of course, exactly as it should be today (how hardcore should sound, not the President part). Although it features a few of those damned breakdowns that keep me away from 90% of this stuff these days, it certainly ain't bad. (MC)
(The World Is Square, 18531 Cottonwood St, Fountain Valley, CA 92708-6409)

PEELANDER-Z – "P-Bone Steak" CD

This wacky New York Combo cranks out Japanese fun punk. Anthems like "Terry Punk!" and "Ninja High School" get the point across quickly. Makin' a party happening for sure. Almost out of control in a good way. (RL)
(Swell, PO Box 287004, New York, NY 10128, www.peelander-z.com)

PERSEVERE – "Panic Land" 12"

Holy fuck! This is outstanding! Total KAAOS/MELLAKKA worship from these Japanese punx (anyone else see a trend?). Eight tracks of blistering, manic, hectic yet moderately-tuneful hardcore. Great production



RAJOITUS
Discography

RENO DIVORCE

RESIGNED TO FATE
TRAGEDY OF THE COMMONS

on this, totally capturing the really stupendous guitar work, which drives those killer hooks home. Pick of the issue, me thinks. Fucking great, great, great! (MT)
(Insane World, 6-9-22-204, Itsukaichi, Chuo Saeki-Ku, Hiroshima 734-5428, JAPAN)

PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK – 12"

This is the highly anticipated new release from the latest Mick Kirsch vehicle. It'll be no disappointment for anyone that's been expecting it, but it goes far beyond that. I can't recommend this highly enough. Driving, melodic, impassioned hardcore with great lyrics and neat sound-scapes between the songs that are as much a part of the record as the songs themselves. The one negative to me is in the vocal delivery—it's a minor point but I far prefer the singing to the screaming. I understand the bile and frustration that propels one to want to scream the lyrics out, but I think the words have more power when you can hear them. It's only a minor niggle here, and I know that puts me at odds with about 98% of modern hardcore. PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK took a lot of time over this record and it shows—from the quality of the music and the recording right down to the excelent artwork and booklet. Great. (AM)
(Empire, c/o Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)

POINT OF FEW / RUINATION – split EP

RUINATION is finished as a band, but these three songs showcase their fiery hardcore attack. The music is fast and angry, but not so fast that their heavy sound doesn't get a chance to shine through. POINT OF FEW, from the Netherlands, blasts through a couple of songs of fast, frenzied thrash. The high-pitched abrasive vocals here are almost overwhelming. But the blasting drumbeats and buzzing guitar work kept my interest perked throughout all their songs. This is a solid effort from both bands. (RC)
(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

PUBLIC TOYS – "Safety-pins On Television" EP

From the picture of these guys on the back cover I was expect leather, bristles, studs, and acne—and instead got energetic and somewhat goofy, speedy amateur poppy punk. This could have been on Lookout! back in the day, it reminds me more of ISOCRACY than GBH…which is good. From Germany, four songs, nice. (AD)
(Dirty Faces, Universitätstr 16, 44789 Bochum, GERMANY)

QUEERWULF/SHARP KNIFE – split LP

Goddamnit, QUEERWULF is punker than shit. Any kind of shit. Dog shit, elephant shit, GG shit. QUEERWULF rules them all. Charged, catchy songs, sometimes reminiscent of other Chattanooga bands like JACK PALANCE, but with the best, pissed-off, BLACK FLAG style lyrics. Songs about getting mind fucked, pigs, getting wasted,and freaking out. Claude Budget, man. You gotta love him. QUEERWULF is amazing, as expected. Now let me flip this over. SHARP KNIFE, featuring members of 1999 punk preemie sensations, THE JOCKS. I want to say "melodic hardcore", but that sounds like a dis, and this band is good. Dual dude vocals, one screechy a la Jake FILTH, The other a more tamed-down screaming style, like Kevin Seconds (Walk Together/Rock Together-era).Vaguely heartbroken lyrics that are suprisingly good. They're almost jaded but offer some modicum of hope. A solid release. (JB)
(Risk, 3649 Clement St, San Francisco, CA. 94121)

QUILL / EL NUDO – "Okra" split EP

Two bands from Japan here. QUILL are a combination of skate thrash and power violence, with a varied enough sound to keep things interesting. EL NUDO are a little more straightforward, with a kind of chaotic punk thrash attack. Multiple vocals assault every scale of the aural spectrum, from annoying screech to guttural roar. The song titles of both bands hint at some witty lyrics, which unfortunately aren't reproduced here. No one is taking themselves too seriously here, and as a result it's really fun to listen to. Nice graphics as well. (AM)
(You Study, Forutesu Yoshiwara #103, 3-19-8, Nisinippori, Arakawa, Tokyo, JAPAN, 116-0013, kb@gray.plala.or.jp)

DER RAKETENHUND – "Raus Aus Gartenstadt" LP

Why does it seem that European punk bands can be melodic, yet not the slightest bit poppy or emo-ish, yet no bands in America can really seem to pull it off. Regardless, I am not complaining, as long as somebody is doing it. Germany's DER RAKETENHUND remind me a little of their Dutch counterparts FUNERAL ORATION without the standout vocals. Not bad stuff, though my Deutsch is non existent so I have no idea what they are singing about. My one complaint though is the fact that the linear notes come in the form of a CD booklet. I hate it when record labels just throw in the CD booklet instead of making proper LP linear notes. (JF)
(Platic Bomb)

RAJOITUS – "Discography" CD

Are you in the mood for a 41-song punk rock attack from a Swedish band worshiping early Finnish hardcore? Then this RAJOITUS CD just may be the thing you are looking for. This release compiles their *Hardcore Attack 1995* 12" and three EPs. I can just envision these guys sitting around and listening to TERVEET KADET and KAAOS records, thinking "hey, that is what our band should sound like." Another interesting thing to note is that the CD comes with a small fold-out poster, which is cool because CDs never come with anything extra. Good stuff! (RC)
(Hardcore Holocaust; hardcoreholocaust.com)

RAMONES – "Rock 'n' Roll Paradise" LP

What can you say about the RAMONES but: oof-ah. Anybody who thinks that post-Tommy Ramone recordings were a viable proposition is just plain wrong, sorry (OK, there were a few bright spots after Marky packed up his wig). And this batch of studio rarities (songs that weren't even good enough for inclusion on LPs) is

all post-Tommy and sounds it. I'm nonetheless sure that plenty of people will want this and they already know who they are. (DD)
(Screaming Skull)

RAW POWER – "You are the Victim" LP

This reissue of RAW POWER's debut LP also includes some of the best tracks from their other early LPs and comps, and makes for an ideal sampling of their abrasive, lead break-laden output. Included: classics like "Politicians," the searing thrasher "State Oppression" (one of their greatest tracks), and the incendiary "Burning the Factory," which sounds like a factory going into flames. RAW POWER's assets have always been their laryngitic vocals and instrumental intensity, and this record may be their finest hour. Recommended, obviously. (SS)
(Rockin' Bones, Borgo Palmia 3a, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

RENO DIVORCE – "You're Only Making it Worse" CD

Twelve tracks (plus the secret one!) of catchy early SOCIAL D mixed with a healthy blast of PENNYWISE. The lyrics aren't so bad either. A quality release. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UNITED KINGDOM)

RESIGNED TO FATE – "Tragedy of the Commons" EP

Yes! Hailing from Denton, Texas, RESIGNED TO FATE deliver four impressive crust/metal tracks. Super dark and intense pounding drums and metal guitar filled sounds give a backdrop for screeching and raspy sung top-notch poetic lyrics. Amazing! (SR)
(1212 Anna St., Denton, TX 76201; www.angelfire.com/rebellion/rtf)

REVILLOS – "Colchester Institute May '81" LP

This live boot pulls together a set of eleven songs from the REVILLOS in their prime, which in any circumstance is worth taking note of. By this time, the band had evolved into a pop REZILLOS, but this recording was done on a handheld cassette; the sound quality is tinny, and the performance not as inspired as the REVILLOS I saw. Moreover, they don't perform any REZILLOS tracks here. Too bad. This limited edition of 300 will probably find its way into to hands of the band's most dedicated fans. (SS)
(no address)

RINGWORM – "The Promise" CD

This CD is a combination of their original demo and *The Promise*, which was their first full-length that came out on Incision Records back in the mid-90s. This Cleveland band was at the forefront of creating a style of dark and brutal hardcore that has continued to influence bands to this day. RINGWORM and INTEGRITY took the hardcore scene by storm back in the early to mid-90s and I am glad to see this release make its way back out again. (And oddly enough, both bands are still playing and recording to this day) This is tough-as-nails mid-tempo hardcore with a metallic edge and brutal vocals. You know, in all honesty I have been pretty burnt out on this style for a long time. But I was a huge RINGWORM fan back in the early to mid 90s and I was glad to hear this stuff again. Oh yeah, and the digipack that the CD comes in looks absolutely amazing! (RC)
(Deathwish, www.deathwishinc.com)

THE RIOT SQUAD – "Another Heartbreak" CDEP

Not the geezers from old England, but four guys and a girl from Belgium. Street punk with male/female vocals that is as influenced by SOCIAL DISTORTION as it is by the BUSINESS. This is actually better that a lot of the bands like this out there—they keep things, if not upbeat, catchy enough. The cover has a lot of nautical stars, ships, and tattoo script…just so you know. (AD)
(Street Anthem)

THE RIPPERS – LP

…..and yet more garage…..mono lo-fi with super faint vocals….I was told that these mugs are from Italy….fact is, most of this record is pretty boring…..or maybe it's just that my diet-pill is starting to wear off….. (SW)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14–50939, Köln, GERMANY, www.screamingapple.de)

THE RIPPERS – "Pleased to Rip You!" EP

I don't mean to insult these guys when I say that they are a MAKERS (early years) tribute band. Yeah, I know the MAKERS took from others too, but this is so close I can't overlook it. They sound the same: cool, bratty vocals with fast, crisp garage songs. They dress the same. The records cover looks like a MAKERS record. I mean that in the best possible way, 'cos this stuff is good. If you miss the old MAKERS sound, I have a new band for you. (CK)
(Psych Out, P.za 1 Maggio, 44 – 72017 Ostuni (BR), ITALY, info@psychout.it)

RUPTURE – "Spontaneous Simian Combustion" EP

They are nihilists, they are boring, and they would like to thank the "4 unknown sluts" who sucked their cocks. You decide. (JA)
(no address)

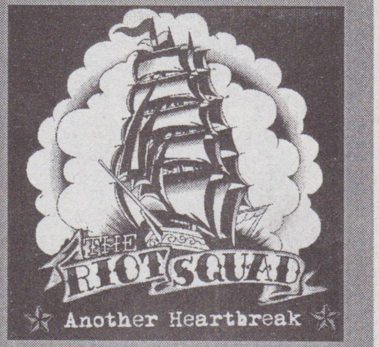
THE SAFES – "Family Jewels" CD

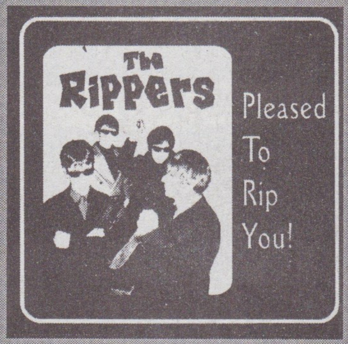
What a bunch of poseurs. Get the radio tuner out of your butt, and stop ripping off every band that ever was all at the same time. You are everything I am against. (MM)
(Po Box 254, Park Ridge, IL 60068)

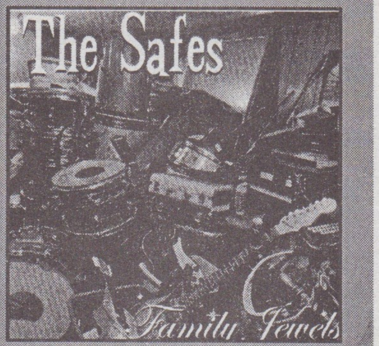
SAILORS – CD

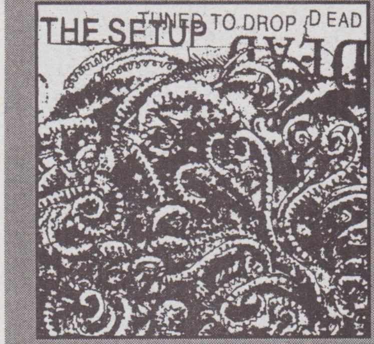
The SAILORS are neither the guts-and-bile safety-pinned punk band or drunk-rock losers that I expect-

RINGWORM
THE PROMISE

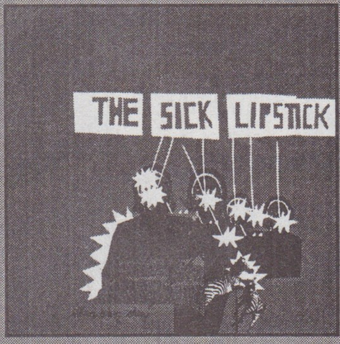








Sgt. 6
ASSAULT



L.A.D.F.
SINGING DOGS

ed. Their logo may drip blood, but the band are mannered new wave, '79 style, and would have fit in just fine on that old *AK '79* compilation (or on a bill with Canada's synth-punk DIODES). Melody and choruses take precedence over wild squalling thrash. It's a bit tender and mild for the likes of some, and not self-consciously art-damaged enough for others, but I dig 'em. "Girls That Look Like Boys They Are the Shit" and "Abbatoir Blues" show off a fair sense of humor and intelligence lurking behind the wraparaound shades. (JH) (JH)
(Dropkick, PO Box 1072, North Fitzroy, Vic 3068, AUSTRALIA, www.dropkick.com.au)

SCURVY DOGS – "It's All Gonna End" LP

Here's some fast and furious punk rock from San Francisco. Great songs include "Who Shat in My Crisper," "Kiss my Talibuns," and "Los Working No Class." Just amazing energy on this release. I can't imagine what it's like live. Oh, and yes, you can be 60 and still jump in the pit. (SR)
(Inspired By Angst, inspiredbyangst@hotmail.com)

SECONDS – "Y" LP

Y indeed. My mind is split in two on the subject of the SECONDS, what their sound means, how it strikes me, and whether or not their hypercaffeinated jangle thrills me or kills me (in a bad sense of the term). The tunes are speedy, off-kilter, and offering little in the way of retro rock 'n' roll good times or easily-assimilated sounds. They're a hard act to follow, no doubt. Singer/guitar Second Zach shrieks out his words in a desperate yelp, syllables tumbling over one another—I can't decipher the lyrics but the emotions driving them are loud and clear. "You ain't that good, you know," they sing in "Got Laid." Upon repeated listenings I'm growing fond of their kinda buzzsaw art-pop trick. (JH)
(X-Mist, PO Box 1545, 72195 Nagold, GERMANY, www.x-mist.de)

SETUP – "Tuned to Drop Dead" CD

Furious and intense chugga-chugga metal-core played fast! SETUP delivers eight tracks of anger and brutality without getting caught up in bullshit solos, metal clichés, etc., ending with a SEPULTURA cover. I usually don't go for this kind of stuff, but I like this. They balance the influences of METALLICA and MINOR THREAT better most bands of this genre who consistently seem to throw around DIY ideals like yesterday's used condom. Good lyrics that bring out the "personal political" side of the ugly and morbid. Rad layout too. (VH)
(Action Driver, PO Box 610, Toledo, OH, 43697)

SGT. 6 ASSAULT – "Goin' Down" EP

Back in the old days (y'know, the early 90s?) I was all over the fuzzed-out garage schlock of the DUMMIES, they put a whole heap of punk fuzz into the tired garage sound…man, they never got the recognition they deserved. After that combo imploded singer/songwriter Sgt 6 started his own gig and this is the latest offering. Pretty similar to the DUMMIES, a little faster, a little punker, same snotty distorted vocals—less than three minutes of music, one original and "The Bitch" by SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS. This is what punk (and garage) records should sound like. (TB)
(www.rapidpulse.com)

SICK LIPSTICK – "Sting Sting Sting" CD

If this had been on vinyl I would have checked the speed—the fem vox are in that range. Non-retro, pre-goth, SUBTONIX shrill-pop-'n'-roll, in short. The songs are full of the right mix of distortion and propulsive songwriting. Heady mix. My instincts tell me they are quite fun live. The effect is like a riot grrl band circa '95 with better chops. (RW)
(Tigerstyle, 401 Broadway 26th Floor, New York, NY 10013)

SILVERKINGS – "King City" EP

This record is a good, crude garage loser punk. Includes a sensitive tribute to John Merrick (a.k.a. the Elephant Man), "I'm so ugly." (DD)
(Ken Rock, Favriksgatan 39 B, 3 tr, 412 61 Göteborg, SWEDEN)

SIMPLY SAUCER – "Cyborgs Revistited" LP

It's pre-punk time kiddies. This here is a reissue of a record that was out in the early 90s but whose total unavailability had made it an eBay rent-payer. No more. If you can stand anything that's got a VELVET UNDERGROUND vibe then this record will quickly become one of your all-time favorites. SIMPLY SAUCER were a bunch of early-to-mid 70s Canadian psych-heads with an iron grip on the invisible coil that extended from the talent centers of their brains to their instruments, producing a propulsive VU-soaked riff barrage that's half jam and half proto punk. Like the books all say, no one was digging the VU sound in the mid 70s except for the folx who ended up populating the early punk scenes. For me, there are four bands that sort of define pre-1977 avant-garage punk: ELECTRIC EELS, MIRRORS, SPROTON LAYER and these guys (and I'm gonna put it to a vote for the '75/'76 French band ANGEL FACE. Anyone else?) Yes, the old saw, if you like the aforementioned you will like this, *period*. It's a shame, though that the most visible ex-member, Edgar Breau, turned into an execrable right wing bigot. Such is life. (RW)
(Get Back, www.abraxasrecords.com)

SINGING DOGS – "Right Now" EP

An Italian two-piece combo that sounds like a four-piece Rip Off Records band. The only thing missing is picture of them wearing sunglasses and striped shirts. They veer only slightly from this formula with "Teenage Werewolf," which is just a straight garage (although a very dirty sounding version of it) song. As expected, this is a limited one-sided pressing of "???"…which is literally the amount listed on the sleeve. Definitely not a mandatory listen, but it'll do in a pinch. (MC)
(Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39 B, 3 tr 41252 Göteborg,, SWEDEN)

SINGING DOGS – "L.A.D.F." EP

……lo-fi garage slop three-piece…..nice mix of drugs….especially the bass lines….are these guys Italian or is that just the record label?????? Are the vocals even in English?????? …..once again, the bass playing is from Mars……and if these fellows are indeed from Italy then that means they're "uncut"……who's in the mood for a cheese dog…..?????? (SW)

(Lo-Fi, Piazza 1, Maggio, 44, 72017 Ostuni (Br), ITALY)

SK8NIKS / TRAFFIX – split EP

SK8NIKS is super-chaotic Japanese thrash with the super distorted production like DISCLOSE or EXCLAIM. They also do a CIRCLE JERKS cover. TRAFFIX remind me of JELLY ROLL ROCKHEADS, but it's less thrash and more BLACK FLAG, with tons of guitar solos and such. Really cool cover art on this, all drawn out, except the TRAFFIX cover has a mummy wearing a swastika, and there's an iron cross on the guitar…and I'm not sure what to make of that…but I'm not gonna make a stink. A fine record. (WR)

(SK8NIKS, c/o Yusuke Hisakawa, 3-6-22 Nakagawa-Nishi Ikuno, Osaka, JAPAN, 544-0032)

THE SKULLS – "The Golden Age of Piracy" CD

The second full length from this vintage LA punk band from 1977. Although both LPs have been on the reunion front. Good old school punk that rocks with attitude and snot. A little faster than the STITCHES but similar in sound. Although the singer is the only original member, this line up includes ex-members of the ADICTS and the GEARS. You can hear the GEARS here too. Good punk. (RL)

(Dr. Strange, www.theskulls.us)

SORTO – "1984-1986" EP

This 7" is a collection of all SORTO's material. Pretty decent, chaotic, noisy hardcore that is at times charmingly sloppy and amateurish. These guys are out of Finland, but sound closer to a lot of the Japanese HC style of that period. Tracks 1-6 were originally self-released in 1986 as the *Aina Valmina* 7" in a run of only 300 copies. The rest of the material was taken from the *Surmattu Unelma* demo, recorded in 1986 for an EP that never materialized because the band split up. Not a classic by any means, but nice stuff that probably will not disappoint. Lyrics in Finnish, limited to 500 copies (100 on colored). (RR)

(Power It Up, Postfach 114, 38156, Vechelde, GERMANY)

SPLENDID*69 – "If Only We Were as Great as You" CD

You have to be kidding me with this one. Five-track CD of squeaky clean kiddie mall punk that is not even catchy or fun. I must apologize to BAD BOY BOOGIE who I erroneously claimed (in an earlier review) had written the worst song ever. I was wrong. SPLENDID*69's "Capital E-ville" now reigns supreme: "We made the devil sell his soul, for a sixpack and a stereo, he sold his soul to rock and roll, now we issue a public statement, to tell the world, we will soon end this mess, 'cause in the end it's all how you handle stress." Oh, I see now, it's all clear. I have a strong suspicion these guys are some Christian (I kid you not) rock outfit. I'm guessing the CD title is in praise of the big guy up there. "Punk Sweat and Roll" sneaks in a praise-the-lord and "Catching the Thief Who stole my Vision" is, shall we say, faith-based. Ugh. Get into theological arguments at the address below. (RR)

(www.splendid69.com)

SPOTLIGHT SYNDICATE – "…Forget the Past…" CDEP

Art School Circus core. A so-so blend of drums, keyboards, and bass. Sounds like PHANTOM LIMBS meets THESE ARMS ARE SNAKES. If you're into the two aforementioned bands you might dig this too. Personally, it's just not my deal…too much arty and not enough farty. (AS)

(Subtandard, PO Box 310, Berkeley, CA, 94701, www.substandard.com)

THE STEAM PIG – "Potshots" CD

Straight up punk from three gobshites from Dublin. Fast and pissed-off, with funny lyrics about old people and drinking among other things. They have a song that puts down CRASS which (aside from being twenty years after the point) of course is not allowed. (AD)

(Jacinta's Offshore Holdings, PO Box 7674, Dublin 1, IRELAND)

STICKS AND STONES – "The Strife and Times" CD

I couldn't figure out if this is a complete discography or not. Anyways, two discs with 41 tracks from this New Jersey band from 1987-1994. I always liked these guys because they seemed well schooled in punk and always tried to have something to say with a degree of subtlety. In the end they changed their sound enough where they ended up in a genre without an audience any longer (what was once college rock). Now that punk has gotten tuneful again, this sounds powerful and passionate by all standards. A welcome collection. (RL)

(Chunksaah, PO Box 974, New Brunswick, NJ 08903, www.chunksaah.com)

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS – "Freedom Fighters" LP

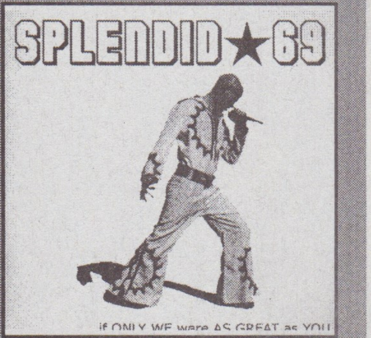
Bootleg live album recorded in 1980 when the STIFFS ruled the world. The sound quality is good and the tracklist is obviously hit-after-hit, but essentially these things are for collectors and completist maniacs only. The officially released live album *Thanx* has superior sound quality and an even better selection of songs and should be a lot easier to find than this. Limited to 300, good luck. (AD)

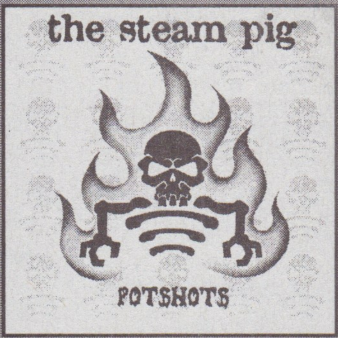
(Nasty Nasty)

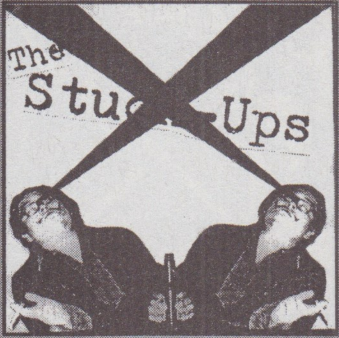
STREET TRASH – 12"

One side of this banana-colored slice is printed with a skateboard, a chainsaw, and a pile of human skulls. On the other side are seven songs of old school skate thrash minus the healthy kid, posi influence detected in a lot of "thrash revival" bands over the past five years. Not that these guys don't seem pretty harmless, too—but their shtick is, you know, they don't care what you think. STREET TRASH is good at what they do. They would

SORTO
1984-1986 EP


SPLENDID★69
if ONLY WE were AS GREAT as YOU





TEENAGE HARLETS
SOME KINDA GIRL LP

THUNDER PISTOLS

today i wait
timelines

love to be VOID, but then again, who wouldn't? It's not really where I'm at right now, but that doesn't mean I can't appreciate the following sentiment: "What the fuck? / My life's over and I just woke up." I mean, you know, it sucks to be a punk kid in the Schwarzeneggar State, with no future and no one to go to bed with but your skateboard. But it could always be worse. (AC)

((Kapow, PO Box 6224, Anaheim, CA 92816, www.kapowrecords.com)

STUCK-UPS – "Last Chance/Out of Control"

I'm a man of simple tastes: I like my beer cold, my dogs hot, and my wave new. The STUCK-UPS might live atop ivory towers but they're still a fun punk/synth hybrid that duct-tapes bleeping keyboards to garage guitars. "Last Chance" is a doomy keyboard-driven # that I can recall from the time I saw them in play a local dive. "Out of Control" is the breakneck fast punker where they let their hair down and watch the fur fly. Kicky. (JH)

(Johnny Cat)

STUN GUNS – "...and There Was nothing We Could Do About It" LP

Scrappy melodic punk with punch from mid-90s Miami. Crazy and chaotic, they manage to mix the hectic snot of FYP and yet maintain the goofy charm of RADON. I can't remember hearing of this band before—and now they're gone. In a perfect world it would be bands like this who reform and whose logos adorn the clothes of disaffected teenagers as opposed to the soulless old fogies who keep churning out their swill. This is great in all the ways only great punk can be—sloppy yet catchy, angry yet funny, and dorky yet cool. I wish I would have seen them in some stinking drunk sweatbox in Florida back in 1995. (AD)

(Shut Up, PO Box 1671, Oakland, CA 94606)

SUN POWER – "Fucked Up.The Pit... Those Were The Days" EP

Rad 80s style hardcore along the lines of DAG NASTY, 7 SECONDS, SICK PLEASURE, or even UNIFORM CHOICE. I can't tell where these guys are from, there's no address anywhere, but I have a feeling they're European. No matter, it's a great record! Email the address below for info. (AS)

(sun.power@belgacom.net)

THE SOUND OF FAILURE – "The Party is Over" CD

This Philadelphia band churns their way through 14 tracks of some seriously dark and heavy hardcore. The mid-tempo pace really allows the pounding drums, surging rhythms, and frenzied vocals to really dig their claws into your ears. I like the way the music flows between these straightforward moments of hardcore to a surging mess of chaos and rage. This is a damn fine release. (RC)

(Cheap Art, PO Box 2101, Philadelphia, PA 19103, www.cheap-art.com)

TEENAGE HARLETS – "Some Kinda Girl" EP

This is called an LP, but I don't think your allowed to have an LP on 7" record, (even if it does have 13 songs on it) But then again, I've seen a 12" EP, so why not a 7" LP. What the hell. And the music??? Well, these slutty East Bay harlets play scruffy garage punk rock a la THEE HEADCOATS with a hint of the MAKERS. Pretty decent shit. I'd like to check em out live for the complete experience. Dig. (AS)

(www.teenageharlets.com)

TERROR / THE PROMISE / PLAN OF ATTACK – split EP

A three-way split live 7" with no title. I am not sure why anyone would go out of their way to get this. Maybe you didn't get enough of TERROR's stage banter the first time around on their recent live 7" put out by Bridge 9. Apparently the kids that put this out were inspired by the old Nemesis live comp. 7"s. Then why no title? With each band's logo on the cover and nothing else, this comes off more like a lame 3 band live sampler. If nothing else, I am sure this will give PLAN OF ATTACK some well-deserved exposure. Check these bands out at a show instead, because I am sure they would rather be seen live than be represented by this recording. (CC).

(Organized Crime, PO Box 213 S. Brookfield, IL 60513)

THEE FINE LINES – "Lose Control" EP

Two distinct, yet very similar garage rock song styles on this record. The two sung by the guy Justin are trashy, punchy garage tunes in the style of THEE HEADCOATS. The two sung by the girl Trista are slower, prettier garage tunes on the style of THEE HEADCOATEES. Overall an enjoyable record. (CK)

(Wee Rock, PO Box 333, Springfield, MO 65801, theefinelines@yahoo.com)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB / CARRIE NATIONS – split EP

You will never know how excited I was to get this for review. CARRIE NATIONS and THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB are two of my favorite active bands. CARRIE NATIONS plays really melodic, folky punk, but it's melodic in a way that never sounds cliché. They fit really well as a Plan-It-X records band, and their songs on the split hold up with everything on their previously-released CD. THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB doesn't disappoint, with the usual catchy-as-shit country/folk-punk hybrid. They are the best at this. Great cover art—a drawing of all of them on a campout. What a great split record. You have to hear these bands. (WR)

(Shake, PO Box 268, Athens, GA 30603, finley369@hotmail.com)

THRALL – "Lifer" CD

Ah, the GOD BULLIES. "All you see is yourself!" Mike Hard and the terminal psychosis of the fringe early 90s indie-grunge scene. Now, he fronts THRALL, whose previous records did little for me. Kinda sterile, self-conscious, non-rockin'. This new one has more energy and bitterness than the those late 90s discs, so I am more positively inclined, but it's no touch on the musical accomplishments of those early GOD BULLIES 7"s. But so what—this is still pretty good pysch-grunge rock. (RW)

(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092. www.alternativetentacles.com)

THUNDER PISTOLS – "Thunder Pistols" CD

All around terrible album. They are shooting for the hip, cool LA rocker vibe with songs such as "Shootin' the Goo," "Sex Appeal," and "Wild One." This is a punk 'n' roll album that doesn't contain enough energy, musical complexity, or subtlety to be at all inspiring. (SR)

(Pelado, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa Mesa, CA 92627, www.peladorecords.com)

TODAY I WAIT – "Timelines" CD

Detroit, Michigan gives us TODAY I WAIT. Well-played metal-core from a hardcore kid's perspective. My ears deceive, but at times I hear moments of mid-period REFUSED, via the vocals, blended in with the guitar's "chugga-chugga" progressive metal-leaning riffs. Raw-throated vocals (sub-screamo) definitely gives them the emo/metal-core aspect that I personally think is fairly generic. Furthermore, I could do without his occasional attempts at singing like FAITH NO MORE's Mike Patton. An interesting structuring of their songs, making me think of CONVERGE, is a saving grace, holding my attention to a style that I normally don't engage myself with. Better than average and I'm sure if they work out their bugs they could take this to a bigger audience. (WM)

(Friction, PO Box 6605, Grand Rapids, MI 49516, www.frictiongoods.com)

TOKYO KNIVES – "Smell My Ass" EP

Now this is my kind of record. For those who don't know, TOKYO KNIVES feature a few folks from the LOCOMOTIONS and HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE. This is their second single, and while not as immediately grabbing as its predecessor, it's still a damn fine spin. While more straightforward than either of the above-mentioned bands, the three tunes here (including a dazzling VICTIMS cover) are sure to please punks across the world. Sharp and stinky. (MC)

(Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39 B, 3 tr 41252 Göteborg, SWEDEN)

THE TOUGH AND LOVELY – "Tough and Lovely/The Lover's Curse"

This sounds amazingly like some lost outtakes from the soundtrack of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. It's hard to believe it is a new band. Although I know the CARRIE NATIONS had some catchy songs, I never in a million years would say, "Wow. This is an amazing band," whether or not they actually played their own songs. I'll give the TOUGH AND LOVELY credit for being able to recreate such an authentic sound and even though their cover looks like an old record, they aren't wearing any 60s style clothes. I just can't get into the music. (CK)

(Spoonful)

TYRADES – LP

Chicago's TYRADES have already blazed a trail for themselves with three fantastic singles, but this debut album of theirs…fuck. Nine tunes with a hearty amount of "damage," but still sounding more punk than anything LE SHOK and their ilk ever did. I didn't even know it was possible to make guitars thud, but they've done it. Includes a VOLT cover, which is strange and a nice touch considering it's a current band covering a current band. Maybe at their next SF show, the entire crowd will tackle them… Oh, and two different sleeve and vinyl colors for the dorks out there. To be included in many year-end "Best Of" lists, that much you can be sure of. (MC)

(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402)

URO – "Requiem" LP

Hailing from København (or Copenhagen as it also known) URO play some pretty right on rhythmic anarcho punk. Blending moments of later period ANTIPRODUCT, *Ungovernable Force*-era CONFLICT, CRESS and NAUSEA, these Danish punx unleash a vicious and driving yet moderately melancholy dual-vocaled assault against the infamous system. Unlike so many others who try this, this still sounds totally refreshing and powerful, not at all contrived—perhaps it's the interesting use of alternative instrumentation (cello, piano etc) which helps to keep it from sounding flat or stagnant. Or maybe it's the knowing that these Danish punx live the life they sing. Totally amazing record here. (MT)

(Plague Bearer, PO Box 578, 2200 København N, DANMARK, uro@care2.com)

ULTIMATE WARRIORS – EP

Strange one here. One side of grindy, goofy, thrash attack. A very silly CHARLES BRONSON, perhaps? Four originals plus CRIPPLED YOUTH, INTENSIFIED CHAOS, TONGUE AVULSION, and a hilarious COCKNEY REJECTS cover. Lyrical topics range from pro wrestling to Libyan Hit Squads. Side two, recorded live at the Easton Fest of 2000, is almost unlistenable—all you can decipher is garbled noise coming through the vocal mics and in-between-song rants; it was probably a beautiful mess to witness but will probably not get repeated spins on your turntable. Comes on clear color spotted vinyl that looks good enough to eat. (RR)

(Zhengaya, Paquita@gmx.com)

VAGEENAS – "When Music Hurts…" LP

Speedy, simplistic 1-2,1-2 straight-ahead punk rock. Burly female vocals, singing songs about being bored, useless, and punk. These Germans have an amped-up '77 feel to their sound, and while I'm not seeing too much new in their approach or sound, I'm drawn to this record, if only because its just 100% punk rock…check out their name, ferchrist-sake. (TB)

(Plastic Bomb, Postfach 100205, D-47002 Duisburg, GERMANY)

VIVISICK / STRUCK – split EP

Both bands are from Japan. VIVISICK play crazed, loud, fast thrash. Super distortion overpowering the vocals and gang shouts. The singer sounds like the dude from JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS. Fans of crazed Jap-core like EXCLAIM and the aforementioned genius', JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS will be all over this. STRUCK are more hardcore punk to VIVISICK's all-out thrash attack - nowhere near as hectic but no less crazed. A great recording/production on their side makes them stand out, although I think that I, personally speaking, like the VIVISICK side a tad bit more for the general craziness emanating form their side. Good fun from both bands—keep an eye on them both. (WM)

(Dan-Doh, "K-Club"Honmachi, 2-1-26, Kohi City, 780-0870 JAPAN)

The Tough and Lovely

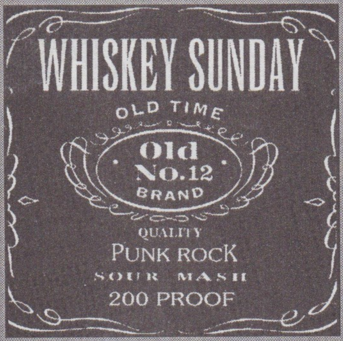
THE ULTIMATE WARRIORS

VIVISICK STRUCK

he Wednesdays
you will gasp and they will

Welton
the soundtrack of our lives

The Werewolves
Marshall



THE
WHITE
HEAT

WEDNESDAYS – "You Will Gasp and They Will Breathe" CD

Fast indie rock, leaning towards the punk side with the isolated drum sound that I *personally* can't stand; pang-pang-pang-pang. They are lumpy, they shout, the lyrics are dripping with betrayal and drama, and there is enough garage-level spirit here to gain them a measure of respect. The label is from Portland, don't know if they are as well, but if they are not I'm sure they're better than 90% of their competition. (RW)
(Reservation, 7101 SE Reed College Place, Portland, OR 97202)

WELTON – "The Soundtrack of our Lives" CD

God doesn't exist. There, I said it. Nevertheless, it has obviously become necessary to invent him (her? it?) so that some (the band) can thank 'em for creating yet more indie pop/emo drivel, while the rest of us can curse 'em roundly for doing the same. Fuck God. And fuck the bands that follow in his wake. (RK)
(Snapdragon—which sounds a little too devil-worshipping, y'know like Harry Potter, for a good Christian band)

THE WEREWOLVES – "Rood in Action" CD

If this came out in 1979 they'd be icons, but on this seven-song CD they sound like tired garage rock with tiny hints of brilliance. They attempt fun, summertime tunes in the RAMONES vein, but the WEREWOLVES come off somewhat flat-footed and awkward. The songs are good, but the delivery isn't quite there. (HM)
(Spunky, spunkyrecords@hotmail.com)

WHISKEY SUNDAY – "Thanx 4 the Violence" CD

I love this CD…have listened to it constantly since I first got a copy, half a year ago or so. The album is chock-full of perfectly written punk songs, really melodic ones that bring to mind LEATHERFACE, RAMONES, NAKED RAYGUN, and BAD RELIGION. Perfect guitar leads over great anthemic punk songs. Their singer, Dover, has the best, gruffest voice I've heard. The only downfall of this CD is that at the time they had a lead guitarist who inserted pretty wretched metal guitar solos into the songs. I think he's gone now. A great drunken live band, to boot. Simple enough layout with some photos, works fine. So many hits on this album. (WR)
(Vinehell, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA 95158)

THE WHITE HEAT – "Blacklisted" EP

Heavily distorted guitars and wailin' guitar solos lather up some rockin' tunes on this 4 song EP. I hear the RUNAWAYS in an orgy with the NEW YORK DOLLS and DEAD BOYS. This shit rocks! (HM)
(Spunos Sounds, PO Box 790252 San Antonio, TX 78216, www.thewhiteheat.com)

WHY NOT – "Caution Wet Floor" CD

They come from Miami but don't sound at all like CHICKENHEAD. WHY NOT sound like many many many of the bands that would play at the local punk bar during my freshmen year in college—fast and melodic, but not at all notable or spectacular at all. They do have songs like "Frat Boys Take it Up the Ass," "Mind on My Toilet," and "Metal Fucking Sucks." They seem to have some sort of problem with "faggots," but really boys, don't knock it till you try it. (MT)
(Sofia)

THE WILD WEEKEND – "Hipertiroid" EP

Wow. This is some seriously good, catchy punk rock. It almost sounds like the DEMONICS at times, but I think the DEMONICS are no longer and these fuckers are from ITALY. Maybe they just moved to Italy… No, they didn't, but you get my point. It's punk rock, fer sure, but it's got that surf/hotrod/rockabilly element that gives it a different sound. This really is some good shit, man. (KK)
(Lo-Fi, Piazza 1 Maggio, 44 – 72017 Ostuni (Br), ITALY)

WIRE – "Honi Soit" LP

Mostly comprising of material of the first two long plays, *Pink Flag* and Chairs *Missing* (also included, the Rough Trade 7" recorded in 79) captured live in Rockpalast, Germany on 14/02/79. If you're unfamiliar with the pioneers of choppy angular punk, stay away from this and stick with the first two LPs. Typical bog standard quality that I've come to expect from bootlegs, definitely only for those who feel the cock-burning desire to own absolutely everything by WIRE. (SD)
(no address)

ZODIAC KILLERS – "Society's Offenders"LP

This is another amazing garage rock record from Rip Off. I heard Greg Lowery gets real weepy over bad reviews. Shane White gave him two dicks down one time and he couldn't stop shitting for a week. But this disc is catchy. Every song is charged and will have your record needle jumping all over as you dance your ass off. Most of the choruses are almost annoyingly repetitive and all sang in the same way, but it's addictive in that same regard. Go ahead and get this record and see if it makes you explode like that rat on RocknRoll High School.(JB)
(Rip Off)

ZONE – "Squeezed State" CD

The perfect hardcore to listen to while driving to the gig. Japanese traditional style hardcore—think FORWARD, a lesser JABARA, or bits of GAUZE, or even NK6. At times, the more rocking moments of UKHC acts like GBH or early-style ENGLISH DOGS creep in to the mix. Pretty damn good. (WM)
(HG fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

V/A – "Frank Forever" LP

I am at a total loss how to properly explain the awesomeness of this record and the whole Burn Brandon record label system. I will only say that this record displays what the punk community is and should be about. Six

bands RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS, ANOXIA, D.F.C., LAWNMOWERS GONE AWRY, JOHN MADDEN & THE ELECTIC CONDOMS, and last DANCING LEPERS, along with many of the Brandon scene have come together to create a record that is far more then their individual parts. All I can say is whether *Forever Frank* is a document, a project, a reminder, or a tribute, it is more then just an LP. I am in awe. This available for the cost of shipping from Sound Idea Distribution. (JF)
(Burn Brandon, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

WHY NOT
Y NOT - CAUTION WET FLO - WHY NOT - CAUTION
AUTION WET FLOOR - WHY NO ION WET FLO
CAUTION
WET FLOOR

V/A – "Empower: Excercising The Human Spirit" CD

22-band benefit comp, including the likes of: CREAM ABDUL BABAR, WAIFLE, ANN BERETTA, THE GODS HATE TEXAS, and BURN IT DOWN. Proceeds go to benefit TORCH, a sex ed and reproductive rights center for NYC teens. Worthy cause, worthy compilation, worthy of purchase. (AS)
(Under Radar, no address, www.underradar.com)

V/A – "Let's Get Rid of LA" LP

One of the bands on this comp has a song called "The Beat That Kills," and that would be an appropriate sub-title for this record. This is that rare beast—a compilation record that kills from the moment the needle hits the groove and never lets up. I tend to think of LA as something of a cultural wasteland (although I love it), but this record is a testament to the City of Angels' most dedicated and forward-thinking punk practitioners. There are standout tracks from such luminaries as the ROLLING BLACKOUTS, the ORPHANS, the FUSE!, and the STARVATIONS, not to mention the PINKZ, NEON KING KONG, the FLASH EXPRESS, and tons more—fifteen bands in total. Also included is a fat booklet that includes short interviews with each band, as well as various other tireless movers and shakers on the scene. The overall aesthetic of the record seems rooted in the fashions and musical styles of the late 70s, but those responsible go to great lengths to explain that the bands, while taking their cues from history, are definitely not retro. This is an amazing achievement and if I didn't have one already, I'd go out and buy it. Get this and be inspired, then let's hear from *your* scene. (AM)
(Revenge, 5835 Harold Way #203, Los Angeles, CA 90028)

THE WILD WEEK END
HIPERTIROID

V/A – "Hysteria 2" LP

A veritable *Who's Who* of international hardcore, check the line up (PUNCH IN THE FACE, SCHOLASTIC DETH, BRUCE BANNER, AMDI PETERSENS ARME, I QUIT, FUERZA X, TOMORROW, CONGA FURY, VITAMIN X, REGRESS and DISIDENCIA)…phew. All leaning into the speedier side of the hardcore smorgasbord, mostly unreleased gear which is a bonus and of course I have to mention the awesome booklet with fantastic photos. As with most comps, I'm not crazy about all of it, the great is fantastic (SCHOLASTIC, APA, PITF) and some of the others I could do without (TOMORROW, CONGA FURY). Standing alone this is a cracking compilation of some of the best hardcore bands around the globe, but it doesn't really stand up to the all out greatness of the first *Hysteria*. The pressing (a minor quibble I know) is a little flat too… that said, it's still totally worth your pocket money. (TB)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92701)

ZONE
SQUEEZED STATE

V/A – "It Came From the Pacific Northwest" EP

This four band EP features four bands from (surprise!) the Pacific Northwest. All four bands play that rock 'n' roll punk that magazines like *Spin* would like put as the next big thing. Of course I doubt such magazine will ever claim any of the bands on here, DEAD MOON, HELLSIDE STRANGLERS, EARACHES, or OBLIVION SEEKERS, as the next savior of rock 'n' roll. Perhaps this is because all of these bands seem more honest, raw and real then popular society can handle. This especially is the case for DEAD MOON whose members have been playing their own version of punk longer then most writers here have been alive. This EP comes included with the fine magazine *Carbon 14*, issue 22. (JF)
(Carbon 14, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

EMPOWER
EXERCISING THE HUMAN SPIRIT
A BENEFIT COMPILATION FOR TORCH

V/A – "København I Ruiner" 2xEP

For someone not totally steeped in the hardcore scene (hey, in today's hectic go-go record collecting universe everyone's gotta specialize somewhat), I know I can always sit back and fold my hands behind my head when I see the Kick 'N Punch moniker on the back; everything's gonna be just right. Yup, this double 7" nails the early 80s sound again without sounding the least bit starchy or freeze-dried in that "determined-to carbon-copy" type of way. It forces this observation, that the early 80s sound was abandoned to trendiness before it was fully worked out. Today's bands will rectify the hasty errors of the past! Quickly: AMDI PETERSENS ARME, ABEST, GORILLA ANGREB, AKTIV DODSHJAELP, LOKUM, INCONTROLLADOS, NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, PARAGRAF 119, SLAVE, SNIPERS, URO, YOUNG WASTENERS…phew! There are some bands that do the thrash thing that I personally find "eh," but the obvious passion and talent for great songs shines through. Everybody's gonna be happy, since a garage-type who has *any* sympathy for the early 80s sound will dig this too. Hope they pressed at least a couple thousand this time… (RW)
(Kick 'N Punch, PO Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen, DENMARK, kicknpunch@wildmail.com)

V/A – "No Hesitation to Resist 2" EP

This here's a kick ass compilation EP of six crusty-as-fuck Japanese bands playing blown out distortion D-Beat Crust War Annihilation. PEACEFUL COLLAPSE, KÄMPFER, DISCRIPT, AGREE TO DIFFER, CRIMINAL, CxPxS. Fans of EXTREME NOISE TERROR to CONFUSE to ATROCIOUS MADNESS, etc. will hurt their ears playing this real loud. (WM)
(Forest, c/o Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica 2 #301, 2-1-37 Minami, Kokubunji, Tokyo 185-0021, JAPAN, okkahara@pop02.odn.ne.jp)

V/A – "A Reason for Living 2003" 3xLP

Holy shit! Here it is, the Holy Grail of current Japanese punk compilations. Check out this line-up: VIVISICK, HISATAKA, CURIOSO, EXCLAIM, FLAME, CONGA FURY, HURRICANE, SPEND 4, SCARECROW, the SPROUTS, FREAKS, CHAOTIX, NO THINK and REAL REGGAE. I probably don't need to men-

tion that I have only given you half of the band names on this compilation or that this is a triple LP. I will put this as simple as possible. If you are into the fastcore, thrashcore, blastcore (or whatever you want to call it) scene of Japan. Then you must track this record down and commence your listening party at once! (RC)
(Dan Doh, 2-1-26 Honmachi, Kochi-City, 780-0870 JAPAN)

V/A – "Six Steps to a Better You" CD

A tragic compilation, with six bands doing four songs each in a row. Sob, that's six 7" EPs that will never be born! As the label says, "Damn you to hell, George Bush, and your recession too!" Well, it sort of says that…anyway, the bands: NAZIS FROM MARS, PEELANDER-Z, LIPSTICK PICKUPS, BOBOT ADRENALINE, ZERO CONTENT, T(n)AP. The NAZIS are back with a curiously muted take on their frenetic techno-punk sound, PEELANDER-Z are a straight-wacko garage punker attack, PICKUPS are gurls with riffs to spare, BOBOT go for a Dangerhouse-type sound, ZERO are quick-n-weird in that lost early 80s *Red Spot* compilation way, and T(n)AP have an annoying name and a herky-jerky experimental rappin' garage take. A very solid comp with styles that clash 'n merge in just the right fashion. Buy. (RW)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3806, Fullerton, CA 92834)

V/A – "The Sound of San Francisco" CD

Wow. This is definitely not the sound of San Francisco I hear when I go out. But to each her own and in a city where everyone is in a band or two, you've got a lot to choose from. Included here are NAGG, COACHWHIPS, BOYSKOUT, BLACK CAT MUSIC, HOTWIRE TITANS, the AKTION, the FLAKES, LOW FLYING OWLS and more, representing garage, metal, new wave, indie rock, generic rock and roll. Some bands even get to include two songs. I guess this was compiled on that one mysterious day in San Francisco when all the bands broke up. (CK)
(Alive, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

V/A – "Town of Hardcore Fanzine" EP

Caution: This record is in serious jeopardy of selling out before you've even finished reading this review. I recommend you go straight to the bottom for the address and order it now. Are you done ordering it yet? Did you remember to add well-concealed cash? Good… Seriously folks, Steve did a really great job putting together a top-notch compilation that comes along with *Town of Hardcore #6*. Although I find myself in serious disagreement with some of Steve's rants, I have to admit that he puts out a pretty quality fanzine that covers a lot of music that I love. That same quality effort went into putting this record out, all the way from the retro cover art to the sick poster insert. And like his fanzines, he has once again aquired a pretty awesome line-up. How can you go wrong with bands like KNIFE FIGHT, VIOLENT MINDS, MENTAL, FUCKED UP, and THINK I CARE? The answer is you can't! That is unless you think hardcore is dead and that *Adam's Family*-core is all that is left. In that case, when you get this record in the mail send it back to Canada immediately. That way Steve can send it to someone with actual good taste in music. Limited to 500 with a guarantee that it will never be repressed on any format again, so what are you waiting for? (CC)
(Town of Hardcore, 1458 Reynolds Ave, Burlington, Ontario L7M 3B7 CANADA, lovethemusic_hatethekids@hotmail.com)

V/A – "Triple Shocks! Freaknoiseshow " LP

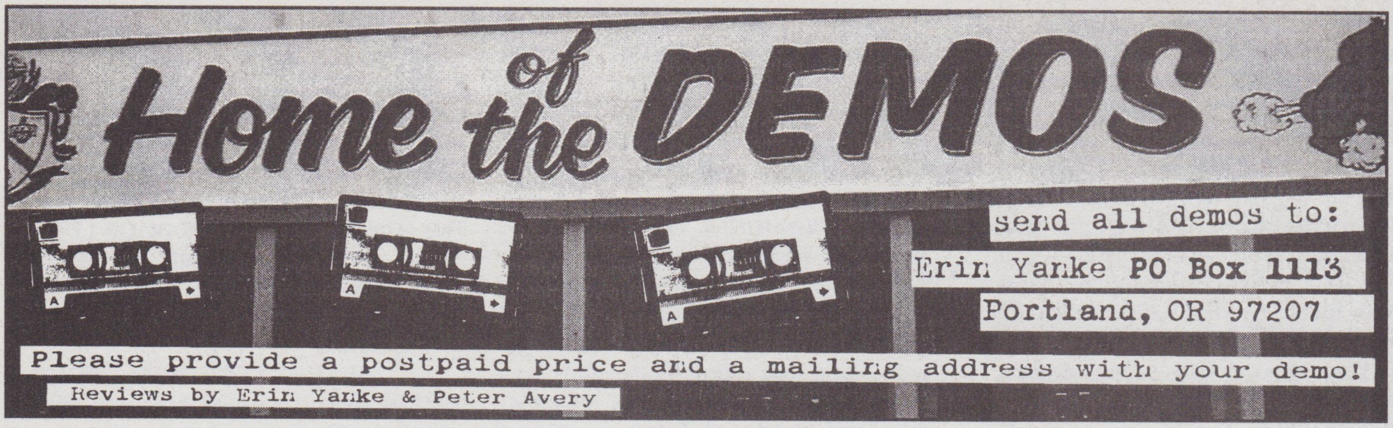
A three-way fuck fest shitstorm of noise, chaos, and grinding mayhem. You get ARSEDESTROYER, GORE BEYOND NECROPSY, and NIKUDOREI. Ouch. Long running loons ARSEDESTROYER from Sweden start off the madness with "10 Min of Shit." Crushing, blazing, shit noise grind, with the most absurd vocals imaginable. Japan's GORE BEYOND NECROPSY follow them with 15 tracks ("9 Hot Tunes" round out side A, followed by "6 Cool Numbers" to start off side B) of harsh shit noisecore of their own. "Gimmie Gimmie" says it all: "Clean modern sound gives me bore/ Gimmie gimmie harshit noisecore...stereotyped trash, need no more," or "Rockin' grindin' storm of noise / Mad fuzz smashes cock rock boys." Favorite song titles… "Cock 'n' Roll Damnation" and "Faecal Noise Holocaust 2002." Also from Japan, NIKUDOREI is an extremely harsh power electronics three-piece, with vocals, sax, drums, and tape manipulations. Their ten-plus-minute "Torture Session for Noise Feast" brings the LP to a close and is aptly titled, great, powerful, and painful stuff. Suitably ridiculous cover artwork and big colorful LP-sized booklet only make this record more essential to noise/grind freaks. (RR)
(Harshit, 837-6 Morinishi, Madano-City, Kanagawa 259-1331 JAPAN)

KØBENHAVN
I RUINER
#11
AKTIV DØDSHJÆLP
AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ
ASBEST
GORILLA ANGREB
INCONTROLLADOS
LOKUM
NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS
PARAGRAF 119
SLAVE
SNIPERS
URO
YOUNG WASTENERS

NO HESITATION TO RESIST 2

SIX STEPS TO A
BETTER YOU
Peelander-Z
Bobot Adrenaline
Zero Content
Be the
Person You
ALWAYS
KNEW You
Could Be!
For More
Information,
Listen!
GCC-D011

THE SOUND
of SAN FRANCISCO
HIGH FIDELITY
THE COACHWHIPS
BLACK CAT MUSIC
THE FLAKES
BOYSKOUT
THE AKTION
BIG MIDNIGHT
NAGG
THE HOLY KISS
HOTWIRE TITANS
TWO GALLANTS
YOUNG TRADE
LOW FLYING OWLS
MON FRERE



Home of the DEMOS

send all demos to:
Erin Yanke **PO Box 1113**
Portland, OR 97207

Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo!

Reviews by Erin Yanke & Peter Avery

THE A-SIDES have a catchy rock 'n' roll demo. The songs are similar to the poppy mid-period BEATLES tunes. In punk reference that would be something like a mix between THE HI-FIVES and THE HIVES (or any one of your pick of new Northern Euro bands). Again, very catchy stuff. (5 song CD, no lyrics, 4400 Walnut St., Apt. 5, Philadelphia, PA 19104, www.a-sides.net) (Peter)

BLUDWULF plays lurchy hardcore which is driving even at midtempo, but mostly they're classic hardcore paced, with MOTORHEAD-like guitar moments bleeding through. The vocals are kind of spoken/ranted style, but also sound like they've got effects on them. (4-song cassette, lyrics included. 16432 Phillips Rd., Holley, NY 14470.) (Erin)

BREAD AND ROSES sound something like the BANANAS meets STRAWMAN meets something Cometbus. It's sort of folksy political punk with a twangy amateur pop feel, but it is still aggressive with an almost hardcore edge at times. Now that we are all confused, I can say that the songs are fairly catchy but a bit too long, and have too many attempted hooks. The rough vocals and slightly sloppy playing work well with the minimalist recording. The Irish folk song could have been left out. (4-song CD, with lyrics, 22 Mansfield St., Allston, MA 02134, bostonruin@yahoo.com) (Peter)

COJOBA has less of a demo and more of what I believe to be a compilation of previously released stuff. It's pretty straightforward aggressive punk, but with a drum machine. Then again, I would have never really guessed that it was a drum machine had it not said so in the booklet. Most of the songs sound pretty much the same. It's three-chord, up-tempo, early-80s style punk. The reference that I want to make to X probably only comes from the fact that they have a female vocalist. Their newer stuff is by far the better. (26-song CD, with lyrics, Taina, Calle 7 C-19, Metropolis, Carolina, Puerto Rico 00987) (Peter)

THE CRIMSON SPECTRE is another East Coast thrashy hardcore band. They do play the stuff pretty well. There is some catchy guitar work, a fair amount of hooks, and solid drumming. I guess that it is similar to something like NEIL PERRY. The recording quality is good for a demo. (7-song CD, with lyrics, PO Box 10093, Greensboro, NC 27404, www.slavemagazine.com/crimsonspectre) (Peter)

THE CUT-OFFS sound like a bar band whose main influences fluctuate between a second-generation oi and 3-chord QUEERS style. The vocals follow the styles of the music, mildly angry to snotty. (11-song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 123, Schwenksville, PA 19426.) (Erin)

DAMN RIGHT plays sort of crusty grind stuff. The musicianship is pretty weak here. Everything sounds kind of rigid. All power chords with basic song structures. The vocals are pretty harsh though. They have the mandatory high-pitched screamer and a low growler. (7-song CD, no lyrics, no place to call home, corneliaglamour@hotmail.com) (Peter)

DEFACE are part of the new renaissance of the classic hardcore sound, Midwest style, which means without the tough guy trappings of the Northeast, and with more going on than just straight ahead blazing. Fast music, good loud guitars that hook you with some secret ingredient, fronted with a yelling guy—good stuff. And it's a minute and a half long. ($1 ppd. 3-song CD, no lyrics included (although they say they did, so I think they just forgot). 713 E. 13th Ave. Ct., Coal Valley, IL 61240.) (Erin)

DESOLATION play great hardcore that has nothing melodic about it, but it still totally moves me in that jumping around with your friends, furiously shaking your head and fists sort of way. That's the feeling, while the sound is modern dark guitar driven, with a hard-hitting drummer, and a singer that shouts from deep down in the lungs. Some slow bits, but those only emphasize the darkness. So good! ($2 ppd. 8-song cassette, lyrics included. 585 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117.) (Erin)

FAR FROM PARADISE plays punk with a hint of 80s metal rock. Most of the songs are up-tempo, some going as far as blast beats. The drummer also likes his double bass. The guitars are pretty straight up but they do enough wanking to make it a bit interesting. The vocals are forcibly sung and there are a few too many back up woos. They cover MINOR THREAT and throw in a couple of live tracks. (12-song CD, no lyrics, no nothing) (Peter)

FECES FOR WARPAINT plays messy, thrashy hardcore. At times you can't even make out what is going on due to the messy nature and poor recording quality. Otherwise it's pretty good, thrash (in a heavy and dark way) with just enough metal style wanking to keep it interesting. Again recording quality hurts. (8-song CD, with lyrics, 1804 Spring Garden St., Greensboro, NC 27403, buildingstodust@yahoo.com) (Peter)

GLEE CLUB has their demos, plus some live stuff released on a CDR here. Yea, I guess this is the same band that was on the *There's a Faggot in the Pit* comp. Most of these songs sound similar to MINOR THREAT, Others are covers of bands like THE CLASH, DYS, and BAD BRAINS and most sound very little like the poppy East Bay sound found on the GLEE CLUB records. If you remember this band, then the CD is a pretty interesting listen. (11-song CD, no lyrics, $4 ppd., Twoguysdancinrecords, 317 17th Ave. East, Apt. E, Seattle, WA 98112) (Peter)

THE INFERTIL has a CD of songs that are at least six years old, and for some reason they were not too embarrassed to release them on CD. I guess that they also were not too embarrassed to stick pictures of themselves flashing gang signs and wearing full camo gear. Anyway, the songs are pretty basic, early 80s style hardcore tunes. It has a sort of youth crew feel to it. There is bad cover of "Mary and Child," and a song that breaks down into a crummy BEASTIE BOYS style rap tune. (10-song CD, w/lyrics, Handstand' Records, PO Box 16281, Alexandria, VA 22302, www.handstandrecords.com) (Peter)

IRON BITCHFACE play drum machine-driven, midpaced grindcore, with the high-pitched screaming guy and the low down growler guy. They mix it up a little with synthesizer intros, and go for a more gothic sensibility, but those are just moments in-between. ($5 US, $6 World. 19 song CD, no lyrics included. 11 Spring Hill Place, Kitchener, Ont, N2E 2T2, Canada.) (Erin)

IRON BITCHFACE also has a split this month with FUCK THE FACTS. IB is reviewed above, and FTF play a more metal influenced hardcore, on these 4 songs that were recorded live. The fast parts are more brutal, and the breaks are not sad, just slight pauses between the brutality. ($5 US, $6 World. 10-song CD, no lyrics included. 11 Spring Hill Place, Kitchener, Ont, N2E 2T2, Canada.) (Erin)

IT'LL GROW BACK have a total DEAD KENNEDY'S thing going on, from catchy almost surf guitar bits thrown in, to a great driving rhythm section, to the vocalist with the strange voice propelling it from good times music to something darker. These guys qualify as younger cousins, at least, and maybe sons if I could tell if the lyrics were in the same vein. ($2 ppd. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. P. O. Box 824, Tulare, CA 93275.) (Erin)

Kitchener Domination's comp ***R U READY 4 THE HELICOPTER*** starts off great with a good, catchy, 60s rockin' band, THE CANIDATES, and then goes off in a direction that isn't maximum rock and roll, as they say. As for the punk parts of the comp, like THE FATHOMS are pop punk with snotty vocals, and wo-wo-wo action. EMPIRE DOWN is the fastest and most driving band, kind of like Southern California energy and melody and Arizona trippy bands mixed together. FERVID WHISPER has a later REPLACEMENTS feel, rockin' music but a sort of restrained and a moody front guy, THE CHARGE is part of the rock-a-roll that's just a little faster because of their exposure to punk. ($2 ppd., US. $3 World. 16 songs, no lyrics included. 11 Spring Hill Place, Kitchener, Ont, N2E 2T2, Canada.) (Erin)

MADISON BLOODBATH is an East Bay smorgasbord, with the first song sung in an "I just swallowed glass before the show" a la Jake Filth, the second song being in the punchy and later AMERICAN STEEL style, the third song having a funny mix of MONSULA and FUEL, and wrapping it up with a PINHEAD GUNPOWDER cover. They also included a second demo with 3 more songs, which continues the theme. I like the mix of a pinch and a titch from here and there, but is that because it's my past? Not enough else going on to drive me off memory lane. (4-song CD, some lyrics. 1729 Vasili Ln., Beaumont, CA 92223.) (Erin)

OMER AND THE LESBIANS are less outright hilarious these days (although the lyrics are still totally funny), and getting artier as the demos keep coming in. The songs are slower, and they sing together a lot, with just a simple keyboard accompaniment for the most part. ($3 ppd.18-song CD, lyrics included. 315 Larch St., Scranton, PA 18509-2811.) (Erin)

THE PSYCHOVILLE SLASHERS sound pretty much as the name would have you expect. For the most part it sounds like THE RAMONES playing rockabilly with rough vocals. They do have one song that is a bit more straight-up rockabilly. Anyway the songs are pretty catchy and played fairly well. Not many bands can get away with a song called "Gothic Sluts from Mars". (5-song CD, no lyrics, www.psychoville666.tripod.com) (Peter)

THE QUIRKS are equal parts pop punk, indie rock pop, and showtunes. The classic pop sensibilities of musicals (the storytelling part of the musicals, where they sum up all the background in one song) is what I'm referring to with that. It's pretty clean, and pretty slow, but these songs all go somewhere and tell you a full story along the way. (4-song CD, no lyrics included. 5110 Bakman St. #7, North Hollywood, CA 91601.) (Erin)

I finally got my **SAVAGE LUCY** demo back from Scott, and it's been playing all the time here. My apologies to the band for it taking so long, but we are total fans. Anyway, it's got a 1-2 drumbeat and a crisp guitar sound, which in certain moments sound like CRASS, but it's 3-chord punk, too. They've got guitar sounds that totally rock, in that way that people lose when their talent overtakes their energy. The vocals are more sassy than snotty, and they help propel the music ever forward, and make the songs great. Most of the songs are at what Scott calls a "Pogorific" pace, and I hate to say it, but the fact that they're girls in their early teens makes me so happy. Please get this right now. (9 song CD, no lyrics included. 804 E. Tacoma St., Ellensburg, WA 98926.) (Erin)

SCRATCHING THE SURFACE has two really long songs on their demo. The bass player sounds like he's trying out for PRIMUS, especially on the long parts that have no guitar. The drums are pretty straightforward punk and the vocalist is doing the screamo thing. (2-song CD, no lyrics, Tattoo Artistry, 708 East 9th St., Tucson, AZ 85719) (Peter)

SECRET SERVICE has a four-song CD that sounds like BRAID meets 12 HOUR TURN. Parts of the songs have a mid-tempo and screamy but still catchy feel. Then at other times, the vocalist tries to sing, and not only does he end up sounding like the guy from BRAID, but the music goes into this pop-emo-but-still-trying-to-be-hardcore thing, much like the early BRAID stuff. It could be good. (4-song CD, w/lyrics, www.mediatech.net/secretservice) (Peter)

SIGNAL LOST play dark mid-paced melodic hardcore with a pinch of BURNING KITCHEN added in. Most of the melody is coming from the vocalist, who sings like the woman from VOMIT LAUNCH on their hardcore songs. There's a pissed off guy yelling back up vocals, too. This is totally great, and if SAVAGE LUCY weren't reviewed this month, it'd be my favorite. ($3 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyrics included. 2000 Lightsey #6, Austin, TX 78704.) (Erin)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FOUR play basic, almost pop punk, at an easy going pace, the guitars going along nicely, with a vocalist that sounds like a mix between Rodney Anonymous (THE DEAD MILKMEN) for the tone, and the spoken cadence, and someone like Tony from THE RIFFS, for the way it sits with the music. There are also back up wo-wo-wo's going on, all over the place. (4-song CD, no lyrics included. 43-15 20th Road, Astoria, NY 11105.) (Erin)

THE TASTE OF BLOOD plays grinding metal hardcore. It's really more metal than hardcore. I don't see the "math" elements that claim to be in the songs. I guess they are going for something in the vein of DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN but I'm not so sure they got there. It is pretty brutal and it is played pretty well, but the toms sound funny. (4-song CD, w/lyrics, thetasteofblood.cjb.net) (Peter)

THE TIE REDS play something like the RAMONES meets early BEACH BOYS meets the STONES. So it's basically up-tempo pop songs with a slightly aggressive edge. Another band trying to cash in on the fact that THE STROKES made it big. It's fairly catchy but it really just amounts to a bit more polished version of THE NE'ER DO WELLS. (13-song CD, no lyrics, tiereds@yahoo.com) (Peter)

VOLCANO VULTURES is a midtempo and maybe one-man rock band, where the vocals, crooning and singing, carry the most importance in the mix. There's a keyboard presence, too, and clap tracks occasionally. ($1 ppd. 5 song cassette, no lyrics included. 52 Strickland Lane, Ardmore, TN 38449.) (Erin)

WE THE PEOPLE play midtempo and good tough regular ol' punk rock. There's a pinch of old hardcore in here, but not enough to be derivative. The vocals are smokers throat half singing and half yelling at you to get off your ass. Great. ($3 ppd. 7 song CD, lyrics included. 923 Westcott St., Syracuse, NY 13210.) (Erin)

THE WHOLE SICK CREW plays traditional sounding pirate music (and I'm not talking about pirate *punx*; envision the soundtrack to the ride at Disneyland) and has a snotty vocalist with a fake British accent. (8-song CD, with lyrics, wholesickcrew@hotmail.com) (Peter)

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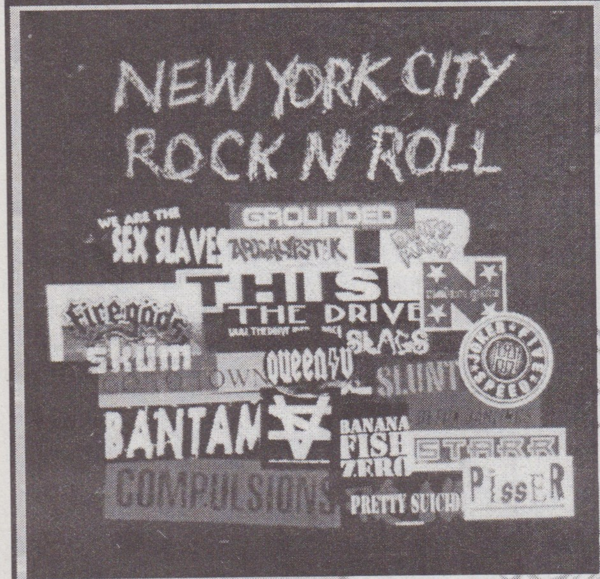
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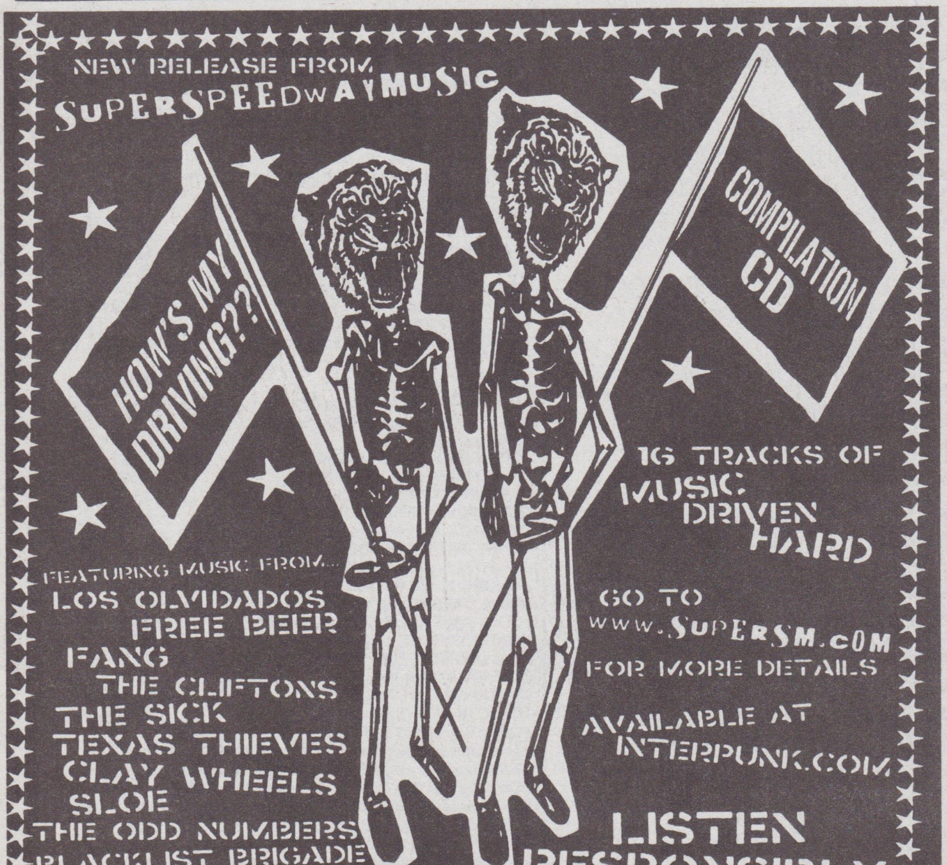
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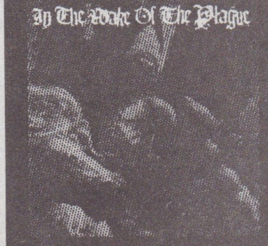
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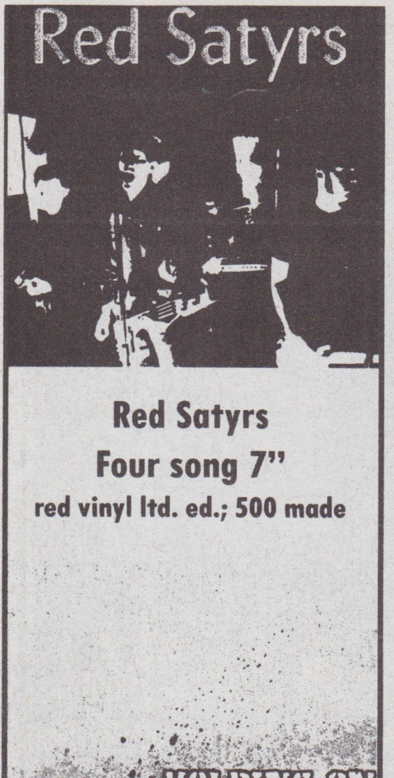

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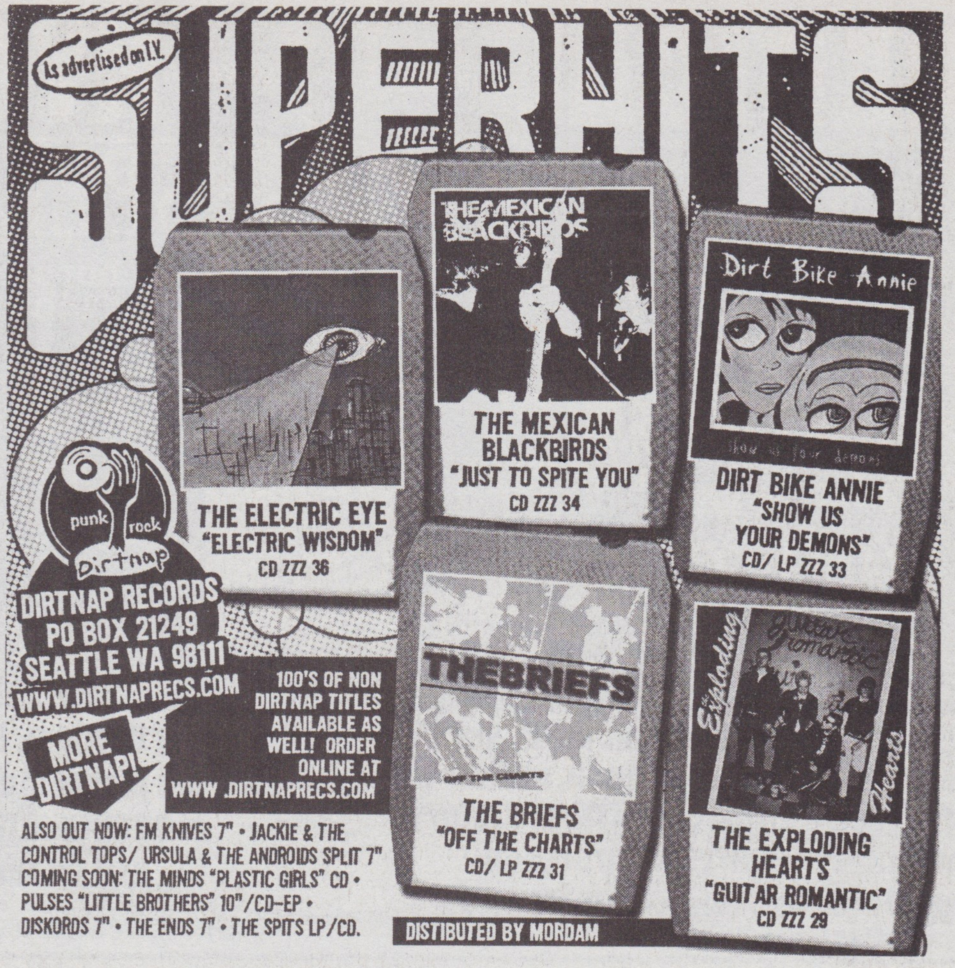

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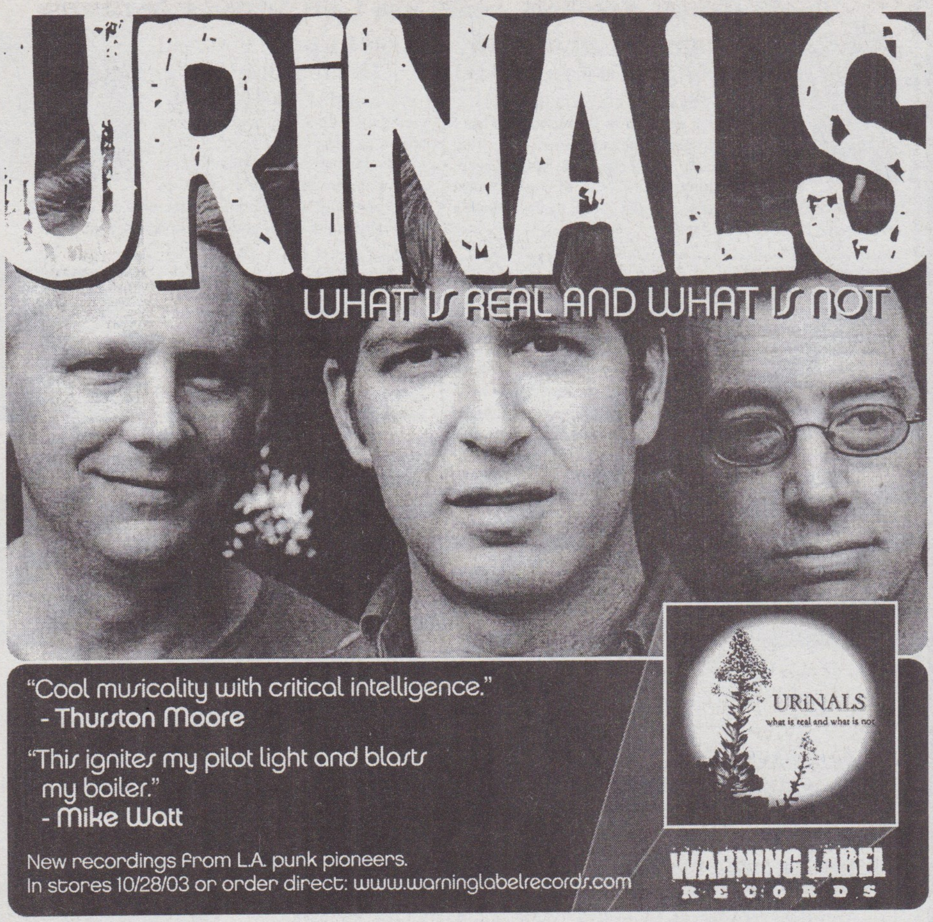

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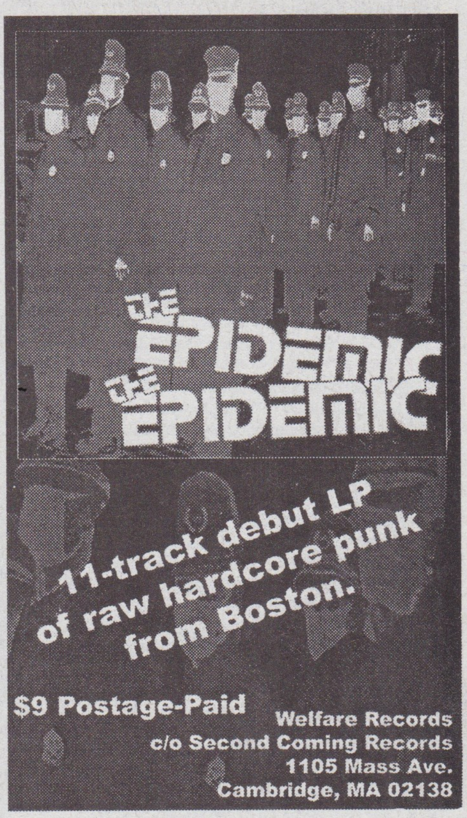

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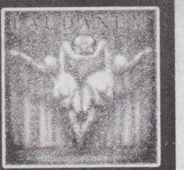

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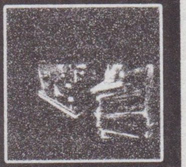

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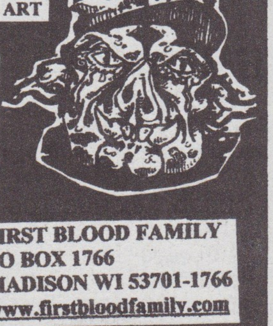

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AGITATE #2 / $1
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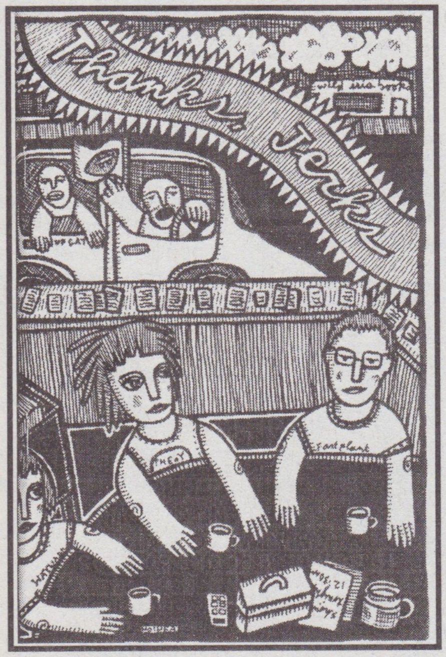
This is a short anarchist info-sharing resource with lots of contacts and events happening in the UK. There are reviews of zines and music, but this zine's strength is its focus on local activism, merging the punk and the political through collectives, civil disobedience, shows, an anarchist library, and events. (MD)

Chris / Agitate / Flat 5 / 7 Westgate / Shipley / BD18 3QX UK

AMERICA? #11: "Thanks Jerks" / $3
5.5 x 8 - copied - 100 pgs

"Thanks Jerks" is a collection of 23 short interviews with volunteers at Wayward Council, Gainesville's collectively run record store and creative space. Each volunteer, illustrated by a Polaroid, answered the same set of questions, here: about their own history with the 5-year-old space, about the viability of decision-making processes past-present-future, and about sexism at the space, an ongoing concern which has several times erupted and divided the volunteers. These folks range from teenage punks just starting at the store, to founding members whose initial passionate involvement has left them feeling somewhat estranged. The progression of these voices reveals the underlying stories and ties between people and the space, as each narrative offers another detail, another nuance of opinion. Those of us who have thrown our lot in with a project or space with other imperfect, untrained people, learning to smooth things over or battle things out, will recognize the particular joys and heartbreaks referred to in *"Thanks Jerks."* It's these infrastructure projects, especially, that tend to get taken for granted, and it's important to pay attention while they're still around (I remember the eager but sad reception of Gordon's *Epi-logue: the Zine of Epicenter's Demise).* The volunteers at Wayward Council have a good chance of side-stepping that end, by facing up to the problems while there's still time to fix them, and by taking some time to cherish what they've built. Travis's voice in *America?* is always a rare combination of groundedness and searching—I'm especially impressed that he's been able to pass that feeling on through other people's voices and lives. Thanks, all you jerks! (AC)

Travis Fristoe / PO Box 13077 / Gainesville, FL 32604-1077



APROVECHO #? / Free?
8.5 x 11 - copied - 67 pgs

Aprovecho is a collective of people from many different states that put out this amazing "how to" on a lot of topics I would have never considered researching. This isn't your typical DIY zine with regurgitated patterns for making pads or using gray water—this is substance. This zine throws you an introduction to permaculture, how to make a compost bin, how to make hard cider, and how to make your own glue, just to name a few. This zine totally rules. I am really excited about making an origami sun. (MF)

Aprovecho Research Center / 80574 Hazelton Rd. / Cottage Grove, OR 97424
Dontdoit@ziplip.com

BAFFLER #16 / $7.50
7 x 10 - printed - 96 pgs

The radical journal best known for spawning Thomas Frank (or for being the spawn thereof) is back with another issue crammed with well written, thoughtful essays of political and cultural criticism for the post-Marxist, post-punk set. (And as ever, the graphic design remains more minimal than the *Maximumrocknroll* column section.) In this issue's opening salvo, Frank dissects the popular rise of the far right pundit (Michael Savage and Ann Coulter, to name a familiar few) and the continuing culture wars. Examining the ways in which these authors produce a class-based politics without economics, Frank offers a compelling analysis of the popularization of right-wing ideologies. Other contributors ponder the life and times of Henry Louis Mencken, Chicagoan racial profiling, the crap-tacular work of best-selling author James Patterson, New Labour and British architecture, the death of *Red Herring* and the New Economy, "wise-use" environmentalism, and much more. Despite the sleep-inducing design (what is with the 19th century clip art?), it's a good smart read.
(MN)

PO Box 378293 / Chicago, IL 60637
thebaffler.com

BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS THE POISONED FOOD - #1 / $2 / trade (email first!)
6 x 8 - copied - 52 pgs

Wow, what a monster of a first issue. Well done interviews with Vitamin X, Severed Head of State, Bastard Youth, and an especially interesting interview with the main force behind the Hope Collective and recent author of the book *Document* about everything from the history of DIY punk in Dublin to experiences raising your kid vegan. Tons of well constructed political writings, reviews, and a manically chaotic but clean cut and paste layout make this a zine to be on the outlook for—a fine debut. (MT)

45 Beech Hill Dr / Donnybrook / Dublin 4 / Ireland
thrashfiend@hotmail.com

BLACK LUNG #10 / $2
11 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs - French

This punk zine carries interviews with the bands Reagan SS, Infect, Sick Terror, and 39 Francs Le Kilo. There are some pretty interesting columns and lots of new record reviews. There are also plenty of band photos, and drawings of highflying skaters. If you want, Alex who puts out this zine would like to trade his zine for yours. (HH)

Alex Simon / 57 Av Du Gae Morand / 91600 Savigny / Orge / France
blacklung77@hotmail.com

CHUMPIRE #162: two stamps or trade / #163: one stamp or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied –14 pgs and 18 pgs
Chumpire is a short entry, diary-like zine that's been going strong for 13 years. #162 is more detailed than usual, detailing the author's trip to Argentina soon after that country's economic collapse. He hangs out with punks and their families, travels a bit, and contrasts what he sees with the last time he visited. #163 highlights a documentary called *Jim in Bold* about queer teens throughout Canada and the US, and a Troegs brewery tour. (GZ)
PO Box 27 / Annville, PA 17003-0027
Chumpire@hotmail.com

CLASS WAR #85 / $?
12 x 18 - printed - 16 pgs
It's hard to know what to say about a zine that's been around for what, 15 years? The granddaddy of tabloid anarchism (I mean that in the best possible way) that proclaims itself "Working Class and Proud." News briefs, photos, bash and trash reviews and short essays make up every issue of *Class War.* There's more humor in this zine than in 20 other graphically similar anarchist rags, even if I lack context, as an American, to understand half the jokes. (GZ)
PO Box 6 / Crigglestone / Wakefield / WF4 3WX UK
Classwaruk@hotmail.com

CULTOR SORE #15 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
Lots of writing of small town life, personal stuff, moving, relationships...you know, the word "crossroads" comes up a few times in this. The editor is also starting a publishing company and there's an excerpt from a forthcoming book that featured some decent writing. Add to that lots of reviews: books, zines, and music (lots of hardcore, some indie and pop punk)—it's sort of your average per-zine, but not bad. (MD)
PO Box 68711 / Virginia Beach, VA 23471
sorezine@aol.com

DOLL #195 / ?
10.5 x 7 - printed - a lot pgs
A glossy style Japanese music magazine. I guess Doll has been around for a while, but I wouldn't really know since I don't speak Japanese. What I do know is that this issue features Blondie, The Living End, SxOxB, and more. Also, it seems that *Doll* has been reprinting interviews and such from MRR for quite some time. Cool. So if you're into punk rock and you're Japanese or you can read Japanese, then this might be of interest to you. (BD)
Hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp / Fax. 03-3339-1994

DUNK AND PISS #1–10 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 66 pgs
Although the cover of this zine clearly states "The First 10 Issues," what you are really getting are issues 5-10. With false advertising aside, *Dunk and Piss* really pulls through as a thoroughly interesting read. A cut and paste compilation of writings that range from a community service job from hell taking place at a Christian community center, to his girlfriend taking him to prom and making the school newspaper. This zine is comedy. Alex is an excellent writer with a lot of potential. (MF)
Alex / 11 Alger Dr / Rochester, NY 14624

bLACk LUNG
(diy HARdCOREPUNKZINE)
(NUMÉRO 10 - été 2003)
(1,5 EUROS OU ÉCHANGE)
INFECT
39 Francs Le Kilo
Sick Terror
REAGAN SS
...colonnes,
chroniques...

EARQUAKE #82 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 24 pgs - French
This long-running zine includes interviews with The Gee Strings and Nasum. The rest of the pages are devoted to zine and record reviews. The cover is totally cool. This zine is a great place to get your monthly dose of ass-kicking French punk rock. (HH)
Frederic Leca / 55 rue St Jean / 88300 Neufchateau / France
earquake@antisocial.com

FAST FOR SPEED FREAKS #4 / 350 Yen
5.5 x 8.5 - offset - 56 pgs.
Bein' that this issue of *Fast for Speed Freaks* (their fourth) is aimed at an audience composed of native readers and speakers of Japanese, there's not a lot that I can say about its written content. It's a beautiful-looking little number, with lots of high-contrast imagery and solid blacks that melt in your mouth and not in your hand. Another wedge between *Fast For* and myself is that it's dedicated to the kind of dead-serious hardcore noise that I can appreciate live but rarely want to read about no matter what language it's written in. The kids'll love it, though. Features interviews with hairy tough-guys Skitsystem, Guillotine Terror, Slaughter, Wolfbrigade, Bathtub Shitter, Disgust, and Swarrrm. It's a lovely piece of printed art, all the same. (JH)
F-Factory / 2-31-7-103 Shimoyugi / Hachioji-Shi / Tokyo
192-0372 / Japan

DUNK AND PISS
THE FIRST TEN ISSUES!
$1 in person
$2 by mail

FOR THE REEL Fall 2003 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 18 pgs
There is a reason that I usually do not review poetry zines. They are invisible to me. I mean they actually have the amazing physical property of not reflecting light to my eyes. Therefore they do not exist. Otherwise I would have to actually process the horror that could produce text like "*I dream of living up to being the city of Good Neighbors. I dream of people who will stand up against all that is negative and say Yes we Can!*" Clearly that is impossible. Mr. Rogers did not rise from the dead and create a poetry zine. They do not exist. We are safe now. (AR)
PO Box 114 / Bowmansville, NY 14026-0114

GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #7 / $1 / $3 world
8.5 x 11 - copied - 10 pgs
Much maligned and griped-about on punk rock internet message boards, Stuart Arsehole returns to annoy the piss out of the many punks who simply just don't "get it." Yeah there are moments of over-intellectualization—like his deconstruction of 80s UK punk rock—that some might find intimidating. And there are moments of record geekism—like Stuart's discussion of the best punk guitar sounds of all time. In this article he discusses records few punks will ever hear or see (but really, Stuart, what about The Rings' "I Wanna Be Free?") which can lead one to believe that he is nothing more than one of those pretentious assholes that Poison Idea spoke of. However, all feelings of revilement or aggravation with his smarty-pants attitude are melted away upon absorbing the touching tribute to the now sadly deceased members of the Exploding Hearts. It's here that his thick layers of sarcasm and New Jersey attitude are ripped away, baring instead his core passion and deep sense of connection to this insane community called punk rock. I really can't recommend *Game Of The Arseholes* enough. Sure there are moments when it will piss you off, but more than anything you might learn something. Punk zines should make you react in some way, just like punk music, if it inspires no reaction then what's the fucking

point? Top notch as usual, and an example of what a punk zine can be. (MT)
PO Box 511 / Whippany, NJ 07981-0511

GREEN ANARCHY #14 / $3
11 x 17 - printed - 36 pgs
I am not unbiased in this review (not that I ever am) since I am a contributor to *GA,* apply a grain of salt to this review if you wish. This is the best *GA* yet! Specifically, the layout of what could otherwise be a muddy, text-heavy, newsprint magazine brings the content into its best light. A few of this issues highlights includes a lengthy article by Zerzan about globalization (con), an analysis of the Break the Chains conference that was held in Eugene, a highly-critical-of-*GA* piece titled "The Ideology of Collapse," a Freddy Perlman reprint and book review, a controversial essay about "primitive" revolt against the rise of civilization, and the usual news stories about ELF actions, prisoners, and my favorite, animals on the offensive. The insert of this issue features an introduction to the anti-civilization critique that is interesting because it actually explicates the anthropological ideology from the anarchist politics. While it clearly has an agenda, its argument style is far less combative than other primers that have come out of the *GA* camp. (AR)
PO Box 11331, Eugene OR 977440

Tout doit disparaître...
FARQUAKE
n°82, rentrée 2003
3 timbres par courrier
iT'S a
CoMpetiTivE—WOrLd
EveRyThinG CoMes in LArGE
amOuNtS

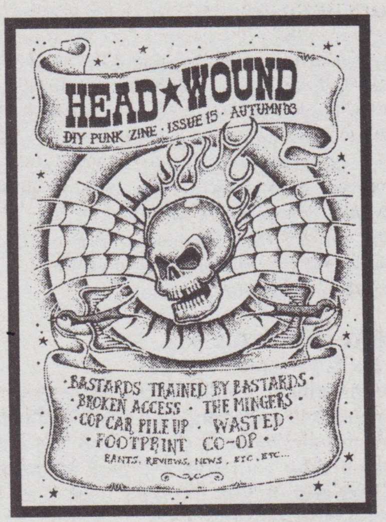
HEADWOUND #15 / Autumn '03 / $2 or trade
8 x 12 - copied - 28 pgs
A couple of fucking troublemakers from England. I imagine them with gluesticks in hand, laying out the zine *while moshing*, it's that punk. Really, it's good to read a music-oriented zine with personality—theirs is abrasive, but not in some cookie-cutter "anti-PC" bullshit type of way. They have "good" politics, it's just, they don't mince words. They'll tear up your heartfelt, sincere zine or record and spit it out—I mean, *gob* it out. In this issue they interview Wasted, Cop Car Pile Up, the Mingers, Bastards Trained By Bastards, and Broken Access, and review tons of records and zines. Little rants and raves are interspersed in the layout here and there. I only wish they actually would stick to the gluestick and x-acto blades, because the layout works, but the pixelated computer graphics suck. They're also working on a benefit CD for Rape Crisis—it's punk and costs $8 ppd. (AC)
Headwound c/o 145-149 Cardigan Rd, Leeds, LS6 1LJ England
headwound@punktured.fsnet.co.uk

HERE IT IS #1 / $1
8.5 x 7 - copied - 24 pgs
Maybe it's the fact that I'm terribly hung over, but I was reading this collection of comics on the bus, totally running late as usual, and I couldn't stop laughing. It's hard to skip fare on Muni when you have green hair and you're laughing like a crazy person. No one seemed to mind however, except for a couple of tourists. This is a cute zine. Cute cute cute. Sort of personal dialogue, but in the form of cartoons. Very honest, but not emo or taking itself too seriously. I can relate to it, and that's why I found it so funny. You can probably relate to it too. (BD)
Erin / 1102 W 6th St / Bloomington, IN 47404

HIGH ON THE POT! #1 / $1
4.25 x 2 - copied - 16 pgs
I should have listened to my friend who told me to do a zine based on crap and toilet paper. It would've been great, but alas, Intense Andy has taken up the challenge before me and preformed mightily. This debut issue covers some of the sticky subject associated with toilet time. He devotes a good amount of space to the reviews of different toilet paper, before concluding that Seventh Generation is the finest for your poop shoot, a conclusion that I readily agree with. Also included is an interview with an Australian toilet, and a few crappy anecdotes. C'mon, you know it's funny! (CR)
PO Box 10223 / Pittsburgh, PA 15232
ia@intenseyouth.com

HOT MILK #1 / $2
7 x 8.5 - copied - 22 pgs
Yet another fine Canadian zine. The standard here is interviews: the A-Team, In Dying Days, Jeffx of QCHC.com, Cursed, Dave Boucher—even the requisite zine intro is formatted as an interview with the editor (clever!). The questions are interesting and the layout is good and simple, although some might say it gets a little boring. The subjects of the interviews, on the other hand, aren't really my kind of bands… But that doesn't mean they aren't yours. A good first effort. (CJ)
1157 Avenue Van Horne / Montreal, PQ / H2V 1K1 / Canada

HOW'S TRIXXX? #1 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a zine by a sex worker and street musician. Articles on the historical value of prostitution, the St. James Infirmary, interview with a "Gun Street Girl" burlesque dancer and her ex-band Kittenwhip. Pieces on her best pro-dom session of the month and sex work fiction were particularly good. The only thing I'd say is that I'd love to read more about being a street musician too, a little compare and contrast about two different underground economies would be really unique. (GZ)
dburdflew@hotmail.com


HEAD★WOUND
DIY PUNK ZINE · ISSUE 15 · AUTUMN 03
BASTARDS TRAINED BY BASTARDS ·
BROKEN ACCESS · THE MINGERS ·
COP CAR PILE UP · WASTED ·
FOOTPRINT CO-OP ·
RANTS, REVIEWS, NEWS, ETC, ETC...

IN YOUR ROOM #3 / $2
5.5 x 7 - copied - 60 pgs
It's nice to see girls finally taking over the emo-zine scene, so there's lots on crushes, traveling, playing shows, and the editor strongly defining herself as "working class." Then there's the descent into punk-intellectualism (liberal colleges = the worst thing to happen to punk rock), with a description of the riot grrl class Serene taught, a "dumbing down" of postmodernity for those of us who didn't graduate from college, and a deconstruction of Eminem. She frequently refers to her college (as if a bit embarrassed) as a "hippie college" but talks the talk throughout. Now, perhaps I am being a bit harsh, and overall it had a lot of interesting things to say. Even though it's not really my cup of tea, fans of personal writing and collegiate aspirations may enjoy. (MD)
PO Box 1514 / Bellingham, WA 98227
serene@yourheartbreaks.com

IN YOUR ROOM #6 / $4
5.5 x 4.25 - copied - 64 pgs
Nice handscreened cover, and it comes with a CD-R of music from the Pacific Northwest—good deal! This is an enjoyable tour story, and Serene actually watched the bands that they played with, so there are great descriptions of events, people and music. There are lots of cute graphics and photos, and overall it was a good read—the daily diary captures both the excitement and fun and also the drudgery and hangovers of touring. (MD)
PO Box 1514 / Bellingham, WA 98227
serene@yourheartbreaks.com

JESSICA OF THE SCHOOLYARD #2-10 / $4
4.25 x 5.5 - printed - 10 pgs each
I never really know which comics should get reviewed here, but for some reason I thought these ones might be OK. Each little ten-page issue contains the brief and violent adventures of Jessica of the schoolyard. Her adventures consist of beating up other students, chopping off arms and legs, and generally just being a little shit in a Catholic schoolgirl uniform. If that's enough for you, then enjoy it; for me…I'll pass. (CR)
The Comic Book Factory / PO Box 105278 / Aukland City, New Zealand 1030
www.comicbookfactory.net

KING CAT COMIX #62 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Long-running comic about everyday life. Simple and endearing pen and ink drawings are the strong point of this zine. It's a zine that makes you stop and look at the little things and ponder them for a bit. Can you call a zine relaxing? (GZ)
Spit and a Half / PO Box 300367 / Denver, CO 80203
www.king-cat.net

THE LITTLE BLACK STAR #29 / one stamp
5 x 10 - copied - 4 pgs
Well I never sent *LBS* any money, and you didn't either, so in April it went out of business. But the editor loves putting it out, so here it is again. I'm grateful, being a sucker for headlines such as "Iraqis and US Troops Share Hate for Rumsfeld." Most of this small newszine is dedicated to events in Iraq, but there are also some reprints from the ELF webpage and reports of ELF actions. (JM)
PO Box 197 / Lewisburg, PA 17837
www.littleblackstar.com

LITTLE BLACK STAR #30 / one stamp
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 4 pgs
This is (as my partner described) a cute little newsletter from PA. While ostensibly it has an anarchist sensibility, it seems more married to an Indymedia type sensibility. Stories about Wesley Clark not being antiwar (really, a former general is not antiwar?!), the government being fucked up to its own soldiers, Afghani weddings, and you, if you publicly criticize it. Pretty lightweight, but a good read over a bowl of breakfast cereal. (AR)
PO Box 197, Lewisburg, PA 17837

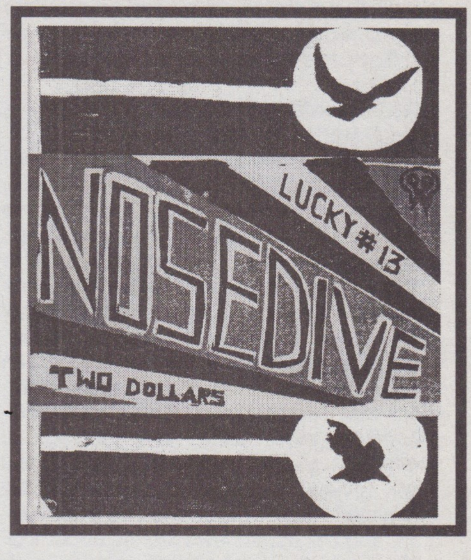
LONELY SQUIRREL ZINE #1 / free
11 x 17 - copied - 2 pgs
I can't tell if this is the zine or an ad for it. There are all these good quotes about punks and politics in the 80s (by Vic Bondi) and but the *real* content is kinda academically vague and brief. My feelings are that if I were to write the editor, I'd ask for some copies of the original *Squirrel Zine* that he did with he and his friends a while back that inspired this solo mission. This zine is pretty and all, but I'm still waiting for the punch line.(JB)
lonelysquirrelzine@hotmail.com

MEDIA READER #7 $1
12 x 18 - printed - 28 pgs
Pay attention—this zine is really good. Big newsprint zine with graphics that make you want to read it and never get in the way of the content. Almost unheard of in the world of zines, the interviewers ask the interviewees (Jessica Hopper, John Yates, Kathy Kelly, Derrick Jensen) smart, interesting questions that I want to know the answers to. Lots of album reviews too. This is just all-around smart and well executed and I recommend it. (GZ)
Stickfigure Distro / PO Box 55462 / Atlanta, GA 30308
Info@mediareader.org

MELTDOWN #4 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 52 pgs
The most inspiring thing about this issue of *Meltdown* is the account that Ben makes of the historic, and often unbelievable and scandalous suicides off the Golden Gate Bridge. It makes me want to go find out all the parts that he left out. In the usual letting-you-in-on-his-secret voice, he reminds you to make use of the library you are always meaning to go to. I'm sitting there with him on the top floor in the history room right now, where they look at us a little shifty 'cause we smell, and then they win donuts because they don't make us wear gloves, but they do take away our backpacks. There's hella more in here than just that; it is like riding on his shoulder with devil wings, a toothpick pitchfork, and a black eye, laughing and drinking beer from a thimble. There's also some itches and scratches from Greg Harvester, Robert Eggplant, and Dylan McPuke. (JB)
Ben Ditch c/o 2914 Stanton St. / Berkeley, CA 94702

here it is
number one

THE NEUS SUBJEX #54 / one stamp
8 x 13 - copied - 2 pgs
Times are tough all over and even the definitive guide to Cincinnati fuckin' punk can put out a shitty issue now and then. It's mostly reviews, which are lengthy and a decent read if you're picking this up for free, but not worth a stamp, and some tongue-in-cheek commentary from Quasi Hussein. My favorite part is the giant banner hanging behind the band being photographed, advertising "the early bird special" of $1.50 Bud bottles, 7-10 am. Even a crappy *Neus Subjex* still captures that Cincinnati magic. (JM)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018-0051



NO. 13 #5 and 6 / 50¢
8.5 x 11 - printed - 16 and 32 pgs
I really liked this zine's style. They only review stuff if the zine, band, or label is from New England, and there's a lot of show listings, show reviews, and pictures of the kids. The interviews aren't so great, but the editor brings a lot of character and enthusiasm to his writing. In #5, Pat recounts his visit to Littleton, NH to commemorate the 10th anniversary of GG's death, and it makes a great punk story. The sixth issue doesn't have any one piece to equal that one, but it's easier to read due to the bigger page count. If I lived in Boston or was gonna visit, I'd check this out for sure. (JM)
www.fnsboston.com

NOSEDIVE #13 / $2
7 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
In "lucky" number 13, Icky Apparatus finds himself (self-)displaced (again) and wondering why he can't seem to settle down. From Portland to New Orleans to Pittsburgh to Detroit, these are some new stories and drawings by the editor, some reprinted from other zines, and some contributions from friends. Icky observes, "lots of my friends don't even seem to notice where they live." Icky does notice and works to understand: who was displaced to build a modern New Orleans? "What made Detroit this way?" How has tourism laid its weight on Tijuana, Bourbon Street, and Amsterdam? He notices how art, from a Croatian church in Pittsburgh to a show of majority-white Southern artists in New Orleans, can affix people to, or detach them from, their own local history. Of the contributions, I particularly liked the essay "Dykes in the Neighborhood," by Amy Cahn, which examines the intersections of race, class, and sexual identity in Park Slope, Brooklyn in the last 30 years. Art is crammed in, mostly Icky's choppy, heavy-lined comics and woodcuts, but other people's too. The personal stuff emerges most clearly in the art and short stories. I enjoyed this issue a lot, but I'm bothered about one little thing—the story in which Icky's girlfriend has her abortion on tour. After a seven-hour wait and the

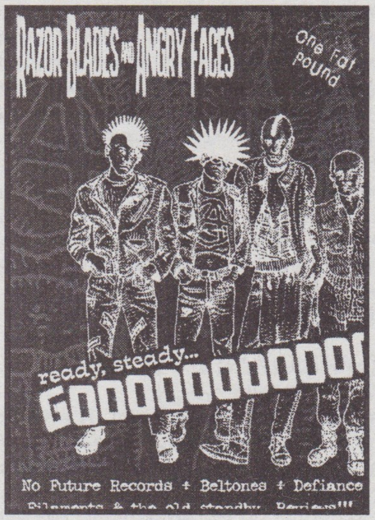
abortion, she walks to and plays a show while he is impatient that she can't keep up, and then she deals with the physical aftermath in a hot van on tour. It wasn't the circumstances that bothered me—people's bodies are their own domains, and sometimes the timing doesn't work out perfectly. And it is important to insist on our freedom of choice *unapologetically*—I support women's very different feelings about their abortions, however emotional or casual. But it's harder for me to accept that casual attitude from a boyfriend. It's just, I've been there, and I wanted to hear a little more compassion and worry in his voice and actions. We have to be firm about our decisions, but we also should take care of each other and ourselves, you know? That aside, this is a great zine—pick it up. (AC)
Icky c/o Erik / PO Box 44254 / Detroit, MI 48244

OPPRESSION SONG #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
I wish more anarchist zines were this smart and thoughtful. Usually I dread getting anarchist zines to review, despite being connected to/part of the anarchist scene for more than 17 years. Reading bash and trash reviews and seeing recycled graphics (with worse and worse resolution every year as people copy the copies of copies of copies…) just depresses me. *Oppression Song,* however, actually thinks about the bigger pictures of anarchist philosophy, the limits of anarchist politics as they are currently practiced, and worries about living one's ideals in realistic, and not so realistic ways. Aragorn! examines European vs. non-European anarchism, the economics of Bolo Bolo, monogamy, work, and community in separate, but interrelated essays. This zine is a dense—skip a paragraph at your own risk—but incredibly thought-provoking and refreshing publication that should be remembered and referred to long after the issue of *Smash The Whatever!* leaves the spot next to your toilet for good. (GZ)
Aragorn! / 6500 Hillmont St. / Oakland, CA 94605

THE NEUS SUBJEX
ISSUE #54
BACK TO ~~SCHOOL~~ COOL
~~TRILOGY~~ THRILLOGY
PART ONE OF THREE

PARIAH #7 / 2 stamps
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
I feel like I've read this zine before. Rote articles on veganism, the environment, the lack of democracy we really have in this country, how great Against Me is, etcetera. There is a visually appealing layout here, but a lack of real passion for the content. (SD)
Dan Shea / 120 McMechen St, Apt C3204 / Baltimore, MD 21217

POOR AND FORGOTTEN #16 / $1, stamps, or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 18 pgs
This is a zine put out by an incarcerated punk, which is a big accomplishment to begin with. The short stories included inside are an even bigger accomplishment. They are very short—a page each basically, but they made the whole issue for me. There are also interviews with Jimmy Reject and The Aftermath, in which, among other things, the author asks them about any legal problems they might have had. (GZ)
PO Box 59 / Linwood, MA 01525

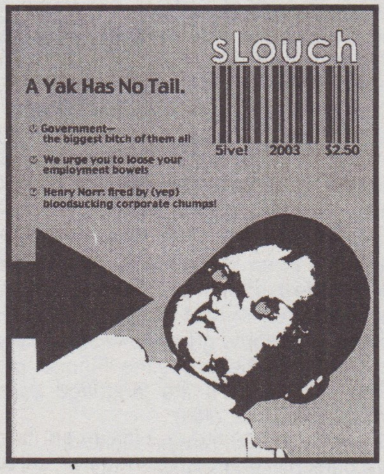

RAZOR BLADES AND ANGRY FACES
One Fat Pound
ready, steady…
GOOOOOOOOOOO
No Future Records + Beltones + Defiance
Pilaments & the old standby, Reviews!!!

RATION #3 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 8 pgs
Our co-coordinator Arwen pens another unflinching meditation on love and its lack, temporality and the nature of friendship, in this slender (but hardly slight) zine. Here the length of the zine makes sense—every word carefully deliberated, there is nothing arbitrary, nothing superfluous about its contents. Arwen's powers of observation and perception never fail to impress me, and so I think of her zines as thick with her intelligence and fierce wit. In between the pages of the silk-screened cover (featuring a slightly sinister flock of silhouetted birds), she unfolds her stories in small details, lovingly, painfully collected over time, to piece together an emotionally rich portrayal of two long-gone relationships. (MN)
Ration / PO Box 170291 / San Francisco, CA 94117

RAZOR BLADES AND ANGRY FACES #2 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 24 pgs
OK, so I don't know much about the genres of punk which include skinhead, oi, and street punk, which is what *RBAF* is all about. I have this problem where I then cannot discern if these are good or bad skinheads. It all becomes iffy and weird and I can't pay attention to anything but the weird pro-German comments. I asked Clara and she said to check the *MRR* record collection. I asked Arwen and she told me to write to the best of my knowledge, you know the facts. I asked Mike and he said, "Oh, that zine is pretty good for what it is." It is a bunch of reviews of bands with names like Jesus Skins and Roustabouts and Vogelfrei. There are interviews with bands that I am familiar with like The Beltones and Defiance. And there is some sissy-ass article trying to make the statement the war is bad by cynically saying war is good. Huh. And there is some long article on No Future Records full of names and dates. Oh yeah, it's "their" not "thier." (SD)
19a Church St / Wotton Under Edge / Glouchestershire, GL12 7HB / England

REVIVAL INK #4 / $3
8.5 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
There's something about local music zines that I think is totally fucking rad. Maybe it's the instinct to document, to show the rest of the world just what this person thinks is so awesome about their town's individual scene and bands. *Revival Ink* is one such scene-specific zine from Louisville, Kentucky. Although the overall quality isn't the best I've seen, you can tell the passion is there, and that makes it interesting. Interviews with the Spaztics, the Langers, and 9 Volt Revolt complement record reviews and pictures of local punx. I'll overlook Eric's choice to interview an industrial band (wha?), but next time… (CJ)
9104 Lyneve Dr / Louisville, KY 40272

SLOUCH #5 / $2.50 US / $3.50 Can/Mex / $5 World
7 x 8.5 - printed - 34 pgs
Many political punk zines are susceptible to the pitfalls of excessive rambling, overbearing ranting, or just general sloppiness and incoherence. *Slouch* avoids all of these with flair, although its lack of shitty cut-and-paste graphics, messy handwriting, and phrases like "crucial brutality" and "total grind annihilation" prompt me to question whether one can rightfully call this a punk zine. Well, punk or not punk, it's still awesome. Filled with impressively thought-out and eloquent political rants, *Slouch* is not one of those zines you thumb through absentmindedly while your mind wanders elsewhere. Excellent articles on Homeland Security, the finer points of the unemployed lifestyle, and alternative media resources, and an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5ive! 2003 $2.50

interview with fired *SF Chronicle* writer Henry Norr. My only complaint is that occasionally the political pieces tended toward the paranoid side, but I guess you take the good with the bad. On the whole a great zine, even (especially?) with the article about Steven Seagal. (CJ)
733 Baker St / San Francisco, CA 94115

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO

SUSPECT DEVICE #41 / $4 from US
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 49 pgs
So in this issue, *SD* has decided to dedicate the entire issue to covering their local scene which is the south coast of England, or the soutHCoast as they say. Good idea—more music zines should be covering their local scenes instead of the national or international ones, I say. Of course, there is a need for those scenes to be covered too, but I think they're pretty well taken care of. So anyway, we've got columns, interviews with local bands such as When All Else Fails, Stratejacket, and Chillerton, as well as an interview with local zine *Part Time Punk.* Also, record reviews, zine reviews, and your typical music zine type stuff. If you are interested in finding out what's going on in the Southampton / SoutHCoast scene currently, this is an invaluable resource. (BD)
PO Box 295 / Southampton / 50171LW UK

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #165 / $2
6 x 8 - printed - 28 pgs - Finnish
A totally rockin' punk zine from Finland that features a cover photo of Discharge. There are interview s with Discharge and Yock, plus there are plenty of new record and zine reviews, and some gig reviews. Definitely a great zine to check out the Finnish punk scene with, even if the language seems incomprehensible. (HH)
PO Box 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
www.punkinfinland.net/tv

TOWN OF HARDCORE #6 / $6
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
First off, this review is a totally vanity review, as I just got an email today from Mr. *Town Of Hardcore* that all 500 copies of this issue have already sold out. Why? Cause it came with a single featuring the finest in barebones, raw, stripped-down American hardcore going these days. Yep, that little 7" featuring Knife Fight, Violent Minds, RNR, Haymaker, Think I Care, and a couple more caused this issue to sell out in a matter of days. Too bad, really, 'cause if you slept on this one, you also missed out on great interviews with Violent Minds, the seemingly very dude-core band A-Team, a chat with über-record collector Imants, well written record and show reviews along with some reprints of interviews with COC and Sheer Terror. I don't always agree with or like what's in *Town Of Hardcore*, but I still feel it's probably the best zine going covering the more clean-cut hardcore scene, and always look forward to new issues. (MT)
1458 Reynolds Ave / Burlington, ONT / L7M 3B7 Canada

TRASH FACTION #5 / $1, free in NYC
8.5 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Fun, grubby, and out-of-hand. The kind of music zine/publication/reader's digest that richly deserves your support ('cause it covers the kind of bands that don't see enough print, in my estimation). Rock 'n' roll sleaze without a single record review! Interview with New York rock 'n' roll impressarios Dot Dash, a neat piece on the origins, history, and dubious future of punk rock flyer art, a multi-page survey on favorite Ramones moments/songs/personnel, nice "in action" photography of the Clone Defects and Little Killers, and a fireside chat with the San Francisco Bay Area's own Rock 'n' Roll Adventure Kids. Keen, it is. (JH)
238 Walworth St. / Brooklyn, NY 11205

THE TRAVELER #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 80 pgs
Subtitled "A Collection of Women's Travel Stories," *The Traveler* is an amazing (and international) compilation that examines the possibilities and limitations of the "travel writing" genre so popular in both the mainstream and punk rock press. This thoughtful consideration of gender and mobility, safety and danger, is addressed in the contributors, tales of hitchhiking, freight-hopping, and other stories of traveling alone or with other women. Included is a reprint from a zine on women's self-defense, featuring "strategies of survival" that many of the women in this collection were forced to put to use. Both a necessary corrective and a thoughtful companion to the many travel zines that do not address the interface of gender and sex with questions of mobility and privilege. (MN)
Spoke / 164 Lac du Pin Rouge / St Hippolyte, QC / JOR 1PO Canada
spazzlassie@hotmail.com

UNDER THE VOLCANO #75 / $2.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 56 pgs
This is a mostly vacuous mainstream punk music magazine that has been around forever. It has an increasing level of professionalism that extends to a color cover (that looks like shit) and a few pages of color advertisements. The columns aren't very good, mostly due to uninteresting people writing them, but that is not why you are reading this magazine. You are reading it for it's record reviews (there are no zine reviews) and they are stellar. I mean pages of smart reviews by people who care about the ins-and-outs. There are also PR-style interviews with Armor for Sleep, Ted Leo and the Pharmacists, and a disturbing one with Doghouse Records. They have come a long way since Majority of One. (AR)
PO Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767

TRASH FACTION
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Free in NYC

UPMAGAZINE #11 / $7
11 x 8 - printed - 60 pgs - Dutch
This zine is total hardcore, with interviews with Sick Of It All, Pennywise, Bad Brains, Nine, Slapshot, Burning Brides, Bouncing Souls, Poison Idea, and many others. Also included are lots of color ads, and plenty of new record reviews. And of course the zine comes with its customary free CD sampler that features most of the bands interviewed. (HH)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 Eindhoven / Netherlands
www.upmagazine.nl

VINYL A-GO GO #2 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - offset - 48 pgs
A vintage Lester Bangs pic on the cover, appropriate enough for a collection of longer, rangier record reviews run headlong into personal recollections and remembrances. Y'know, how buying ______ record changed your life for an afternoon but wound up filed away with the compilations and never played again. Not the easiest thing to review for as a straight "reviews" mag (which so many are), more like diary pages in which the Fevers or Adverts figure prominently. An interview with Canada's Riff Randells rounds out the package. Read, learn, live. (JH)
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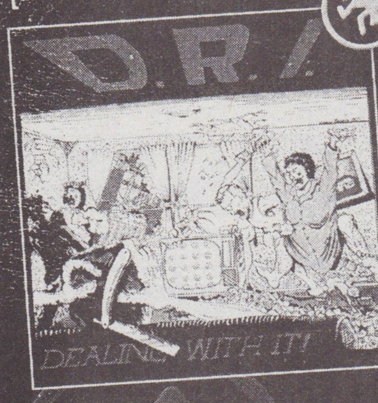
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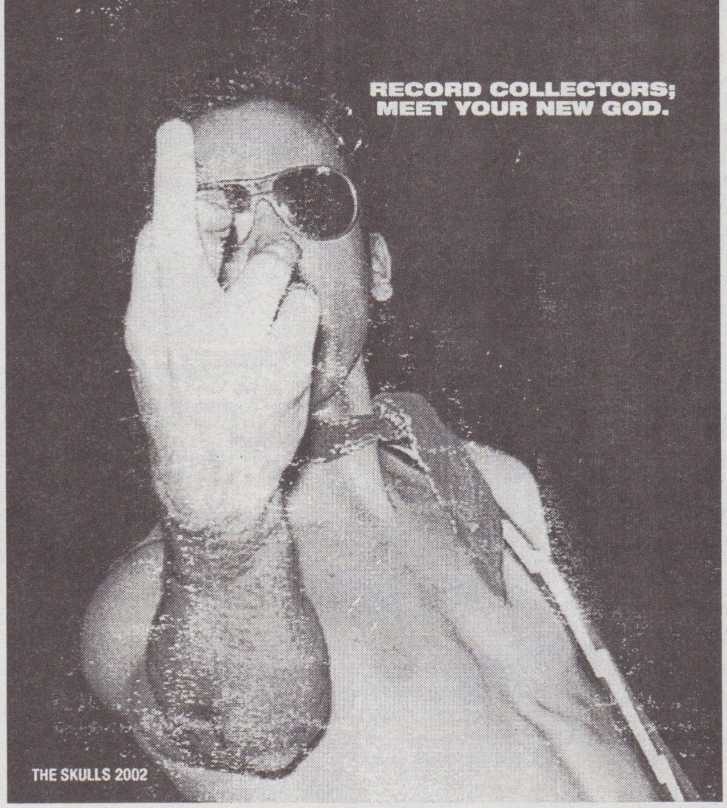

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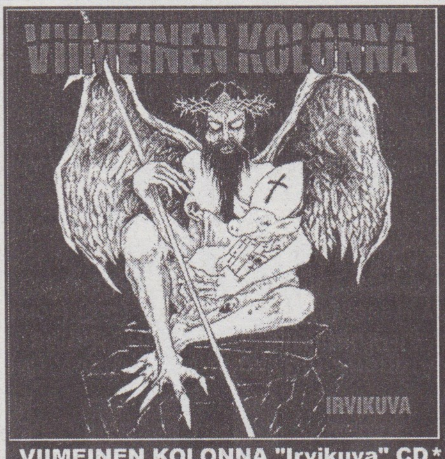

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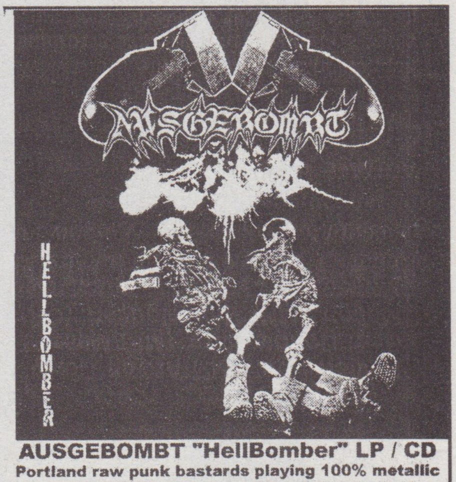

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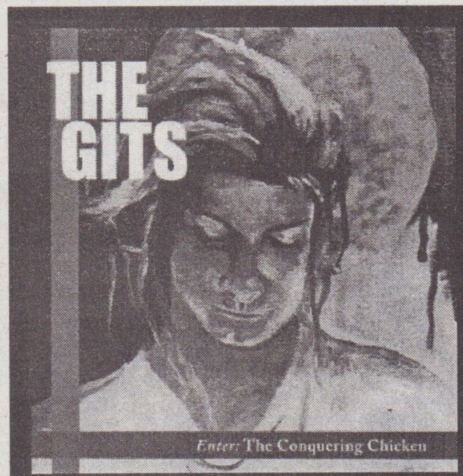
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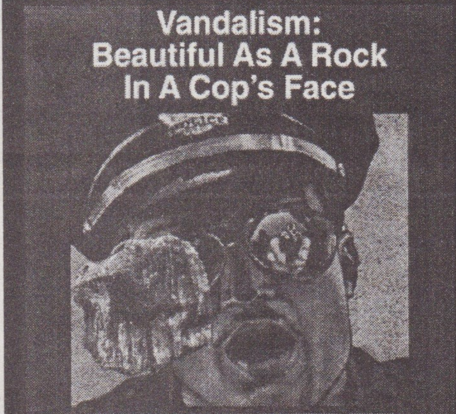
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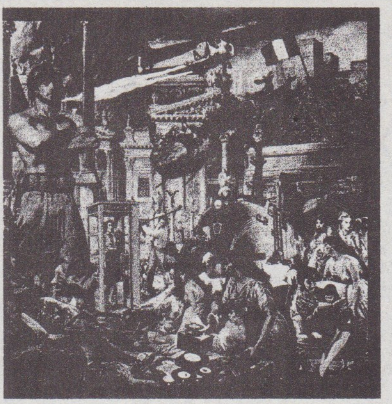

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Featuring: I REFUSE IT!, PUTRID FEVER, CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, STATO DI POLIZIA (SDP GR), TRAUMATIC, JUGGERNAUT, and WARDOGS. 40 minutes of raging Italian Hardcore circa 1983. Also comes with an insert booklet jammed full of lyrics, logos, rare photos, etc. Cover art by Mr. Winston Smith (Dead Kennedys). This is a one time only pressing of 1000 LPs, 200 colored available thru mailorder only. The cd version won't be available until late fall/winter. from cassette #16 - Senza Tregua.

$12 ppd / $15 world

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Hardcore Amerika
the Reagan Years 1st term

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GODSTOMPER
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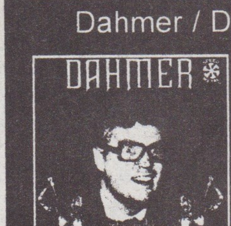

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BAND OF FELONS "Drown My Sorrows, Drink My Dreams" CDEP. 5 songs of loud, boistorous punk rock 'n roll. $4ppd. $5 gets some stickers and pins too. Trades welcome. Band Of Felons, P.O. Box 38, South Amboy, NJ 08879. Also available at Interpunk & Vvinyl.com.

JESUS OWES ME $20 Show people what's happening. Black t-shirt, white lettering. M,L,XL send $18.50. Specify title and size to Perfect Circle, 512 Northampton Street, Edwardsville, PA 18704.

22 YEAR OLD RURAL MALE forklift driver and former needle pusher seeks postcard correspondence from all readers. Rustle up that 24 cents in the US or beyond and please drop a line or two. TJS, 355 9th St, Windom, MN 56101.

DUE TO SERIOUS HEALTH PROBLEMS I need to find a copy of the Electric Deads "Anti-Sex" 7" by February 2004. Please help me. F.A.O. / 178 Trelawney Estate, Paragon Rd., E9 6PQ, London, UK

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THE EDGE OF QUARREL Punk VS SXE movie shot in Seattle featuring Botch, Trial, and the Murder City Devils and starring Rocky Votolato, John Pettibone, and Dann Gallucci. 120 minutes. B&W. NTSC VHS. $12.00 pp in USA. Excursion, PO Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102; www.excursionrecords.com.

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CHEAP GOOD MUSIC: Wrong Brothers, "metal flake, punk, hip-hop seizures, acid-country flashbacks and art-rock disasters" – Volcano Vulture, "raw punk meets indie-rock" – CD's $4 ppd cash (Bad Bunny Records, 52 Strickland Lane, Ardmore, TN 38449 or Interpunk.com).

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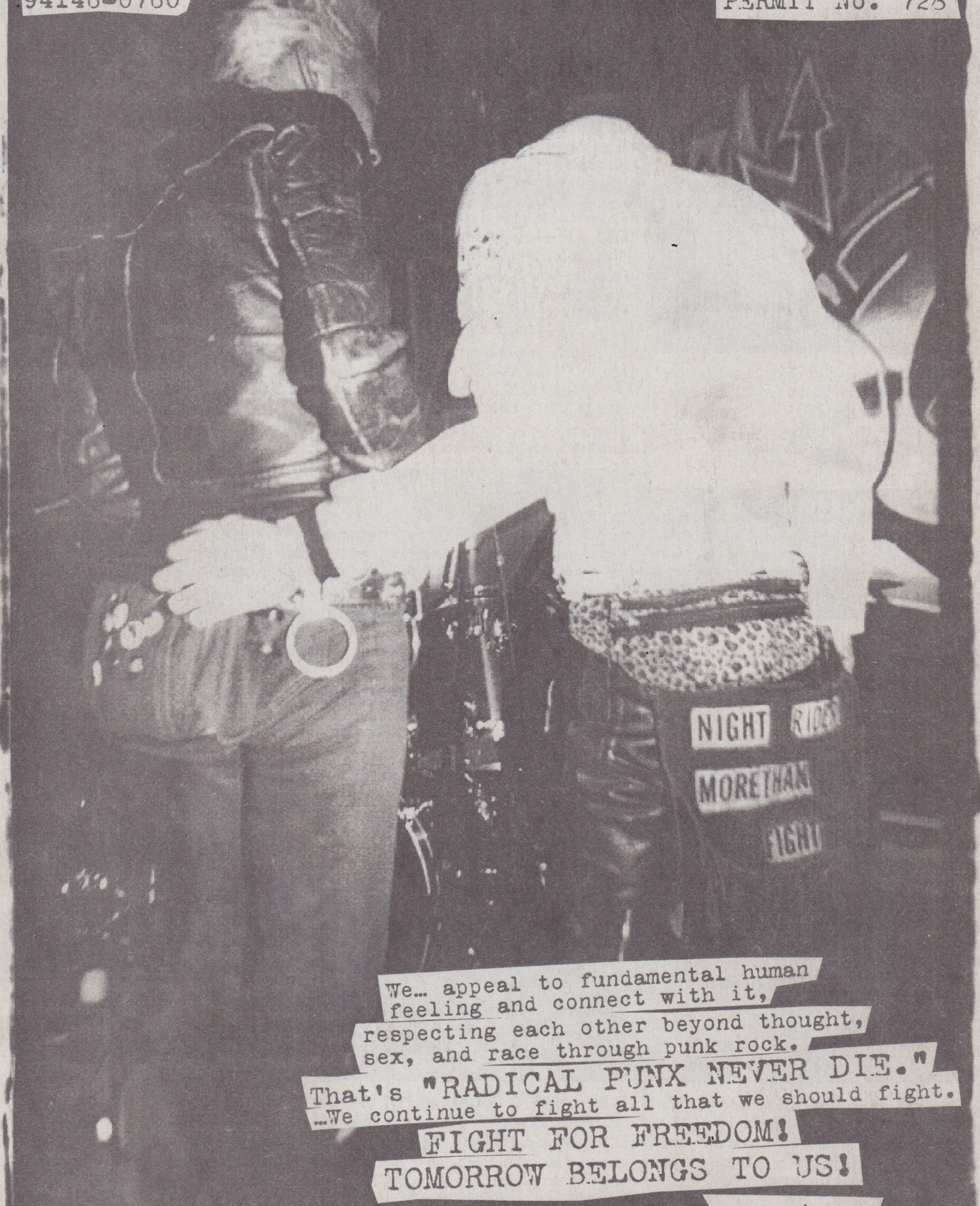

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